Aug. 23, 1969

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 0 3 1993

Jewelry by Seaman Schepps/Original wood engraving by Clare Leighton—© Clare Leighton 1969

Look twice. It's Davidow.

DAVIDOW

# Do you speak Réplique?

(The perfume with a language all its own.)

R
Réplique
RAPHAEL
PARIS

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Adaptation and Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A Black Quartet**—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Ceremonies in Dark Old Men**—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 2. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Concept**—Reopening of a moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. Preview Wednesday, Aug. 20. Reopens officially on Thursday, Aug. 21, at 7:15. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

**De Sade Illustrated**—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

**Forty Carats**—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Geese**—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Hadrian VII**—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the paranoid hero with great élan. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer**—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 13.)

**Little Murders**—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |

**No Place to Be Somebody**—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Play It Again, Sam**—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**To Be Young, Gifted and Black**—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the great white hope:** A huge cast, headed by James Earl Jones, is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **plaza suite:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**Dames at Sea**—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Hoofers**—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its pro-

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 19

"WITHOUT WHOSE UNFAILING ENCOURAGEMENT" . . . . . . . . . . *H. F. Ellis* 24

"AS I WALKED OUT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING" (IV) . . . . . . . . *Laurie Lee* 26

"THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *David Wagoner* 30

PROFILES (JEAN RENOIR) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 34

LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER . . . . . . . . . . . . *Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr.* 63

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (THIS AND THAT) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *M. M.* 71

ANNALS OF FINANCE (THE STUTZ CORNER) . . . . . . . . . . . . *John Brooks* 74

THE RACE TRACK . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Audax Minor* 89

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 90

"ON LAKE PEND OREILLE" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Richard Shelton* 95

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 96

COVER: *William Steig*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Barsotti, Donald Reilly, Lee Lorenz, F. B. Modell, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Mischa Richter, Dana Fradon, Barney Tobey, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, Eldon Dedini, Sam Gross, J. B. Handelsman*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

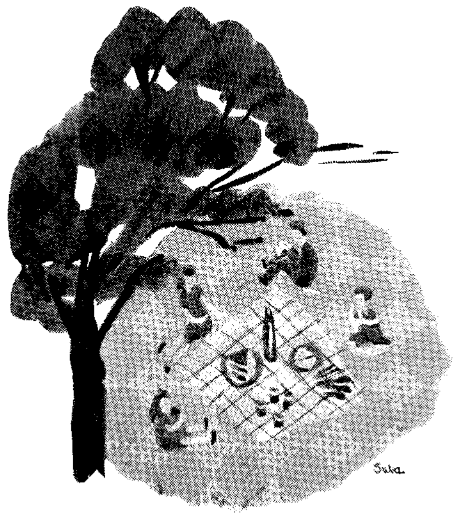
---

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 27, August 23, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."

Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |

ponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Oh! Calcutta!**—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Oklahoma!**—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 6. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Aug. 24, at 7.)

**Promenade**—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Promises, Promises**—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**1776**—A simpleminded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. With Melissa Hart. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He came over to the gunrest and, thrusting a hand into Stephen's upper pocket, said: —Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerry Jarrett will fill in for Mr. Goz during the week starting Monday, Aug. 25. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Bob Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### MISCELLANY

**Ice Show**—The twenty-fifth-anniversary edition of "Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Marei Langenbein. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 27, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 14. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

### OUTDOORS

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—This happy-go-lucky free production of **TWELFTH NIGHT** rates O.K. on comedy and clarity but almost nowhere on wit or depth or beauty. Galt MacDermot has provided a tuneful, charming score. Tom Aldredge is very good as Aguecheek. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Jones Beach Theatre**—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Jerome Hines, Nancy Dussault, and Jerry Lester. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Monday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Bitter End**, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. McKendree Spring is rocking as usual, producing some roughly original sounds. On Friday, Aug. 22, Rick Nelson will turn up. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

**La Bohème**, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—A misnamed box whose mainspring is its music (the rest is *comme ci, comme ça*). Elvin Jones can drum the night away. He does so—with Joe Farrell on reeds and Wilbur Little on bass—in alternation with the Jimmy Lovelace orchestra. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Casey's**, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

**Half Note**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz, like that produced by the Zoot Sims quartet. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, depleted by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—usually played by Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, George Stevenson, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

**Red Garter**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

**Red Onion**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

**Slugs'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by two new groups: the Izenzon quintet and the 360° Music Experience. On Tuesday, Aug. 26, things will be handed over to the Pharoah Sanders quintet, with Leon Thomas, who knows how to sing coolly. On Sundays, the music starts at seven. Closed Mondays.

**Village Gate**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The best all-around entertainment spot in the Village. Upstairs, the Les McCann trio entertains, beginning at about nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Aug. 26, singer Marian Taylor and the Dave Akins trio will arrive. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: the Jimmy Smith trio takes turns with the newly re-formed—and unfailingly brilliant—Charles Mingus quintet. On Sundays and on Tuesdays through Thursdays, shows are at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. On Fridays, the music begins at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

**Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. Gary Burton's easy-living quartet is onstage six nights a week. Monday, Aug. 25, is reserved for Duke Pearson's sixteen-piece band.

**West Boondock**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

**Your Father's Mustache**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band makes music from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's nifty.

### DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

**Aux Puces**, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings,

Lord & Taylor
Hood
ZIG ZAG
hot facial masque

**ZSA ZSA** sums up a whole new world of glamour—the newest, most exciting arrival in our international cosmetic repertory—make-up, skin care, bath and body treatments—and Zig Zag, the remarkable new Zsa Zsa perfume—all introduced by **LORD & TAYLOR**

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

How do you trap a crocodile? Sitting pretty, of course, on our newest Lacoste, a snappy little mock-jumper-and-stripes of Dacron® polyester knit. Navy with red or brown with beige, for 6 to 16 sizes, $42. Sportdress Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort. Closed Sundays.

**Directoire,** 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

**Electric Circus,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Keef Hartley plays for dancing until Tuesday, Aug. 26, when Ten Wheel Drive takes over. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

**L'Interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

**Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Oh! Cairo! Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some carefully groomed entertainers called Tony, Sam and the Tartans play and sing between record sets. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

**Wednesday's,** 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

**Wheels,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, Nite Train does. On Monday, Aug. 25, another group will move in. Closed Sundays.

**Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "I'm Gonna Make You Love Me," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are Paisley.

## OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): One of the best of all possible midsummer-night's dreams, though by no means a silent one. Dancing *to* Joseph Sudy's band and Quintero's band, as well as dancing *by* Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann, who belong to a good old school. Music from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Fun and games, fun and names—the sort of life that occupies the Café Pierre. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): No great shakes, such as rocking, rolling, and strangle-holding, are permitted by the management, which prefers such old-fashioned virtues as the two-step. The décor and nourishment are elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): A museum with but a single work of art—a three-dimensional landscape of the Grandma Moses school. A terrace, a restaurant, and very busy dance musicians are provided every night.

## CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Downstairs at the Upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—A revised summer edition of "Free Fall," whose modus operandi was thought up by Ronny Graham, is often in his jocular, jugular, Dracula vein. Aside from Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

**El Avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. Back-fence chatter, and music by the yard. Avram Grobard is the moderator; George Mgrdichian is chief oudist; Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet; a solemn female turns the *danse du ventre* into a form of ceremony; Angelo Saridis, just graduated from "Zorba," is on guitar. The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

## BIG DEALS

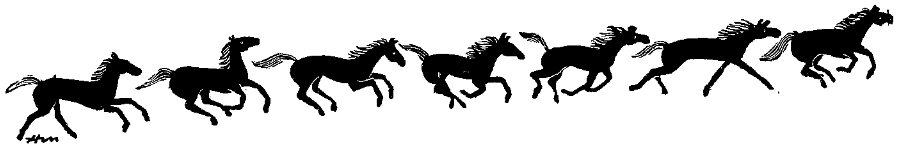
(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

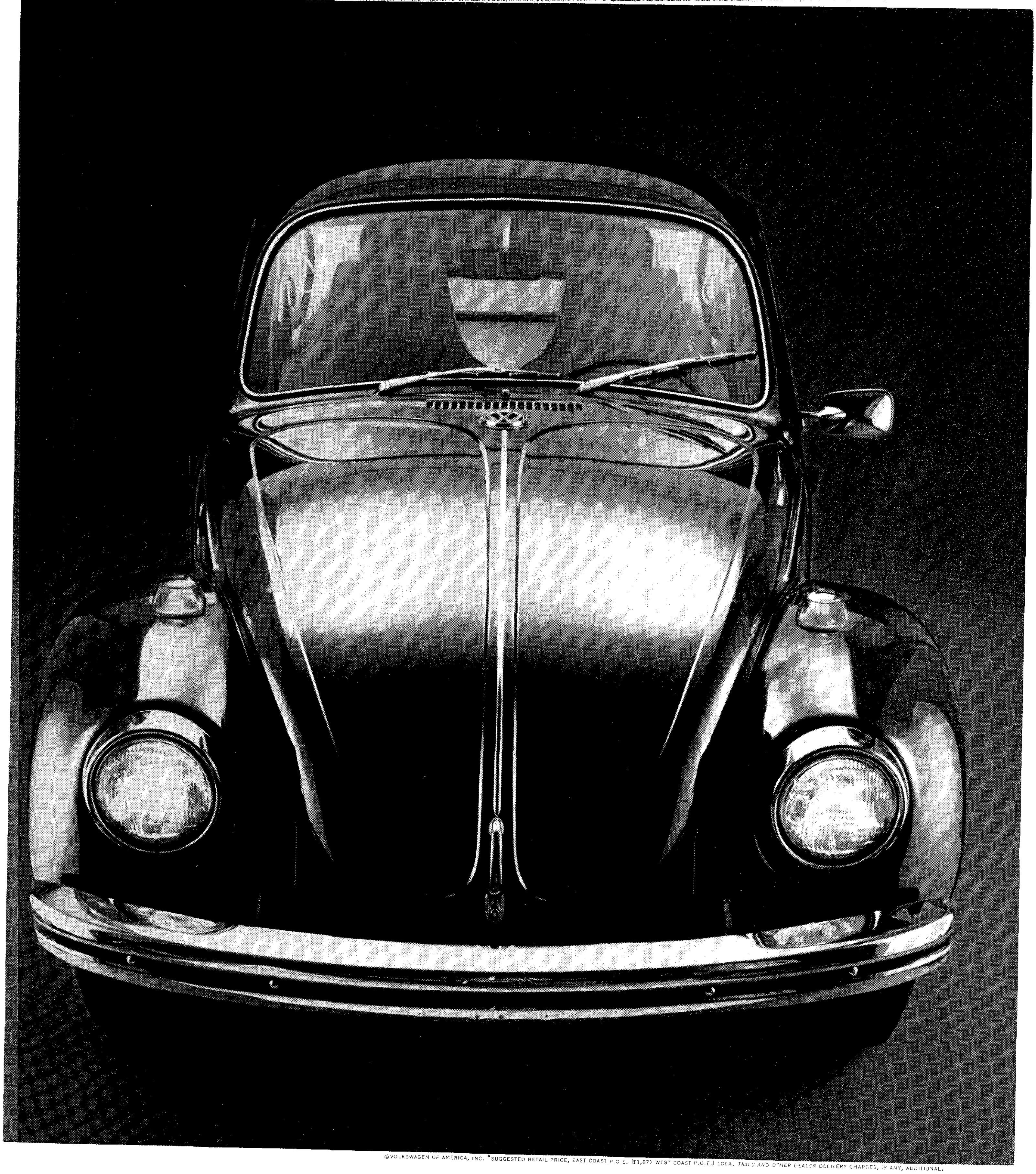
**Château Madrid,** Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A rage to live, a rage to love, keep bobbing up in the arias—Spanish, Mexican, Cuban—let loose by Olga Guillot, the glorious electrical storm that breaks during dinner and supper; the ministrations of the ballet troupe of Emilia Rivas, vigorous though they are, are but the calm that precedes the storm. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the offbeat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song (Domingo Alvarado) go on until all hours (ten to four, anyway) and every night. Antonio Arenas is the highly necessary guitarist.

**Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Room for improvement, which takes place on Thursday, Aug. 21, with the arrival of Checkmates Ltd., a considerable outpouring of romp and roll. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge, where the floating population of Nevada feels quite at home, the foursome known as the Pacesetters begins, at ten, its odes to the gods of chance.

**Downbeat,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Echoes that haven't been used in years are aroused by the kind of work deployed by the Jimmy McPartland Jazz Band, which turns time backward in its flight. Junior Mance's trio is of 1969, but not dolorously. And the McPartlands are garnished by the declamations of little Annette Sanders. Seven until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing, sorry to say.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—One of the last of the leisured class is the Persian Room, where the music (the chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte) plays on, plays on, and an occasional guest (at the moment, Fran Jeffries, a tense soprano) gets up and sings in the midst of supper during the week and at both dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Hazel Scott is completely at ease as she surveys her piano and her threesome. Mousie Alexander's trio fills up the interludes with music for further listening and music for prancing. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . .





©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC. *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.O.E. ($1,877 WEST COAST P.O.E.) LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL.

# After a few years, it starts to look beautiful.

"Ugly, isn't it?"
"No class."
"Looks like an afterthought."
"Good for laughs."
"Stubby buggy."
"El Pig-O."

New York Magazine said: "And then there is the VW, which retains its value better than anything else. A 1956 VW is worth more today than any American sedan built the same year, with the possible exception of a Cadillac."

Around 27 miles to the gallon. Pints of oil instead of quarts. No radiator.
*Rear engine traction.*
Low insurance.
$1,799* is the price.
Beautiful, isn't it?

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards—paintings by Italian and Flemish masters, drawings and sculpture, luminous medieval miniatures burnished with gold and silver, angels from an eighteenth century Neapolitan crèche, a champlevé enamel in precious colors, early woodcuts, and festive Victorian prints are among the more than fifty designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the supervision of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought only by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below, together with 25 cents, for the forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry, the new Museum engagement calendar, and other unusual Christmas presents.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
*255 Gracie Station, New York 10028*

*Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed* N13

*Name* ________________

*Address* ________________

____________ ZIP ______

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Fridays through Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the perfect spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

**RAINBOW GRILL**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—When the roll is called up yonder, which it is twice a night, except on Sundays, who should respond but the mightiest name of all—Duke Ellington, whose band scales these heights as easily as it has all others. Dancing, too, as early as seven, but not (alackaday, alackanight!) to the Ellingtons; curfew at two.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): School keeps on right through the summer, though only Monday through Thursday each week, so that everyone can get out of town for the weekend. Wayne Sanders has the piano in his capable hands from eight until curfew. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Tony Gorody, from the era when Havana was a suburb of New York, plays piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though never on Saturday or Sunday. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): In the manifold Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper, there is piano from four to eight Mondays through Fridays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): In the lower depths of Rockefeller Center, but still in *plein air*, nourishment and music are purveyed every night but Sunday, and even as early as noon. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The *cave* of a vineyard that must be somewhere in Umbria. The voice and guitar that occur from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays, are of the same parentage. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

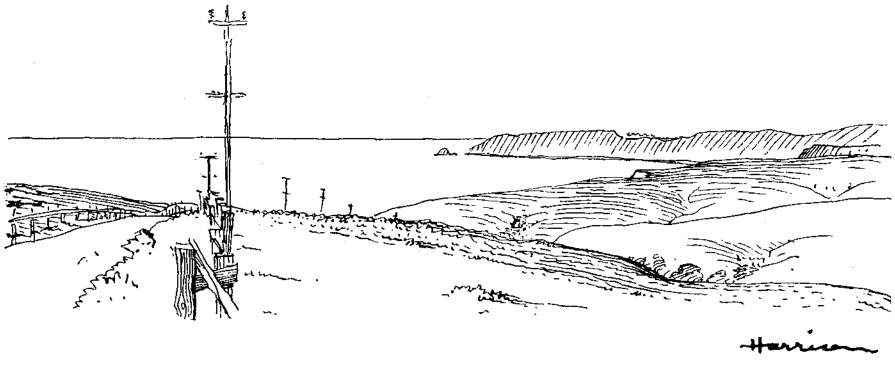
**GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN**—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Sept. 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER** (1890-1954)—Fifty-five posters dating from 1915 to 1943 by an American who did much of his work in London; through Sept. 12. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings of the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamaya, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; through Sept. 14. (Closed mornings.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Doris Rosenthal, and Roy Moyer; through Friday, Aug. 29. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by German Expressionists; through Friday, Aug. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Gallery painters and sculptors; through Sept. 12. . . . **WADDELL**, 15 E. 57th St.: Members of the gallery, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicola Schöffer; through Sept. 30.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**NOTE**—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about



## The only time Mrs. B. Gaylin wears a costume is to a costume party.

We think costumes are wonderful on the stage or on women with a penchant for the theatrical. We don't make clothes for the latter, but we do for women who care about superb fabrics and a non-stereotyped, contemporary look that matches their life style. Of course, we are helped immeasurably in understanding what so many women like to wear by the women who sell Doncaster clothes all over the country. Their way of life and their taste is remarkably close to that of their customers.

For this Fall, our belief in a return to softness and femininity is reflected in the black and camel plaid dress and jacket shown here. The light weight wool is melting soft. The ascot can become a bow or be removed to make way for your pearls. This can be ordered in other colors and fabrics, as most everything else in the collection. The clothes range in price from $75 to $250 and come in sizes 6 to 20 or a pattern can be cut based on your specific measurements.

You'll find the Doncaster representative in your community knowledgable, helpful and a fashion enthusiast. She will show you coats, suits and dresses as well as color and fabric swatches. She will offer as little or as much advice as you wish, and if your mood is one of "just looking," she will let you do just that.

One thing is certain. You won't find any Doncaster that requires a rose clenched in your teeth. Of equal certainty, you will find an unparalleled selection of beautiful clothes that mirror your wardrobe requirements.

For the Doncaster representative in your area, or if you would like to become a Doncaster representative, write: **doncaster** *Rutherfordton 23, North Carolina.*

Did you Garfinckel today?

Baby wants to Garfinckel.

Garfinckel's
Washington, D.C.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Sixty-one paintings and fourteen drawings by Thomas Cole (1801-48), outstanding figure of the Hudson River School; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred years of prints from portfolios, beginning with Blake's "The Book of Job;" through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The treasure chest of the Morgan Hall has been reopened to an array of minerals and gems, among them the Star of India, the DeLong Star Ruby, and the Midnight Star. The whale is downstairs. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design**, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Fifty-two works by twenty-eight leading contemporary Japanese poster artists, who deal with such themes as politics, tea ceremonies, travel, and sports; through Friday, Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A presentation of sculptures inflated by various means; through Sept. 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Museum of the City of New York**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

**New-York Historical Society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Drawings by George Catlin of early-nineteenth-century North American Indians; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of paintings by artists who have been associated with Harlem in one way or another; through Sept. 7. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**Kwame Nkrumah and His Ghanaian Drummers**—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

**Booker Ervin's All-Stars**—The final concert in a series at the South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at South and Fulton Sts. Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given on Sunday.

**Albert King, Junior Wells Blues Band, and Aum**—Pavilion, Flushing Meadow Park. 268-5011. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 8:30.

**Dionne Warwick**—Also Count Basie's orchestra, Hugh Masekela, Woody Herman and his orchestra, and Les McCann. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, Aug. 23, at 7. For tickets, call LT 1-0933.)

**Sarah Vaughan**—Also Lou Rawls and Chico Hamilton, in a benefit performance. The final concert in the New York Jazz Festival at Randalls Island. Sunday, Aug. 24, at 6.

**Robert Moog and the Moog Synthesizer**—The final concert of the season in the Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:30.

**Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Muddy Waters, and Raven**—The final concert of the season at the Pavilion, Flushing Meadow Park. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 8:30.

### MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

**New York Philharmonic**—Karel Ancerl conducting the last two in this summer's series of park concerts, with Grant Johannesen, piano—**prospect park**, Brooklyn. (Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:30.). . . **clove lakes park**, Staten Island. (Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:30.)

**Wollman Rink**—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, Aug. 22, at 8 and 10:30: Tim Buckley and Linda Ronstadt. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8 and 10:30: Sam and Dave Revue and also Patti LaBelle and the Bluebells. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**Berkshire Festival**—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 22, at 7: A recital by Beverly Sills, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 9: Milton Katims conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Miss Sills; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John Alexander, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; the Berkshire Chorus; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 31, at 2:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Festival Orchestra. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

**Saratoga Performing Arts Center**—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the orchestra in a Wagner-Bartók program, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting a pop concert, with Peter Nero, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 3:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Viennese music, with Judith Raskin, soprano. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Dionne Warwick and Woody Herman and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 8:30: Janis Joplin and the James Cotton Blues Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:30: The King Family. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 759-2734, in New York.)

**Waterloo Village Music Festival**—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program of Viennese music, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8:30: Van Cli-

**After seeing four centuries of Europe on foot, it's nice to get back to a Hilton.**

Where it's the 20th century and there's air conditioning if you need it. Showers that work. Big soft beds.

Where the staff hops to it in English. And you can get bacon and eggs for breakfast. At lunch, food the country's famous for. And for dinner a choice of the world's cuisine.

Where an elevator takes you to one of the city's liveliest night-spots.

The eight Hilton International hotels in North Central Europe have one important thing in common. They're nice to get back to.

☎ For reservations, call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

LONDON HILTON
MAINZ HILTON
ORLY HILTON, PARIS
BERLIN HILTON
BRUSSELS HILTON
ROTTERDAM HILTON
AMSTERDAM HILTON
PARIS HILTON

**HILTON INTERNATIONAL**

**FOR THE BROOKS BOY**
**our comprehensive selections**
**from age 4 to sizes 35-40**

An important segment of each generation fondly remembers their first visit to Brooks Brothers to be outfitted for school. By offering wide selections for the complete wardrobe...as well as practical, good-looking items that appeal to both the boy and his parents...we maintain this important tradition. This year is no exception. We invite your inspection.

*Worsted Suits (Coat and Trousers): 8 to 12,* $57;
*13 to 20,* $70; *35 to 40,* $75
*With vest from size 13, from* $80
*Cotton Corduroy Odd Jackets, from* $36
*Blazers, from* $40
*Cotton Oxford Shirts, from* $4.75

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

burn, piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Stanhope, N.J.)

**JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL**—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 21-23: The American Dance Company and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 28-30: Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, Nala Najan and Anuradha, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 21, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:05. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Aug. 26, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 8.

**HORSE SHOW**—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1.)

**POLO**—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

**RACING**—At SARATOGA: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 23. The Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 20, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 23. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 25, through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 25, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 13. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 9 and 11:30.)

**TENNIS**—National Singles and Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.). . . ¶ United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Aug. 27, through Sunday, Sept. 7. Weekdays at noon; Sundays at 1. For information about tickets, call 564-4400.)

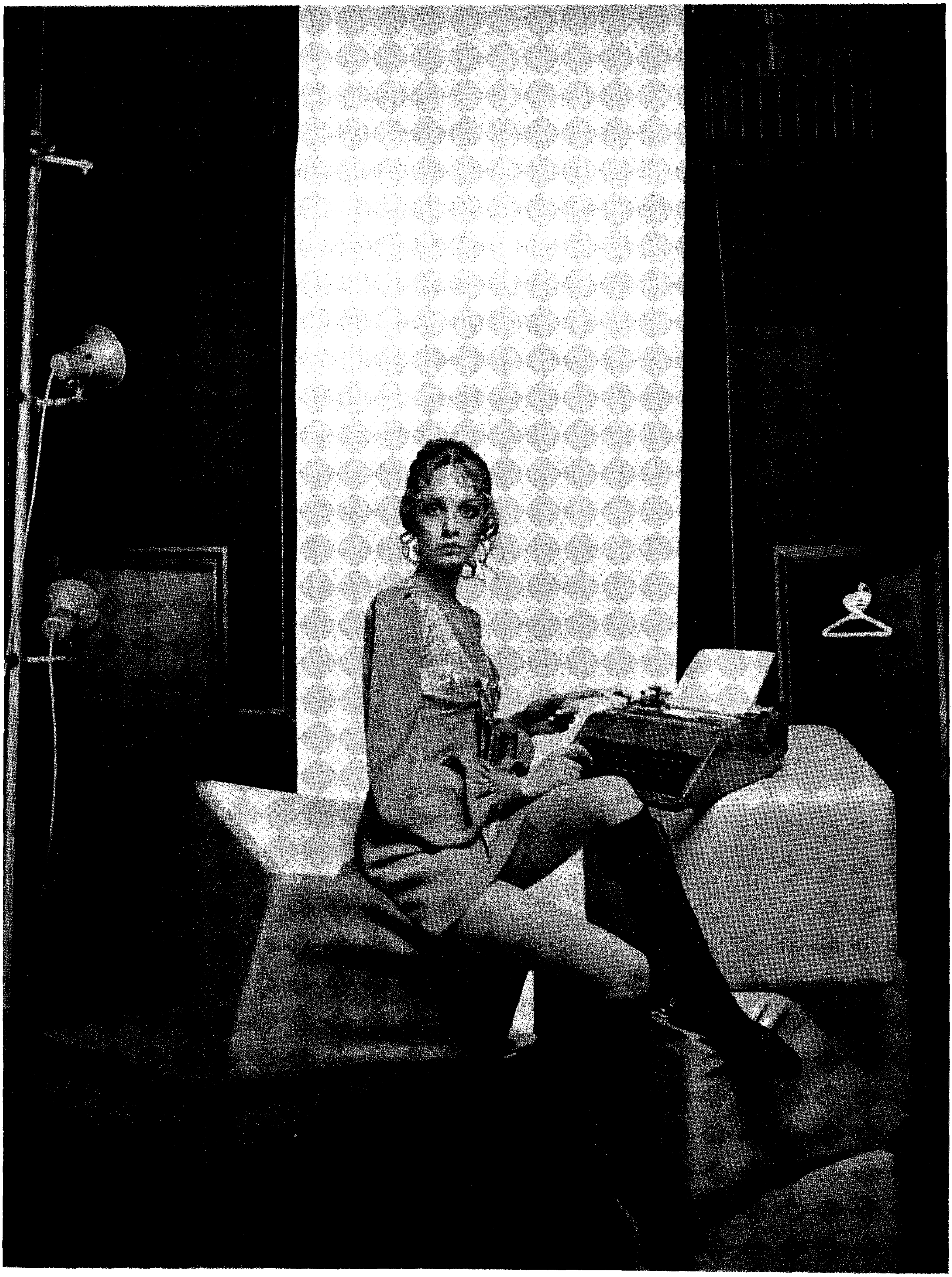
**TROTTING**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.). . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

**YACHTING**—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24.)

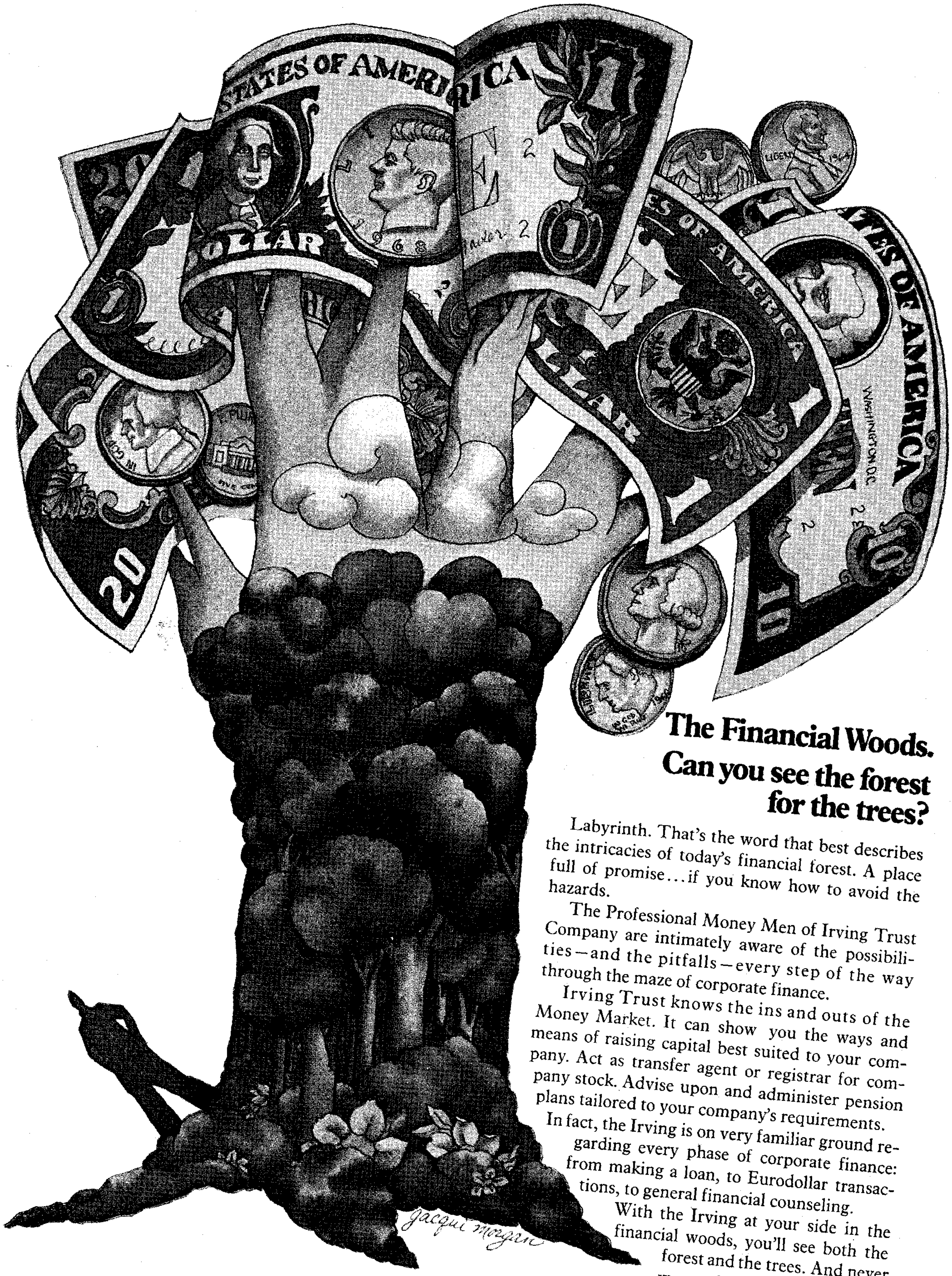
## ET ALIA

**UNITED NATIONS**—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Seven programs in a series of science-fiction films: Aug. 21 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Omicron" (1963); Aug. 22 at 2 and 5:30, "The 10th Victim" (1965); Aug. 23 at 3 and 5:30, "Seconds" (1966); Aug. 24 at 2 and 5:30, "Fahrenheit 451" (1966); Aug. 25 at 2 and 5:30, "Fantastic Voyage" (1966); Aug. 26 at 2 and 5:30, "Beyond the Time Barrier" (1960); Aug. 28 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951). . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Lights of New York" (1928), with Helen Costello. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 11:30: "Raven's End" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Lilac Time" (1928), with Coleen Moore and Gary Cooper. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



**Twiggy loves our new blue green portable! (wouldn't you if you got it free?)** **olivetti's studio 45: the Brightwriter**



## The Financial Woods. Can you see the forest for the trees?

Labyrinth. That's the word that best describes the intricacies of today's financial forest. A place full of promise...if you know how to avoid the hazards.

The Professional Money Men of Irving Trust Company are intimately aware of the possibilities—and the pitfalls—every step of the way through the maze of corporate finance.

Irving Trust knows the ins and outs of the Money Market. It can show you the ways and means of raising capital best suited to your company. Act as transfer agent or registrar for company stock. Advise upon and administer pension plans tailored to your company's requirements.

In fact, the Irving is on very familiar ground regarding every phase of corporate finance: from making a loan, to Eurodollar transactions, to general financial counseling.

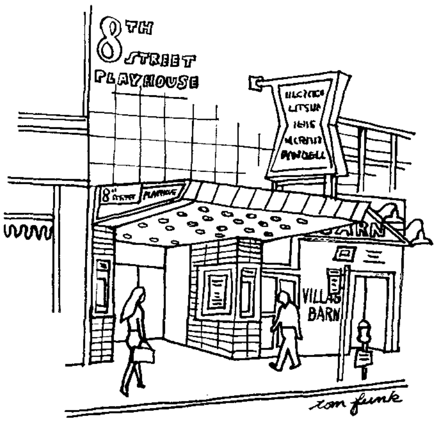
With the Irving at your side in the financial woods, you'll see both the forest and the trees. And never worry about losing your way.

**At IRVING TRUST COMPANY we back you up with more than money.**

One Wall Street, N.Y.
A Charter New York Bank, Member F.D.I.C.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | | |

**Ballad of a Soldier** (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 26-28.)

**Bedazzled** (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 23.)

**Blow-Up** (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; starting Aug. 27.)

**Dinner at Eight** (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 21-27.)

**Easy Rider**—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier myth run backward. They start from the West Coast primitivism that is the easy part, and they end up in the sophistication of the civilized South, which punishes them and their boozing middle-aged pickup (a radical Southern lawyer brilliantly played by Jack Nicholson). Dennis Hopper's first piece of direction, terse and rhythmic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

**W. C. Fields Shorts** (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

**Funny Girl**—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Goodbye, Columbus**—Philip Roth's novella updated into a film by Larry Peerce and made distinguished and pungent by its observation of a young man—Richard Benjamin—intelligently trying to ward off the complex ploys of Jewish guilt-games. The film is funny, and the caricaturing seems deliberate. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660. . . . ¶ Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 26.)

**Go West** (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20.)

**Greetings** (1968)—Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Aug. 26.)

**If . . .**—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; starting Aug. 27.)

**The Immortal Story**—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 28.)

**Justine**—To see this George Cukor film of Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" is a bit like watching trailers of the real thing. The script is head-on and all for story, and no technical equivalents are found for Durrell's experiment with time and focus. Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, and Severn Darden. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

**The Lavender Hill Mob** (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

**The Lion in Winter**—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Loves of Isadora**—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 26.)

**Mata Hari** (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20.)

**Midnight Cowboy**—A condescending version of the James Leo Herlihy novel, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman under the heavy thumb of director John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

**Muriel** (1963)—Directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 25.)

**A Night at the Opera** (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 20.)

**The Night They Raided Minsky's** (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Britt Ekland, and Elliott Gould. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 27.)

**Ninotchka** (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 20.)

**Oliver!**—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Open City** (1945)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

**Petulia** (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 27.)

**Popi**—Alan Arkin, who is worth close attention whatever he does, here plays a Puerto Rican father with three jobs and two sons, whom he tries his best to rescue from the slums of East Harlem by passing them off as orphaned Cuban refugees. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 26.)

**Pretty Poison** (1968)—A psychological thriller, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. Directed by Noel Black. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; through Aug. 23.)

**Putney Swope**—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. Swope's way of revolutionizing the social system is to throw the existing mess only a little further out of kilter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**Romeo and Juliet**—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

**The Sea Gull**—There are some fine pieces of performance strewn amidst the wreckage of Chekhov's play, misdirected by Sidney Lumet. With Vanessa Redgrave (who has great moments), James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and, regrettably, a miscast Simone Signoret. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 26.)

**The Shameless Old Lady** (1964)—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring Sylvie. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 22.)

**Simon of the Desert**—Luis Buñuel is in an unusually jovial mood in this playful little fable (only forty-five minutes long) about the foolishness of saintliness, with Claudio Brook as the saint and Silvia Pinal as the Devil. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 28.)

**Stolen Kisses**—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Aug. 26.)

**Strangers on a Train** (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 21-27.)

**Tight Little Island** (1949)—Some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

**2001: A Space Odyssey** (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Aug. 26.)

**Variety Lights** (1950)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

**Weekend** (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

**The Wild Bunch**—Sam Peckinpah's very good, terse Western, set in 1913, with Robert Ryan, who is quietly one of the natural classic actors in the country. William Holden and Ernest Borgnine play members of the wild bunch—gunslingers of the Old West in a New West where the gleanings are thinner and the personal heroics changed. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 27.)

**Winning**—The private life of a driver in the Indianapolis "500," with Paul Newman as the driver, and Joanne Woodward as his wife. Two fine actors, a thin script, and a very good presentation of the race itself. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 27.)

**The World of Henry Orient** (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

**Yellow Submarine** (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature, with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 26.)

CUSTOM CASUALS

THE
NEW CLASSICS
OF TOM MALLO

*A Great American Custom... jacket in jolting wool checks that match the skirt of its solid knit-top dress. Butterscotch/caramel/white or hot pink/lipstick red/black. Sizes 6 to 16. About 100.00**

*Bergdorf Goodman, New York*
*Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D.C.*
*Rike's, Dayton*
*Henry Harris, Cincinnati*
*Esther Wolf, Houston*
*I. Magnin, West Coast*
*Or write Custom Casuals Inc., 205 West 39th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018* *higher on the West Coast.

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**THE LOVES OF ISADORA.**

**EVERGREEN**, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

**CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
**WEEKEND** (in French); and "The Queen" (1968), a film of a transvestite pageant.

**CHARLES**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 26: **THE SEA GULL**; and **PETULIA.**
From Aug. 27: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
**GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**

**KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"A Session with the Committee." The Committee is a Los Angeles satirical group, and this is a film of one of their performances.

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 23: **IF . . .**; and **PRETTY POISON.**
From Aug. 24: "Alice's Restaurant," Arlo Guthrie.

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Staircase," Richard Burton, Rex Harrison.

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 26: "The Learning Tree," Kyle Johnson.
From Aug. 27: "The Rain People," James Caan, Shirley Knight.

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"More," Mimsy Farmer.

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
**JUSTINE.**

**CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
**MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

**PACIFIC EAST**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

**AVCO EMBASSY EAST**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Sweden—Heaven and Hell," a documentary film.

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
**PUTNEY SWOPE.**

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
**EASY RIDER.**

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Take the Money and Run," Woody Allen.

**TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Aug. 26: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**
From Aug. 27: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Marry Me! Marry Me!" (in French), Claude Berri.

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 26: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA.**
From Aug. 27: To be announced.

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Paranoia," Carroll Baker.

**LOEW'S CINÉ**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Aug. 21: "The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.
From Aug. 22: "A Place for Lovers," Faye Dunaway, Marcello Mastroianni.

**86TH ST. EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 26: **POPI.**
From Aug. 27: "The Bridge at Remagen," George Segal, Ben Gazzara.

## WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 20: **NINOTCHKA**; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.**
Aug. 21-27: **DINNER AT EIGHT**; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From Aug. 28: **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish); and **THE IMMORTAL STORY.**

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 26: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**
From Aug. 27: To be announced.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 26: **POPI.**
From Aug. 27: **WINNING.**

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Detour" (in Bulgarian).

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 26: "2" (in Danish); and "Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills.
From Aug. 27: **IF . . .**; and **BLOW-UP.**

**ELGIN**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 20: "Miss Julie" (1952; in Swedish), Anita Björk; and "Torment" (1947; in Swedish).
Aug. 21-25: "Black Orpheus" (1959; in Portuguese), Marpessa Dawn; and "Gate of Hell" (1954; in Japanese), Machiko Kyo.
Aug. 26-28: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian); and "Fires on the Plain" (1963; in Japanese), Eiji Funakoshi.

**R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 26: **THE WILD BUNCH.**
From Aug. 27: "Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**FUNNY GIRL.**

**STATE I**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
**OLIVER!**

**CINERAMA**, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 26: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**
From Aug. 27: "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Aug. 27: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.
From Aug. 28: "The Gypsy Moths," Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr.

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 23: "La Chamade" (in French), Catherine Deneuve.
From Aug. 24: "Alice's Restaurant," Arlo Guthrie.

**CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Aug. 21: "The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.
From Aug. 22: "A Place for Lovers," Faye Dunaway, Marcello Mastroianni.

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
**W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

**LINCOLN ART**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
**THE LION IN WINTER.**

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
**ROMEO AND JULIET.**

**CINEMA STUDIO**, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
**POPI.**

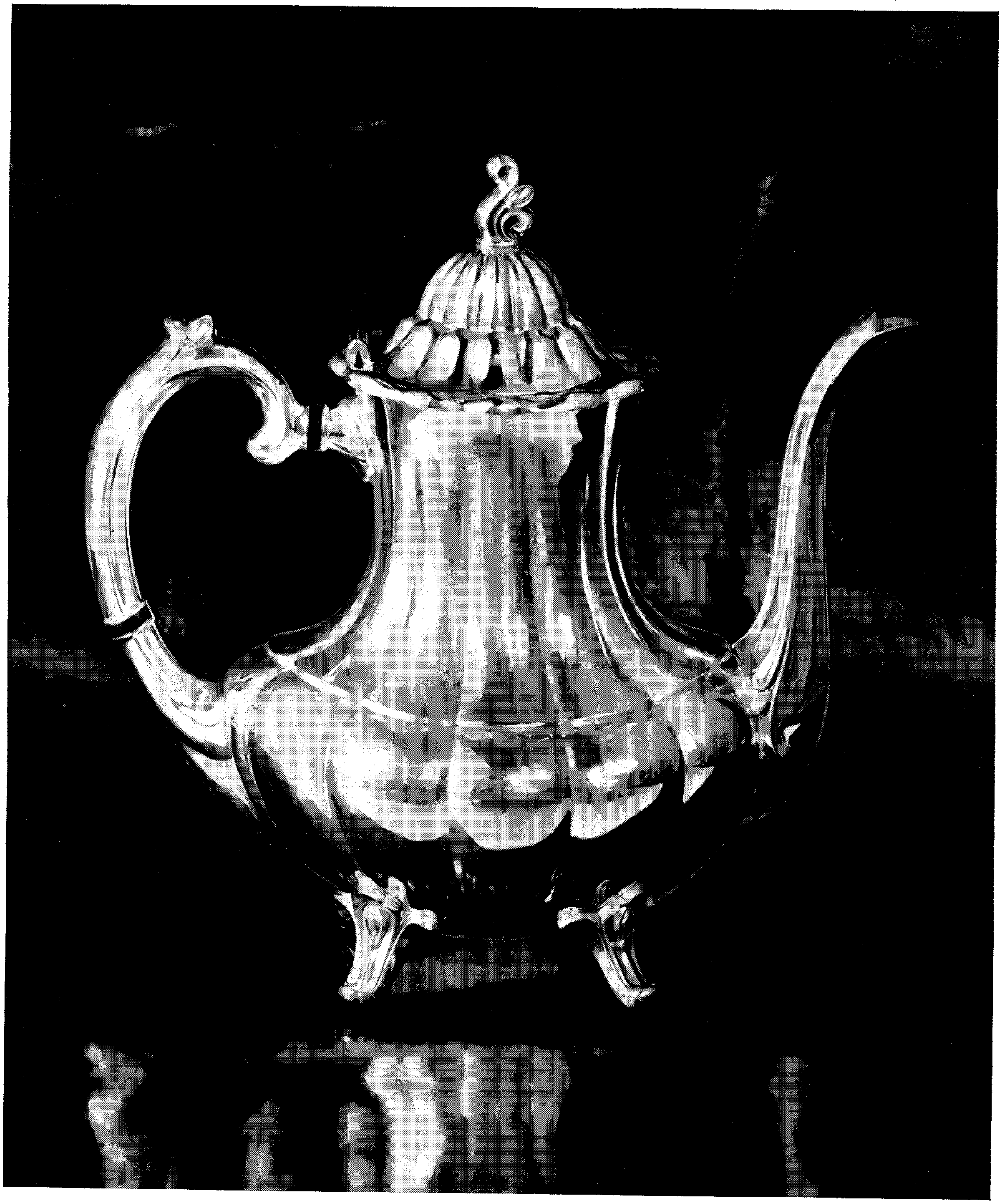
**REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 26: **STOLEN KISSES** (in French); and **GREETINGS.**
From Aug. 27: To be announced.

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 20: **GO WEST**; and **MATA HARI.**
Aug. 21-27: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**; and "Targets" (1968), Boris Karloff.
From Aug. 28: "Footlight Parade" (1933), James Cagney; and "Gold Diggers of 1935" (1935), Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert.

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 26: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.
From Aug. 27: **THE WILD BUNCH**; and **PETULIA.**

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 20: **VARIETY LIGHTS** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian).
Aug. 21: "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), Tito Gobbi; and "Plisetskaya Dances" (1965), a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.
Aug. 22: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French); and "Live for Life" (1967; in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.
Aug. 23: **BEDAZZLED**; and "The Devil's Disciple" (1959), Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster.
Aug. 24: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and "I'm All Right, Jack" (1960), Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
Aug. 25: **MURIEL** (in French); and "The Game Is Over" (1967), Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.
Aug. 26: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (1950), José Ferrer, Mala Powers; and "Volpone" (1939; in French), Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet.
Aug. 27: Five short films on psychology.
Aug. 28: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**

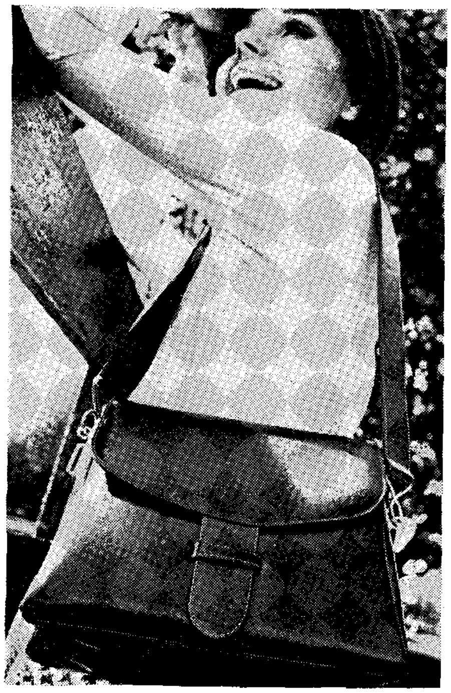
**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
**THE LOVES OF ISADORA.**



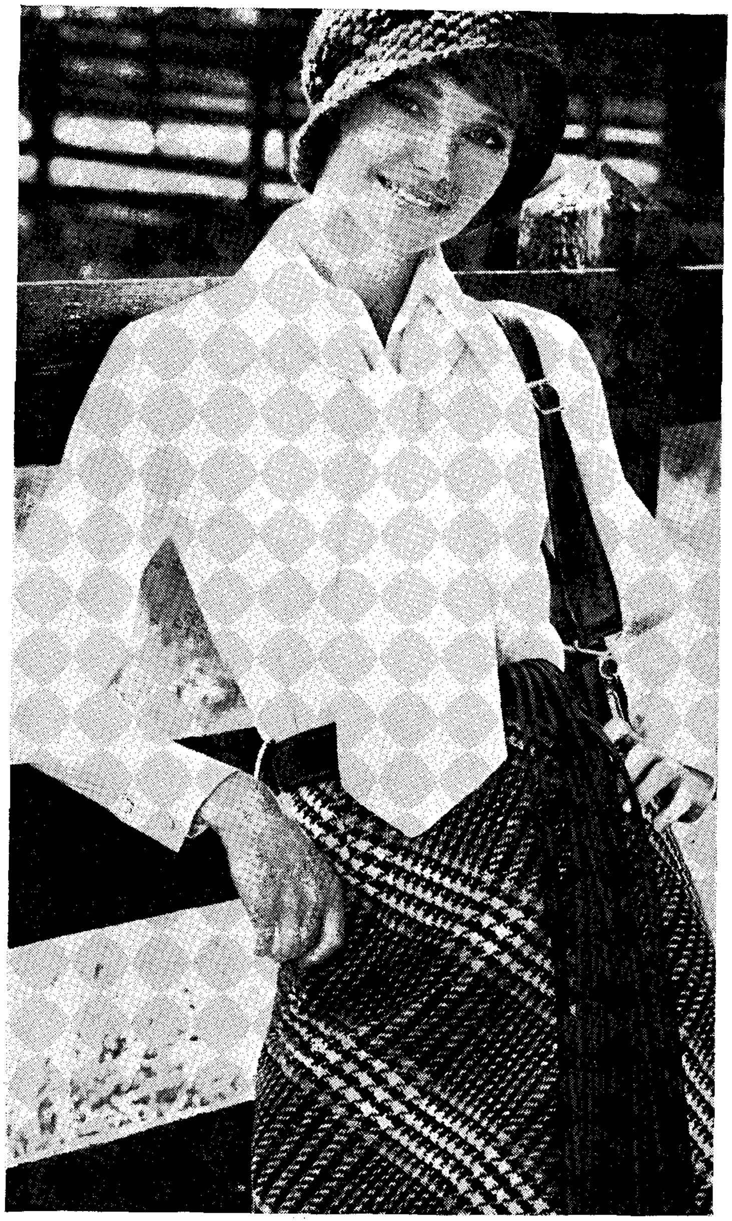
"VICTORIAN" PITCHER.
In silverplate (capacity 4½ pints, height 10 inches) $90. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS



The envelope shoulder bag adjusts to lots of separates. Soft cowhide, colored like fine brandy. 20.00



Even the ascot is separate! Shirt and tie, acetate/nylon. Navy or beige. 8 to 16, 20.00* The swingy wool skirt sports a fringed belt. Brown or green plaids. 8 to 16, 20.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

# Peck&Peck individualizes separates. For a certain kind of woman.

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

FROM a letter from an old friend who is also, as it happens, a moviegoer:

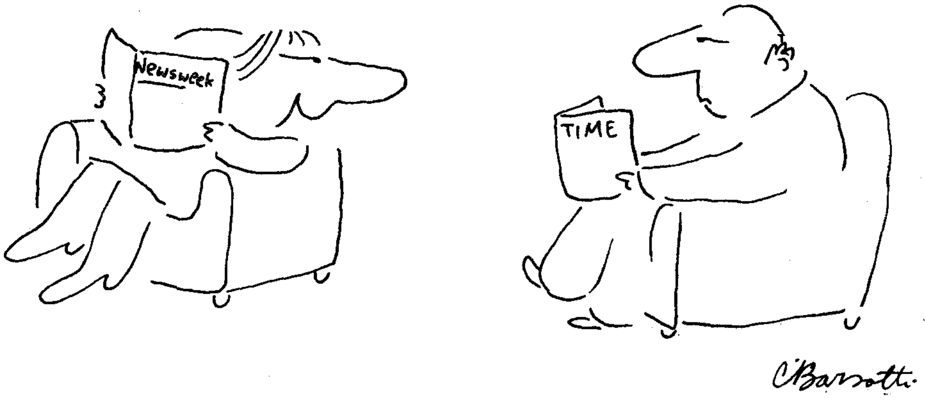
"When I was taken to see the circus parade as a child, I was always certain that the most interesting animals were in those circus wagons with the sides on. I thought some forgetful person had neglected to take them off, and it was very frustrating. Now I lie awake thinking about the forty or fifty minutes that were cut from the version of 'The Loves of Isadora' that is being shown in movie houses. Was there a great deal more about Isadora Duncan's brother Raymond, that strange man, with his monk's robe and sandals way back in the early nineteen-hundreds? Were there more scenes of Isadora dancing? Or what? I suppose the reason it bothers me is that I moved in a group of people who knew her in the South of France, at the very end of her life. There were sometimes as many as twenty-five of us sitting at an enormous table outside a café overlooking the harbor at Antibes. One day, I remember, she was angry about something and swept from the table—a large, round woman with a flame of hair above her flowing blue tunic—and crossed the road to a fisherman's shed, where, through the windows, we could see him planing a boat he was building. Isadora remained there quite a long time, talking with him, and once the fisherman kissed her hand. As they passed the windows, we could see him showing her his boat—how he did this and how he made that, and what a wonderful boat it was going to be. Presently, she came back. I can't say—any more than you could say this of a goddess—that she walked back or that she crossed the road, for there was something about the way she moved that can't be described by the words one uses to describe such things. It made an abiding impression on me. Two days later, my daughter Rosemary and I were in Lausanne, where she was about to start school again. We went to see 'The Thief of Bagdad.' During the intermission, I stretched my neck to spy out the headlines of the newspaper a man in front of me was holding. I clutched at Rosemary and could not believe my eyes. For there, in large headlines, it said, 'ISADORA EST MORTE!'

"When I got to Paris, I found that she was to be cremated there that day. I was staying with a friend who felt about her the way I did, and we tried for hours to find out the exact time of the funeral. At last, we reached one of Isadora's pupils, who told us what we wanted to know, and also told us that a small group was gathering at Raymond's studio, in Auteuil, for a farewell service of her most dearly loved music. If we hurried, we could get there in time. But it was already so late, and we weren't sure that we could make it, so we decided to go straight to Père-Lachaise. We couldn't get a cab at first, and because of the congestion in the streets we had a dreadful time getting across Paris. It was the day of the American Legion parade, and we supposed that everybody would be watching that, and that the funeral, consequently, would be quiet and small. When we reached Père-Lachaise, there was such a crowd we could hardly push our way through. We hunted for guards but found none, and asked dozens of people which way to go so that we could see the cortège as it entered the cemetery. Or, failing that, where we could find the crematorium. We followed a dozen contrary directions, and had begun to despair when, at last, through the trees ahead, we saw a large brick building, and we pushed and shoved our way until we were as near as possible. We were assured that this was the place we were looking for, but whether Isadora had yet been brought here nobody seemed to know So we stood, and a soft gray rain began to fall, a scarcely perceptible rain. We looked about us at the immense throng, and it was a wonderful and moving sight. On one side we saw the Duchesse de B——, and on the other the Princesses P——. Throngs of students from the Left Bank, artists from Montparnasse and Montmartre, cripples and beggars and apaches and great ladies, tarts and small tradespeople mixed together in common mourning, and everywhere you heard her name—'Isadora.' What a testament to her magic that they all called her by her first name!

"So there we stood, in the softly falling fine gray mist, and chatted, our voices low—not with the surreptitious hush of people at a funeral but, rather, because we were all overcome by the gentle sedative of grief. As we stood waiting, for what we couldn't say, we noticed that the others were turning toward the brick building. From the tall chimney at the top we saw a thin, fine gray cylinder of smoke rising very straight and very high, and disappearing into the mist. And there was a murmur through all that immense throng. A few minutes later, choked with feeling, we turned, with all those people, and, amongst them, walked slowly out along the winding pathways and back to the street."

## *New Federalism*

AFTER the President went on television and said that he was going to transform the country's rickety and anachronistic welfare system with a touch of New Federalism, we immediately called on Mitchell I. Ginsberg for some help in sorting out reality and illusion in Mr. Nixon's proposals. Mr. Ginsberg, who used to be Associate Dean of Columbia's School of Social Work, was New York City's Welfare Commissioner before the Welfare Department was merged with a



*"Well, how do things look from where you sit?"*

• •

number of other agencies to create the "super agency" known as the Human Resources Administration. Now he is in charge of the entire H.R.A. and of some thirty-five thousand men and women who work for the H.R.A., and people in the field say that he probably knows more about the problems of the poor and what can be done about those problems than anybody else around. He does most of his work at a big desk in one of the city's drab downtown office buildings, surrounded by a clutter of Abraham Lincoln memorabilia (the Commissioner says he is an old Lincoln buff), a jolly-looking rattan lion, a bronze Pooh bear, a Hebrew "THINK" sign, and a little steel sculpture of a man at bat, which he says is there to bolster his faith in the eventual return of the Yankees to first place. Lately, however, he has spent some time commuting from his desk to Washington—first to serve on a Presidential task force on welfare and poverty, and later to testify at an Urban Affairs Council meeting on welfare reform.

"You can see that I wasn't exactly surprised that the President made some proposals," Mr. Ginsberg told us when we met him, walking into his office a little after eight in the morning. "But I sure as hell was surprised at what the proposals were. This is the beginning of the takeover of the whole welfare system by the federal government, and it's long overdue."

Mr. Ginsberg, who is a big, comfortably rumpled man of fifty-three with gray hair and a remarkable pair of shaggy black eyebrows, settled into a swivel chair behind his desk and accepted a paper cup of coffee from his secretary. He tilted way back in his chair, until he could maneuver a foot up onto the edge of the desk. Then he said, chuckling, "I never really thought that the President would go that far. There's irony in it, of course. Irony in the fact that here, coming from a Republican, is something that amounts to a guaranteed national income. We'll have to call it something else, naturally. Something to make it sound like the free-enterprise system. But changes like this always come from calling them something else. New Federalism. Free enterprise. We'll have to move toward compulsory national health insurance, too, and Washington will have to dream up something else to call *that*. But I don't give a damn what they're called, as long as they get done."

We asked Mr. Ginsberg what, specifically, he thought of the President's plan.

"Well, first of all, there's the problem of distinguishing between the rhetoric and what's there," he said. "My reactions are favorable, by and large, but I am very, very critical of some pretty major aspects of the proposals. When I was working with the task force, and subsequently when the Mayor and I and Jack Goldberg—he's the Commissioner of Social Services, which is what the Welfare Commissioner is called now—met with the President, we proposed a matching formula that would move the federal responsibility up quite a bit from the sixteen hundred dollars annually that Nixon proposes for a family of four. We wanted the federal government to pledge to match fifty per cent of some of the money over and above sixteen hundred any state might choose to give. The task force agreed with us. And the whole thing wouldn't have cost the government so very much. Maybe half a billion dollars."

Mr. Ginsberg paused, thought for a few moments, and went on, "We also pushed for better benefits under the family-security plan—that is, under the proposal that deals with relief for the working poor. Nixon wants to allow a working father or mother to keep sixty dollars a month plus fifty per cent of anything over that, up to some cutoff figure, before any decrease in welfare payments starts. Well, we already have a supplementary-assistance plan here in New York, and *we* allow a family eighty-five dollars a month plus whatever the rent is before we start decreasing payments. So we urged at least eighty-five dollars. But Arthur Burns, the President's economic adviser, had trouble with the concept of that one. Burns is a capable guy, but he's very conservative with respect to welfare. He had a lot of doubts about the aid to the working poor. He kept saying, 'People will stop working. They'll go on welfare and then they'll find a way to get out of working.' But that's not the point. Most of these people now are confronted with a choice between welfare and a really dirty job. Now, how can you expect anybody in that situation to cheerfully choose work unless there is some incentive? And, unfortunately, that incentive is money. I'd say our own eighty-five-dollar allowance is not such a magnificent sum at all, if you look at the problem that way. At any rate, there has to be a higher federal subsidy for the working poor. You've just got to make it desirable for a man to work. I do like the idea of separation of social and financial services, though. That's really the most important part of the program. The Social Security people will take over the distribution of the welfare checks, and the local governments can be freed of the heavy administrative burden of the determination of need and be able to concentrate on service. And I like the fact that determination of need will be based on a declaration of income—not on those long and wasteful and humiliating investigations. We've been experimenting with this in New York, in two of our welfare centers." Ginsberg laughed. "We've taken a lot of guff from the conservatives on *that* one," he said.

We asked Mr. Ginsberg what some of his other objections to the Nixon proposals were.

"Well, for one thing, sixteen hundred dollars of guaranteed income is just too low," he said. "Not only too low for the people who'll get it but too low for the states that have done the most for them. Sure, in Mississippi, where they pay next to nothing now, the sixteen hundred is a windfall. But here in New York that kind of guarantee means nothing in practical terms. New York, for example, gives thirty-three hundred dollars a year to a poor family of four. Now, under the present system—at least in this family category, which is called Aid to Families with Dependent Children—we get exactly half of that thirty-three hundred from the federal government. And this means we're actually getting more now than we will be under Nixon's system. So you see that while his figures may mean something in national terms, they're meaningless in this particular city. Out of the three-billion-dollar welfare budget that Nixon proposes, New York State will get only about forty-three million. And New York City, where the total welfare budget this year is a billion and a half dollars, will be getting only about twenty million of that. Compare those figures with the figures for California, where large numbers of the welfare recipients are in the 'aged' category rather than in the A.F.D.C. one, which accounts for a good seventy-five per cent of our work—and, for that matter, for most of the increases in our case load. California will be getting something like a hundred and seventy-five million under Nixon's plan."

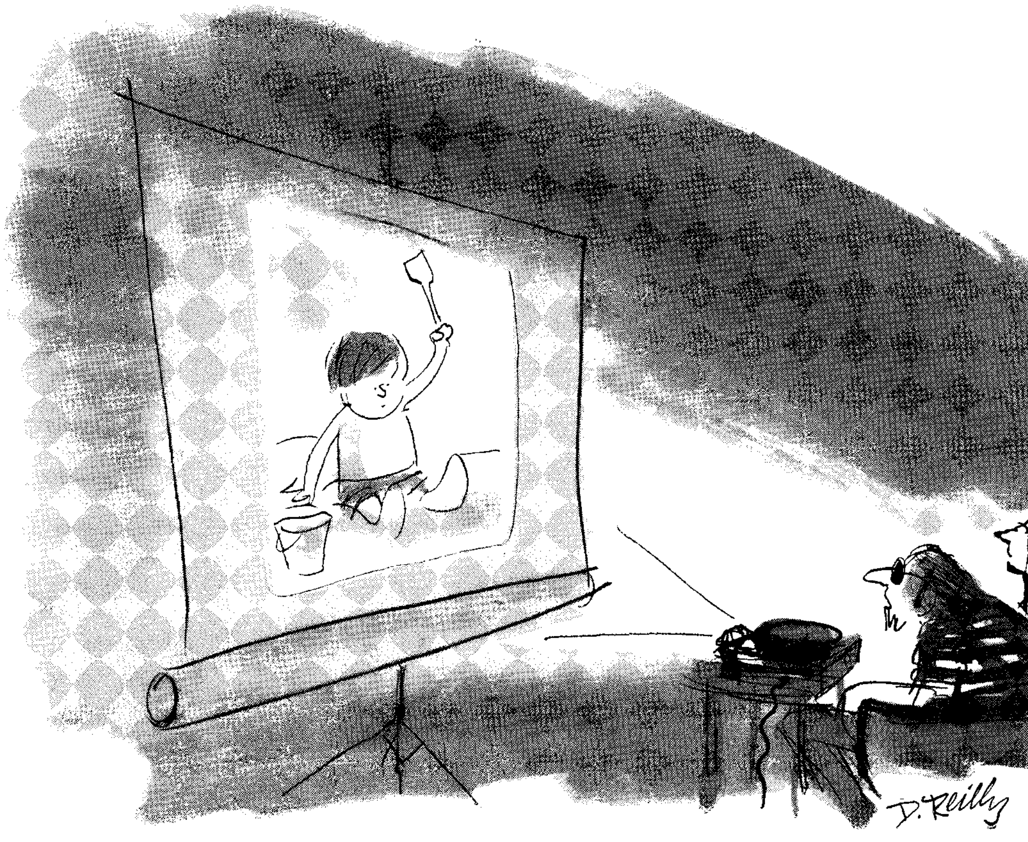
We must have looked confused, because Mr. Ginsberg went on, "To put it simply, we get less under Nixon's plan because we offer more now. Take what they call the man-in-the-house rule. Until 1962, you couldn't help a family if there was an unemployed man in the household. Then Congress made assistance optional. Twenty-four states, including New York, took advantage of the ruling to extend welfare to this group, setting up a category we call A.F.D.C.-U.P., which means Aid to Families with Dependent Children—Unemployed Parent, but twenty-six states and the District rejected the option. Now, because of this and the new help to the working poor, *their* welfare rolls will increase substantially. And they'll get most of the money, along with the states that will benefit because of the other adult categories covered in Nixon's plan—categories like 'aged, blind, and disabled.' Whereas we'll actually be gaining very little money, and we already handle ten per cent of the total national welfare case load—there are a million people on welfare in New York City—and we account for some twelve per cent of all the welfare money spent in the United States."

We asked Mr. Ginsberg if, given the discrepancies in living costs in rural and urban areas as well as in different parts of the country, New York City had recommended to the President that these discrepancies be taken into consideration.

Ginsberg shrugged. "Sure we recommended it," he said. "But, to give the government some credit, it was a devilish problem. How do you determine regional differences? How do you administrate in terms of them? How and where do you draw the lines? That's what Nixon's people wanted to know, and it was hard to argue with them." He thought for a minute, and added, "There's another thing I don't like about the plan. That's the fact that it denies some mothers the right to decide whether they will work or not. I argued about this at the White House. Eloquently, I thought, but obviously ineffectually, because the Nixon plan calls for every mother in a fatherless home—and that's most welfare homes—to go to work as soon as her youngest child is six. Well, I say that it should be the *poor* mother's choice, just as it's the middle-class mother's choice. I don't mean that mothers shouldn't work. God knows, the way some of these people live—and where they live—a child shouldn't be at home with his mother all day long. Sometimes he'd be better off *away* from his mother. It's simply that I object to this coercion. And, furthermore, given adequate job opportunities and training, and day-care centers, most mothers in New York would jump at the chance to work. We have a hundred and fifty thousand mothers on relief here now, and I'd say that fifty thousand of them are ready to go to work at once."

Mr. Ginsberg took his foot off the desk, put it back on, and continued, "Actually, this compulsory-work-for-mothers thing is going to be impossible to administer anyway," he said. "So what if the law says you have to take her off welfare if she doesn't work? You can't do that, because it's her kids who'll suffer. What's left? To put her in jail? That's inhumane. To institutionalize the kids? That's awful. And, besides, it costs eight times as much to keep a kid in an institution as it does to keep his mother on relief. As I see it, even the compulsory-work-for-fathers legislation is going to be hard to enforce."

Mr. Ginsberg went on to say he thought it unfair that single men and women and childless couples were not covered by the Nixon plan. "We urged it," he said. "After all, whether you're married or not, or childless or not, doesn't change the fact that you're poor, that you need money. In New



*"This is me the summer of my first big identity crisis."*

York, we pay twelve hundred to fourteen hundred dollars a year to single adults and about twenty-one hundred to childless couples, and what we wanted from Nixon was a pledge that the government would meet at least some of that cost. We asked first for twenty per cent. Then ten per cent. But there was nothing doing. And it's a shame, because most states have really miserable programs for these people. Again, it's the old problem of categories. I say we should eliminate categories. We should pare it all down to this: Do you have need, and are you eligible?"

We were curious about the provisions that Mr. Ginsberg thought an ideal welfare program should include, and we asked him about this.

"Some form of guaranteed employment," he said immediately. "That's one of the things I would really like to see. The others are a children's allowance; putting the aged, blind, and disabled under Social Security; and a modified national welfare program for those who don't fit into the other schemes. Take the guaranteed employment, for instance. The President wants job training, but we have to provide the jobs at the end of that training, too. Ideally, we should provide some sort of subsidy to business and local governments. I'd say that if a man is worth only fifty per cent of a normal salary to a business, then let that business pay half his salary and let the government pay the other half until he becomes more productive as a result of education and training. That way, the business would benefit, the man would benefit, everybody would benefit. The law doesn't permit this yet, but we'll get there. I'm sure we'll get there. And eventually we'll get to a system of guaranteed jobs, with the government as the employer of last resort. We have a city-government employment program here, but most places haven't, so it's just going to have to be part of a federal guarantee." Ginsberg, who comes from Massachusetts and was raised in a poor neighborhood in Boston, told us that he had been put to work by the government during the Depression when he needed money to help him get through college. "It was a National Youth Administration job," he said, looking proud. "I dug ditches on the Tufts campus. You might say I laid the plumbing for the whole damn university. I got thirty cents an hour, and, let me tell you, it was no boondoggle."

We asked the Commissioner if he saw some sort of new W.P.A.-style program as an answer to the employment problem, and he said, "It's not a question of *creating* jobs anymore. These days, the public services are starved. Look at the hospitals. Look at the museums and the libraries. There's more than enough work just waiting to be done." He added that in a few weeks, when he went back to Washington to make recommendations about the drafting of the new welfare legislation, he was going to push really hard for the changes that the Mayor has been urging—including more money for New York, specifically.

We asked Mr. Ginsberg just how much was needed here, and he answered, "Right now, I think it's not unrealistic to say that a family of four in New York needs four thousand to forty-three hundred dollars to live. Even the fifty-five hundred that some of the welfare groups are asking is not such an unreasonable sum, considering what it costs to live here. And, frankly, I want some budgetary relief from the government because then maybe the state legislature will see its way to restoring some of the funds it cut from our welfare budget last month."

Mr. Ginsberg sat back. "I have been trying to get away for a vacation," he said. "I wanted to take my wife to England, but it looks as if we'll settle for a week on Cape Cod. We'll leave next week, if I can get away. It will be my first vacation in two and a half years. This is a rough, tough job, and I've been battered by it, but it's an exciting job. I've had a chance to make some impact, and no one can pretend that's not exciting."

It was nearly ten now, and Mr. Ginsberg, who had a busy day ahead of him, stood up and walked with us to his door. "All in all, I hope the welfare bill goes through," he said. "It's going to have a bad time in Congress. The New York congressmen will be demanding more money, as they should. And the Southern congressmen will wake up to the fact that the bill will provide money for millions of blacks, and they'll try to block it once they've realized just what it is that the government's doing." He grinned. "Sometimes I wonder if the President himself knows what it is he's doing," he said. "Because he's giving us a plan—the first real welfare plan in the history of the country—and you know how Americans hate plans. We have a 'God forbid we should plan anything' complex here. We prefer to just stumble into things. That's the trouble with the present welfare system, as a matter of fact. No one ever sat down before to think the damn thing through. The welfare programs we have now started to be put together helter-skelter during the Depression, and they've been growing helter-skelter ever since. That's why England and France have welfare systems that are a hell of a lot better than ours. They planned, and, as a result, their systems are logical. But now it looks as if we might finally be starting to plan, too, and that's why, with all its faults, I'm not for killing the bill. Eventually, as I said, we'll have it all. Income maintenance. Guaranteed employment for people who can handle jobs. And we'll have new ways of providing for the poor. We'll have a negative income tax, or we'll have a children's allowance, which is the way I prefer. Sixty countries already have a children's allowance. Conservatives here hate the idea, but do you know who was a big supporter of children's allowances? *Bismarck!* That great liberal Bismarck." Mr. Ginsberg shook his head.

We said goodbye to the Commissioner and wished him a sunny vacation and luck in Washington.

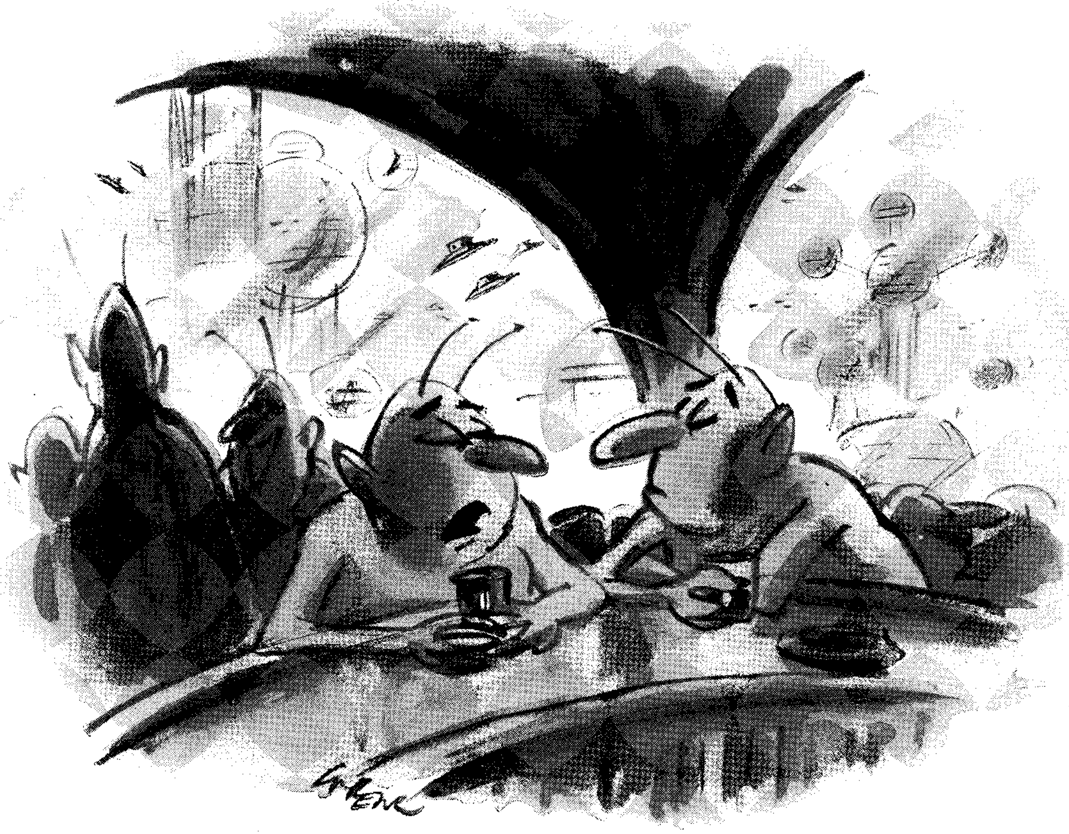
## *Garden Gathering*

WHEN Joan Baez was planning her recent concert at Madison Square Garden, she took the unusual step of insisting that all the tickets be priced at two dollars, although the people in charge of the Garden wanted to ask a lot more, and although her husband, David Harris, recently started serving a jail sentence for refusing induction into the Army, and Miss Baez (or Mrs. Harris) is expecting a baby soon. Wishing to hear her sing again, we decided to attend, and when we arrived we discovered that the Garden was sold out. As we emerged from an escalator into the lobby and looked around us at a flow of thousands of young people streaming through the corridors toward their seats, it seemed for an instant that all the world was young and in love and against the war in Vietnam. Everywhere we turned, young couples in jerseys and bell-bottomed trousers came flooding out of escalators, holding hands. We had to look very hard to spot anybody over—as they say—thirty. There appeared to be a preponderance of a new breed of young New Yorker that manages to combine considerable affluence, and perhaps a conventional office life, with a rather smartened-up hippie style of dress. The men tended toward old-style mustaches, but there weren't many beards. These were the people who congregate in the largest numbers in the evenings along Third Avenue and in the Fifties and Sixties—where the films and the cafés are. Soon we were carried with the crowd onto the floor of the Garden. Already, tiers and tiers of people were seated around us on all sides. The roof of the Garden and the tiers of people highest up and farthest back were all but lost to sight in the dimness, and it seemed that the tiers of people might extend back and up infinitely.

All at once, Miss Baez entered, quickly, surrounded by a little knot of policemen, and mounted the performance platform with her two accompanists, who are called Jeffrey and Fondle. Her hair was cropped short, and she was wearing a bright-purple maternity shift. Vigorous applause went up on all sides, and, smiling, she made a few shy, indecisive bows. When the applause stopped, she said that it was good to be back in New York, and announced that she wanted the photographers present to take all their pictures in the next few minutes, so that the concert wouldn't be disrupted by popping flashbulbs. Once the picture-taking interval was over, she said, "O.K. Now I'd like to announce the anti-war demonstration that's going to take place tomorrow." Throughout the concert, she spoke to the crowd of her jailed husband and of the draft-resistance movement as though she were addressing an old friend. Instead of trying to persuade anybody of her views, she simply treated the concert as though it were a reunion of people with shared feelings and experiences who needed a boost in morale and wanted to be kept up to date on the political activities of her family. To judge from the heavy applause that greeted every mention of her husband or of the draft-resistance movement in general, her assumption was correct. The songs she chose for that evening were Negro spirituals, political songs, and love songs. She stood very still under four brilliant spotlights and sang with the kind of effortless control, intensity, purity of tone, and phrasing that one expects only of accomplished classical singers. She sang all her songs—whether they were spirituals, political songs, or love songs—in a way that evoked a sort of comforting melancholy. Many of the songs had melancholy lines on the order of "moon and moss in the trees" but the dominant message was one of keeping up hope in difficult times. When she wasn't singing, Jeffrey sat motionless on the platform, apparently in meditation. It occurred to us that perhaps his stillness communicated itself to the people in the audience and, along with their thoughts of the unborn child and of the husband in jail, helped to produce a reverential perfect silence during the songs.

After a few songs, Miss Baez said, "I thought you'd like to know that David has been busy in jail, and has had the jail system standing on its head for a while. Just a few weeks after he went in, he organized a strike, and he got about forty people in it. They even got some conditions improved. I suppose it's too optimistic to think that the improvements are permanent, but, anyway, it sure feels good if you're on the inside." Later, she introduced a song called "Glad Blue Bird of Happiness" by saying, "This is a cheery song. If we're going to *really* have the revolution in this country that we need, we've all got to be more willing to go to jail. And if we are going to survive, we might as well be cheery—otherwise, it's a real drag."

Just before her last song, scores of people crowded up to the front and seated themselves right before the platform, and several policemen were asking them, without success, to go back to their seats. "Why don't you let them sit where they are for this song?" Miss Baez suggested to the policemen, over the speaker system. The police acquiesced. At this, a number of other people jumped up and began to dart forward. "But don't move!" Miss Baez admonished them sternly. They sat down again. For her last song, Miss Baez invited the audience to join her in singing "We Shall Overcome"—the verses "We shall overcome," "We'll walk hand in hand," "We are not afraid," and "We shall live in peace." After the first notes, the audience rose to its feet, as though for the national anthem.

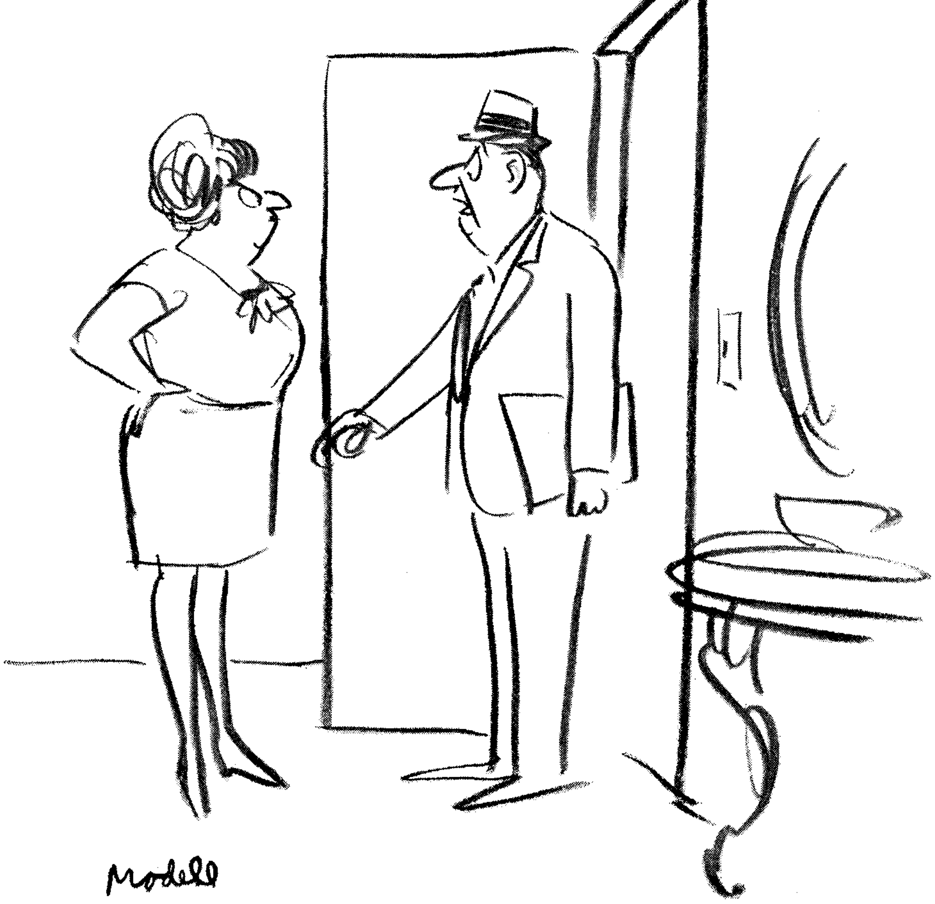

*"I'm not worried. By the time the population crunch really hits, we'll be sending the excess off to Earth or somewhere."*

• •

# WITHOUT WHOSE UNFAILING ENCOURAGEMENT

FOR the genesis of my book, "An Introduction to the Study of Introductions," I am principally indebted to my psychiatrist, Dr. Adolphus Peters, of Amsterdam. Having occasion to consult him about an irritating obsessive compulsion, which took the form of an inability to skip the introductory pages of any serious work that fell into my hands, I was at first repelled by his suggestion that instead of resisting the compulsion I embrace it and, by making a careful analysis of these preliminary throat-clearings, get them, in his homely phrase, out of my system. He persisted, however. Imagination gradually took fire, and now, some fifteen years later, it is a pleasure as well as a duty to record my gratitude to one but for whom I might still be unable to get as far as Chapter 1 of any book, not least my own.

A brief explanation is necessary to delineate the limits I have set myself in this inquiry. Forewords, not being in general the work of the writers whose books they seek to illumine or confute, I decided to omit, except insofar as they are referred to with gratification (see Chapter 9 *passim*) by the actual authors in their Introductions. The Prefatory Note has, of course, already been the subject of a scholarly monograph by Herr Emil Strohler, while the history and development of Contents (including List of Plates) will always be associated with the name of Silas R. Wisehammer, of Wisconsin. On these well-tilled fields I had no wish to trespass. Surprisingly little attention appears to have been paid to the Introduction proper, even the Germans having contented themselves with some rather cursory statistics, without any attempt to evaluate Introductions as an art form or to inquire into density of readership, recurrent phraseology, the omission quotient, and kindred matters of importance to the prolegomenist. I make no apology therefore for attempting to fulfill a want so ably categorized by Miss Phyllis Ashbaker, B.Sc. (who has given freely of her storehouse of specialized knowledge in a Foreword to this volume that I can never hope adequately to acknowledge), as "long felt."



*"What is it, Martha? I'm late? It's your birthday? Our anniversary? I was supposed to bring something home?"*

Particular attention has been paid to Acknowledgments, since these form at once the most universal and the least understood feature of Introductions. Of some 87,000 persons individually thanked for their help in the 5,319 Introductions it has been my good fortune to read and analyze, I have been in touch with rather more than half—a labor of love that seemed to me essential, as it is from their ranks that the Introduction readership proved to be almost totally drawn. I desire to thank them all again here, but have been compelled, in order to avoid overweighting this Introduction, to take the unorthodox course of relegating their names to Appendix III. (No such comprehensive list of generous advisers, unstinting critics, laborious proofreaders, owners of hitherto unpublished mss. to which they most kindly gave access, and patient wives, drawn from every field of life and learning, from the preparation of soufflés to a new interpretation of the Gilgamesh Epic, has, it is believed, ever been compiled before.)* If I single out Dr. Wilbur H. Gumshott, of the Institute of Anthropology in Boston, it is only because the telephone conversation I had with him well illustrates the invaluable sidelights on my subject afforded me by personal contact with my many helpers:

Myself: Have I the good fortune to be speaking to, or with, Dr. Wilbur H. Gumshott, who gave unstintingly of his unrivalled insight into Peruvian wedding rites during the preparation of Chapter 17 of Mildred Worthington's "South American Rhapsody"?

Dr. G.: Who *is* this?

Myself: I have been entrusted, though fully conscious that there must be many better qualified both by—

Dr. G.: Are you aware, sir, whoever you are, that it is three o'clock in the morning, Eastern Standard Time?

Myself: I trust it is not an inconvenient moment. The fact is that I have already made calls in the same connection to your colleagues Professor T. R. McGluskey, Mr. Alfred Bains, Mr. Aloysius Mannering, and Dr. Bernard Hackslip, as well as to Miss Freda Staring, the acknowledged authority on the Puelche of Araucania, and to the librarian of the School of Amer-Indian Studies in Beirut, but for

---

*This parenthesis took the form of a footnote in my original draft, but it was unsparingly pointed out to me by Mr. Wilberforce Butt, O.B.E.,** who most generously read through the greater part of these preliminary pages, that the use of footnotes in Introductions is atypical—except for such unavoidable addenda as "e.g."

**Now Sir Wilberforce Butt, K.B.E.

whose unfailing encouragement and advice—

Dr. G.: That bunch! What Hackslip knows about Peru wouldn't cover half a file card.

Myself: Thank you. That certainly sheds fresh light. I see, however, that the acknowledgment to him and the other colleagues I have mentioned begins "I am particularly grateful," whereas for yourself and Professor Richard A. Butterstone, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, the phrase "I also desire to thank" was deemed appropriate. May I have your comments on that?

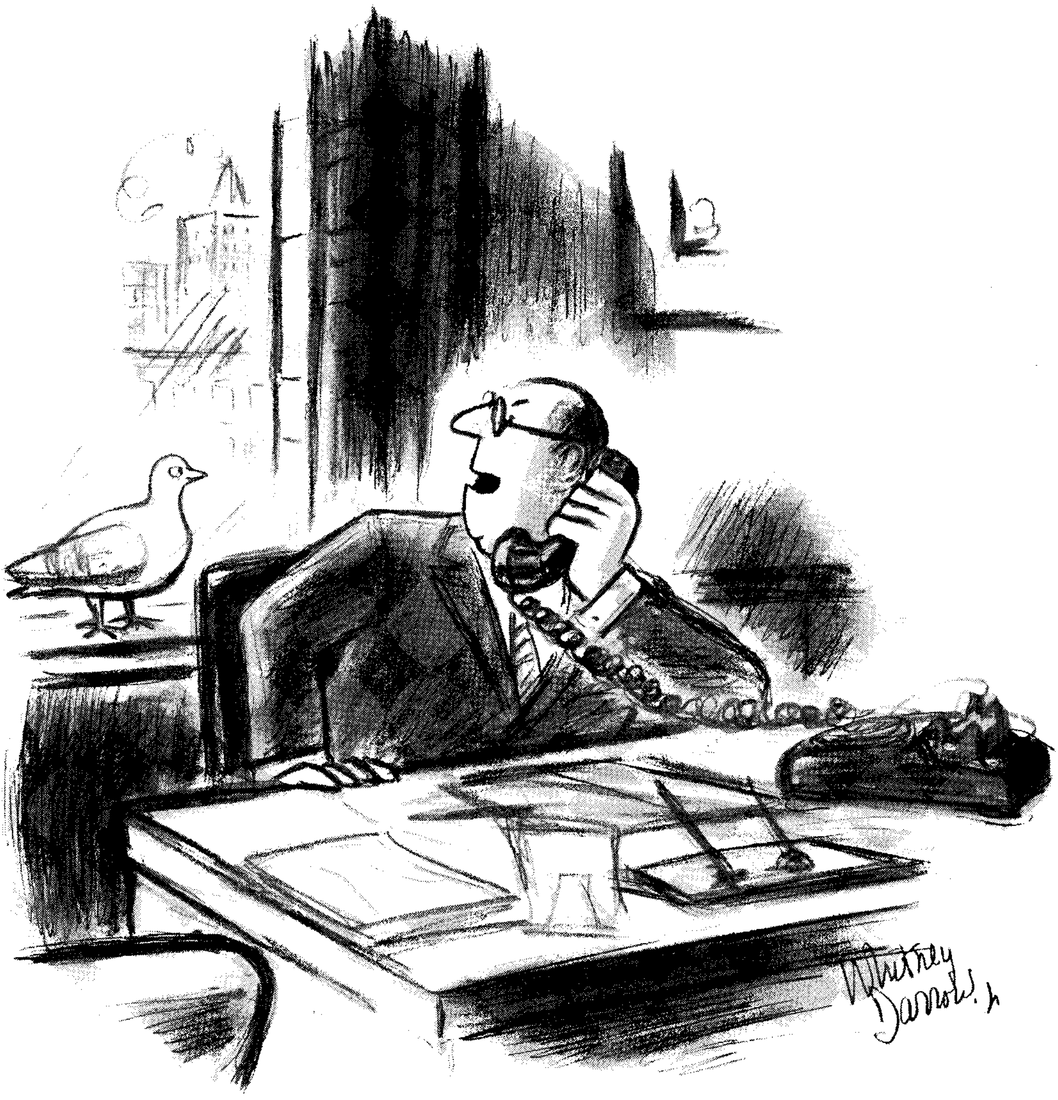
Dr. G.: I have nothing to say.

Myself: Bearing in mind that the even warmer "I owe a very great debt of gratitude" is reserved for Miss Mabel Gilchrist on page 9—

Dr. G.: Never heard of her.

Myself: She gave invaluable assistance with the typing, thus taking her place on my secretarial ranking list second only to those eleven hundred and forty-eight devoted women whose untiring skill and patience in unravelling what was often, the authors fear, a sadly illegible—

Dr. G.: Why don't you bother the people who write all this rubbish, and leave me alone? I have to get some sleep.



*"Better make that two ham on rye."*

• •

THE question raised by Dr. Gumshott is of some importance. I did, of course, apply direct to some thousands of authors whose prolegomenorrhea (the word was coined for me by my friend Charlie Pyke, B.A., who also drew my attention to the delicate interplay of colon and semicolon in a brilliant list of helpers cited by an otherwise obscure Swedish geophysicist) had brought them within my purview, but the response was not uniformly encouraging. This despite the fact that I was able in many cases to inform them of points of interest of which they themselves appeared to be unaware. Thus, I was the first to advise Mr. Karl Strummholtz that in singling out for special mention in the Introduction to his "Volcanoes in Antiquity" no less than seventy-five friends and colleagues, fifteen universities or other institutes, the mother superior of a nunnery, three typists, his publisher, five proofreaders, and both his first and second wives (who "cheerfully bore") he had established a record for scientific works outside the field of ornithology. Others had not even troubled to reflect that, by removing their acknowledgments to a separate section headed "Acknowledgments," they ran the risk of reducing their Introduction readership to nil, apart from psychopaths like myself. In volunteering information, in their turn, I found writers uncoöperative to such a degree that I feel unable to thank more than three hundred and seventy of them by name (Appendix IV). To a simple written questionnaire requesting answers to such inquiries as

In the preparation of your Introductions, by what authors have you been especially influenced; e.g., as to style, presentation, addition of *"Majorca, 1967"* at the end, etc.?

Have you acknowledged this debt?

Who *is* this Lady Alice Brackenbury who so kindly translated the Chinese quatrain on page 196?

What do you mean, exactly, by "unsparing"?

For every half-dozen colleagues gratified by a mention, how many took immortal umbrage from (a) total omission, or (b) the "lumping" technique?

most authors did not bother to reply. Of those who did, a disappointingly high proportion complained that only the preliminary pages of their books appeared to have been read. This attitude, as between specialists, struck me as inexplicable.

It only remains to add that in the final stages of this work I have been sustained by the Vicar, by a certain Mrs. Potter (or possibly Cotter), of Exeter, who, in the act of measuring my settee for a new slipcover, inadvertently or intentionally made off with three pages from Chapter 2, and by so indefatigable an army of other critics that I have reluctantly been forced to hold their names over to an additional Appendix (V). Nevertheless, any errors and omissions remain entirely mine, and for this sole residuum of my labors I am profoundly grateful.

*The Channel Islands,*
*Wednesday*

—H. F. Ellis

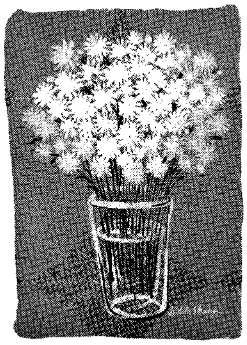
# AS I WALKED OUT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING

## IV—WAR

THE Spanish Civil War started in the middle of July, 1936. There were no announcements or newspapers in the Andalusian village where I was living, just a whispering in the street and the sound of a woman weeping.

I was twenty-two years old, and had left my village home in England in order to see the world. I had spent a year walking through Spain, and had now reached Castillo—a small fishing port built on an outcrop of rock in a pebbly delta sixty miles up the Mediterranean from Málaga. I had a job of sorts in one of Castillo's two hotels, helping in the kitchen and playing the violin in the saloon at night. I was living near the church, in the house of an expatriate English novelist who'd lent me a room overlooking the bay, and as I went out that morning I saw a woman lying face down on the pavement, beating the ground with her hands. A group of neighbors stood by, making no attempt to move her—her attendants rather than comforters. They said she was weeping for her son—a young conscript in the Army, who to her was already as good as dead.

I went to the bar that Ricardo, the hotel waiter, frequented, and he told me what he knew—a seesaw of fact and fantasy. He was the leader of a group of fishermen and laborers who had gradually, over a period of six months, admitted me to their company. Ricardo said there had been anti-government uprisings in the garrisons of Spanish Morocco—at Melilla, Tetuán, and Larache. On the other hand, said Ricardo, there was nothing to worry about, the situation was under control. General Francisco Franco, "the butcher of the Asturian miners," had flown from the Canaries to lead the rebels. There were reports of other uprisings in Saragossa, Madrid, and Seville. . . . But, no, the government had put them down. . . . Franco himself was dead, had been brought down in the sea, had been arrested, assassinated, shot. . . . Even so, Moorish troops were pouring into the south of Spain. . . . But they would be slaughtered before they could advance an inch. . . .



Indeed, there was no firm news. The café radios were silent, or jammed, or stridently at odds with each other. People gathered in the streets, staring up at the sky as though expecting to see some great proclamation written across it. And as always—impelled by the oldest instinct of the countryside—the fields emptied and peasants poured into the village, bringing their wives and children, their sheep and goats, and settling them down under the castle walls. Some of the men brought guns, but most were unarmed. They crowded the plaza, simply waiting to be used, standing with their backs to the town hall, shoulder to shoulder with the fishermen, as though ready to defend it with their bodies. There was no authority yet; theirs was just a defensive laager drawn up spontaneously in the face of the unknown. Meanwhile, Ricardo and El Gato (the leader of one of the newly formed fishermen's unions) started to organize some kind of militia.

The police had suddenly disappeared and the village was on its own—government supporters facing the enemy within. A round of searches began among the houses of suspected Fascists. Ricardo took men to barricade the coastal road. Then, in the afternoon, there arrived the first car from Málaga, driving fast and smothered with dust. It was stopped at the roadblock, and Ricardo's bayonets surrounded it, pricking open the doors and windows. A couple of white-faced young men were hurried off to jail, while rifles and grenades were dug out of the luggage compartment. Later, a Frenchman drove up in a battered Fiat with a white flag tied on the roof. He said half Málaga was in flames and that there was fighting in the streets. He didn't know which side was winning, or even where he was going, but he showed us a score of bullet holes in the back of his car.

Night brought more rumors, smuggled in with the dark, along the coast road and down from the hills. Granada was held by the rebels, and so was our neighbor, Altofaro. The fate of Málaga was still unknown. Meanwhile, our confused little fortress seemed to be caught between the mountains and the sea, with fires spreading on either side.

The militia were busy that night, determined that there should be no uprising in Castillo. The house-to-house searching of suspects began to reveal the little caches of arms so carefully hidden for months—packed in wine barrels in cellars, hung in baskets down wells, in cupboards, in clocks, up chimneys. The loot was piled in the plaza and guarded by El Gato's militia—the best arms they were to get in the war.

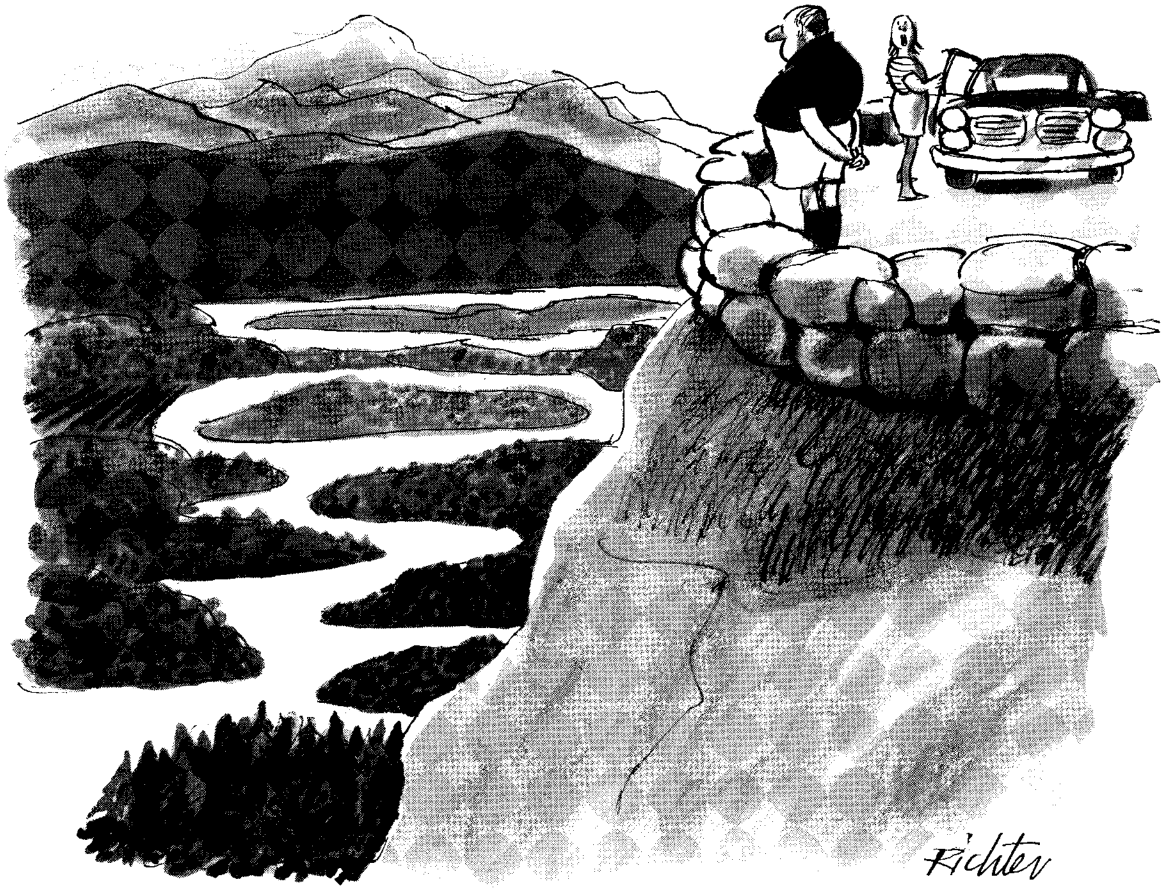
A wave of summary arrests also began that evening. Elegant and resigned in their crisp white shirts, the young *señoritos* sat waiting in the *paseo.* When the patrols approached them, they rose casually to their feet, crushed out their cigarettes, and strolled away under guard. The priest was rounded up, too, and I saw him brought flustered from his house and led off to jail with the others. Few of the local Fascists attempted either to escape or hide. The hour was too late for that.

"There was a plot," said Ricardo in the bar that night. "Now we have them tied like mules." He looked drained, pallid. El Gato poured him some brandy, saying he would need it for the executions, but Ricardo only shook his head. El Gato was a large, noisy man, and tonight he was drinking heavily. "You need fire," he said. "You are vengeance like a trickle of ice water." Ricardo turned away with a smile.

These two ill-assorted men were now in control of the village, and the bar was their headquarters—with men coming and going, raising arms in salute, bringing reports and carrying messages. Málaga would hold, said El Gato, and if Granada attacked from the north they would find Castillo a nest of swords. Their chief concern was Altofaro, only six miles down the coast and near enough to Africa to be used as a beachhead. If the rebels made a landing there, they could outflank Málaga from the east, and then Castillo might become the key to the war. Ricardo and El Gato, having no facts to confine them, began to expand before each other's eyes, grew vast as generals, became emperors of armies, possible liberators of the entire peninsula.

Walking home after midnight, I saw a heavy guard around the prison and another around the captured arsenal. The militia were bivouacked in the street, crouching over flickering wood fires, their faces outlined in red: high cheekbones, pitted eyes, hungry sunken cheeks—soldiers of Goya come alive again.

EARLY next morning, four truckloads of militia drove off to Altofaro to attack the rebels. They swung



*“Whenever you're ready, dear. My spirit has been renewed enough.”*

• •

singing through the streets in their bright blue shirts, waving their caps as though going to a fair. El Gato was in charge, dynamite strapped to his body; the others shared a musket among every three men. Once they were over the hill, we expected to hear the sounds of war break out, but the morning passed in silence.

About noon, a white aircraft swung in low from the sea, circled the village, and flew away again—leaving the clear blue sky scarred with a new foreboding above a mass of upturned faces. Many felt, till that moment, their village to be secure and forgotten; now the eye of war had spied them out.

Throughout the afternoon, nothing happened. Families ate their meals in the street, seeking the assurance of one another's company. Once again, the fierce sunlight obliterated everything it fell on, burning all colors to an ashen glare. That afternoon of waiting was the hottest I've known. Fear vibrated over the town. It was as though El Gato and his men had been swallowed up in silence, or had followed the war to another country.

But war was not far away, and after nightfall, unexpectedly, it paid its first mad call on Castillo. A destroyer crept into the bay, unseen by anyone, and then began probing the shore with its searchlight. The beam swept over the hills, up and down the coast, and finally picked out the village and pinned it against the darkness. Held by the blazing eye, opening so ominously from the sea, the people experienced a moment of naked panic. There seemed nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide, so they hurried down to the beach, and stood motionless in the glare, facing the invisible warship and raising their arms in a kind of massed entreaty. As the searchlight played over them, they remained stiffly at attention, just letting themselves be seen. In the face of the unknown, all they could do was to offer themselves in this posture of speechless acquiescence. Such pitiless brightness had never lit up their night before: friend or foe, it was a light of terror.

As we watched, it began to play over the nearby hills and move again along the coastal road. Suddenly it picked out a lorry heading toward the village, then three more, all packed with men. The beam lazily followed them, as though escorting them home, lighting up their rifles like little thorns. One could hear distant shouting above the sound of the engines—it was El Gato's militia coming back at last.

The trucks roared into the village, horns stridently blowing, and pulled up in a pool of light. The searchlight was abruptly switched off, followed by a moment of absolute darkness. Then there came a blinding flash from the sea.

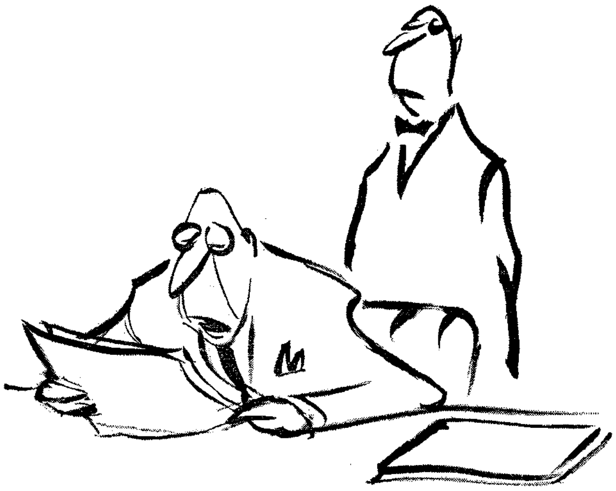
Silence. It was as though a great fuse had blown. Then the mountains behind us thundered—a thunder that boomed and cannoned from peak to peak and tumbled in the valleys like showers of stones. There was another flash, another explosion, another hot blast of air. For a moment we imagined it might be some kind of salute to the militia. Then we heard the tearing scream of a shell.

The searchlight came on again. We could see the crowds on the beaches surging inland like a muddy wave. The destroyer fired once more, misting its searchlight with smoke. A house on our right shuddered drunkenly, rose a foot in the air, and slowly collapsed like a puffball. A bundle of stones and trees leapt up by the river. A pall of dust drifted over the village.

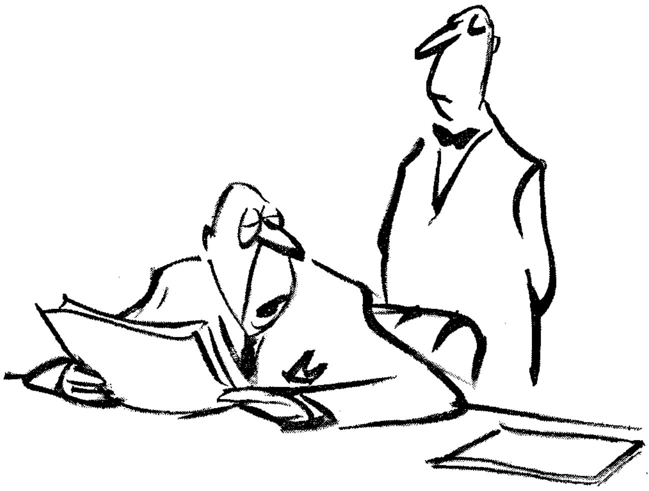
After half a dozen more salvos, the firing broke off—inexplicably, since we seemed to be at their mercy. Then the shocked silence in the village began to fill with a curious whispering and rustling, the sound of a multitude on the move. In the naked beam of the searchlight we saw them come stumbling up the streets, bent double, crying and moaning, mothers and fathers dragging their children behind them, old folk tottering and falling down.

As the village ran for the hills, looking for patches of darkness, we saw a small boat put out from the shore, with two squat figures inside it sitting hunched at their oars and rowing frantically toward the ship.

And that was the end of the bombardment. The destroyer was found to be friendly. It had all been an unfortunate error of war—a case of mistaken identity. The captain sent his apologies, slipped anchor, and sailed quietly away—leaving a few gaps in the houses, a few dead in the streets,



*"On the basis of these figures, Carter, your suggestion seems quite sound.*



*Certainly our expansion program is flexible enough to include these items.*

and most of the population scattered across the hillsides.

WHEN the sun rose next morning, Castillo had transformed itself, with flags fluttering from every rooftop. Every scrap of old cloth within the spectrum of red, from orange, vermillion, to purple, had been hastily cut into squares and run up on poles to make it clear on which side we stood. Even the houses of the Fascists wore scarlet that morning, as did the casino, the bank, and the church. In the face of any more trigger-happy assaults made by passing friends, it was thought as well to take no chances.

But the village seemed purged, curiously enough, by its night of fire. One heard no blame laid against the warship. In spite of the ruins and the dead, the capricious savagery of the bombardment was accepted as one of the traditional blows of fate. Castillo, if anything, felt enlarged by the ordeal; it now had wounds to boast of, had smelt the hot reek of powder, stared down the muzzle of guns, and known itself to survive. There was satisfaction, too, in the fact that the destroyer was theirs, and had splendidly shown its powers.

We learned that it was El Gato and the mayor who had stopped the shelling last night—the only ones to keep their heads. They had rowed out alone along the path of the searchlight and asked what in the hell was going on. The captain explained that he'd simply mixed up his villages and mistaken us for the rebel-held Altofaro. Moreover, he'd thought the militia were attacking, rather than returning home, and he'd only meant to help. El Gato's expedition itself was also revealed to have been something of a fiasco: the men had forgotten their ammunition.

Now that Castillo had come out under the scarlet banner, the morning was one of mounting action. This was the day when the peasants and fishermen openly took over the village, commandeering the houses of suspects and the empty villas of the rich and painting across them their plans for a new millennium. "Here Will Be the Nursery School." "Here Will Be the House of Culture." "Here Will Be a Sanatorium for Women." "Workers, Respect This House for Agricultural Science." "Here Will Be a Training College for Girls." Each of the large bold words was painstakingly written in red—a memorandum of a brief and innocent euphoria. For who among the crowds could have guessed, as they gathered in the streets to read them, that these naïve hopes would later be treated as outrage?

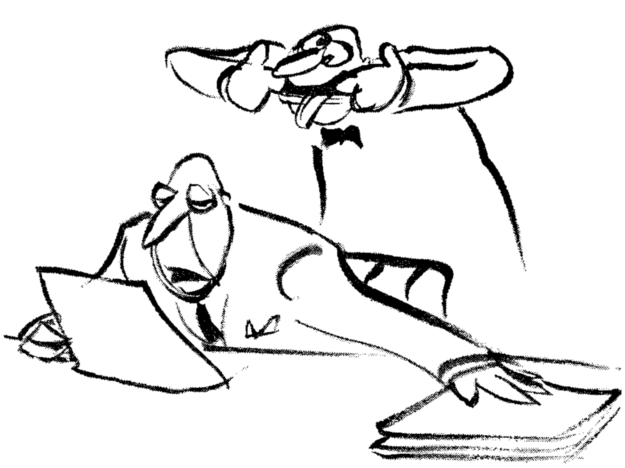
Meanwhile, the militia were massing for a new attack on Altofaro, undeterred by yesterday's failure. They formed up raggedly in the square, polishing their guns on their trousers and watched by a scattering of wide-eyed dogs and boys. Ricardo and El Gato, in long blue overalls, marched up and down the ranks—Ricardo pale and stern, El Gato loud and jovial, chaffing the men with macabre jokes. The militia were mixed, some old and grizzled, others young, bright-faced, and swaggering. There was also a platoon of teen-age girls armed with hand grenades. Nobody joked with them.

About noon, the militia climbed into their open lorries and rattled off up the coastal road, standing stiff and straight, arms raised in salute, calm, but not singing now. We watched the swirl of white dust climb the side of the hill and hang over the ridge in the hot still air. After they'd gone, the village was left in a kind of limbo, not knowing what to do.

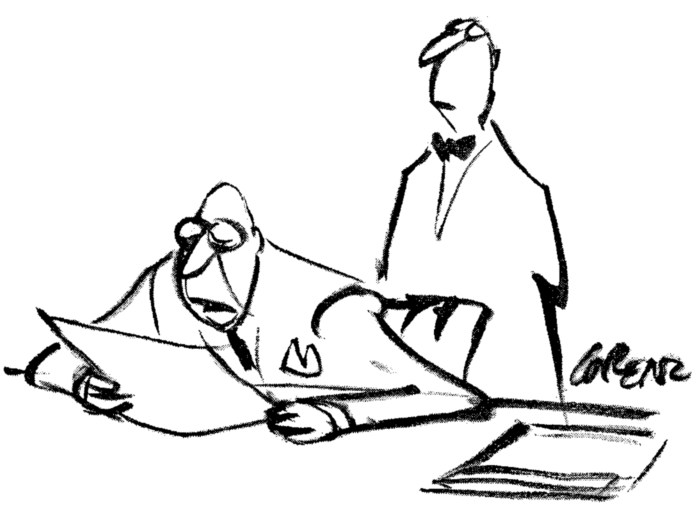
I went and sat in a bar, feeling bereft and impotent, as though robbed of some great occasion. I'd seen those silent men and muscular, stiff-lipped girls riding to a war just down the road, to a blaze of battle under a burning sky offering all the trappings of heroic carnage. That special adrenaline in the young which makes war easy, and welcomes it, tempted me to go with them to Altofaro. Even so, I hung back, as from some family affair in which I still doubted I had a part.

Later that afternoon we heard the sound of distant gunfire, snapping like pods in the hills. The day was dead calm and the firing came to the ears with dry little displacements of air. Then about four o'clock, two warships appeared, steaming slowly toward the east. El Gato had boasted they'd come; he'd arranged it by radio, he said. But nobody had believed him. Now the ships moved quietly along the coast and anchored about six miles away, standing in line astern and facing the rebel port which lay just hidden behind the headland.

Once again, the village crowded onto the beach to watch. The evening was hazy and peacock-colored; delicate hues ran slowly over the sea and sky and melted together like oil. The destroyers lay low on the horizon, slender as floating leaves, insubstantial as the air around them. Lights winked, there was a glitter of sun on metal, then little flashes ran along the ships—twinkling eruptions of fire that suddenly starred the air then vanished without a sound. The shelling of Altofaro had begun—curiously muted at first, its force softened by heat and distance.



*However, on balance I think the proposal is premature.*



*Now, as to these figures on capital replacement . . .*"

Then the sound of the explosions reached us, round and hollow, bouncing dully across the water.

The villagers watched in silence, showing no sign of excitement, but rather with a mixture of morbid compassion. Dim, muffled shudders came from behind the headland as the shells began to strike home. The bombardment continued for about an hour, then the ships steamed away, leaving a column of smoke in the air—a black greasy pall that slowly mounted the sky and spread grubbily over the twilit hills.

Long after the firing had died and darkness fallen, the villagers still lingered along the shore, standing trancelike, rigid, strangely dumb, just staring toward the east. Once again, they seemed to be tasting the fumes and the sulphur, and sensing the heat of the guns they knew, but this time the salvos had been turned elsewhere, and the terror was in their name.

It was not victory, however; there was no victory on the coast that night. Altofaro had not been destroyed, nor had it even surrendered. When the militia returned, round about midnight, there was no singing or cheering welcome. The wounded, the shocked, the dying, and the dead were unloaded in bitter silence. Ricardo was missing, and El Gato walked speechlessly away trailing his rifle like a broken limb. Something had gone wrong, something which had not been thought possible when the militia first took up arms.

Under the pale street lamps, amid the weeping and curses, the simple truth was being uncovered. After the day's massacre at Altofaro, and the clumsy impotence of the warships—whose shells appeared to have fallen harmlessly in open country—it was being learned again that men needed more than courage, anger, slogans, convictions, or even a just cause when they went to war. The village became aware that night, not for the first time in its history, that a people's army could be defeated.

The next morning, El Gato blew up the bridges on the coastal roads and, so far as one could tell, we were now cut off. In Castillo, it was a day of nervousness and shame which led to further outbreaks of mindless violence. As I walked down to the bar to get news of Ricardo, I saw that the casino had been sacked and burned. It had been a cheap, florid building, pseudo-Moorish in style, but nevertheless a symbol of civic pride. Now the villagers had set upon it savagely and torn it to pieces, in spite of their love of its gaudy grandeur. By the time I arrived, it was already a littered ruin, a black and degraded mess. Men and women stood around it, sniffing the curling smoke and kicking at broken pieces of furniture; out in the street a grand piano lay with its legs in the air, smoldering gently like a roasted ox, and an air of orgiastic gloom pervaded the scene, a sour and desolate sadness.

The militia were utterly demoralized by their defeat last night. There was no more talk of returning to the offensive or of making another attack on Altofaro. The lorries baked in the sun, and throughout the long afternoon the men squabbled or simply slept.

Later that night Ricardo returned, having made his way back along the coast on foot. He walked quietly into the bar like an apparition, his face drawn, his clothes dripping with seawater. El Gato, who had been drinking and dozing all evening, rose to his feet with a grunt and embraced him.

They stood, the two leaders, the big and the small, holding on to each other stiffly.

"Where were you?" asked El Gato. "We didn't mean to leave you. We had to get out, you understand."

Ricardo nodded. "I saw you go," he said. "I buried myself. Isidro was lying just across the alley. He was still alive when they found him and they cut his throat. When it got quiet, I went into the sea. I swam to the Faro—then I came on over the cliff."

"What about the ships?"

"You saw them. You saw what they did."

"Can we get back?"

"Not with this gang—never."

El Gato gave Ricardo some brandy, then stripped off his cartridge belt and tossed it into a corner. An air of absolute exhaustion settled down on the bar. "We're finished before we started," said Ricardo. His companions sat around in silence, staring at the blank bare walls. El Gato went to sleep again.

About midnight, we got through to Radio Sevilla, and heard Queipo de Llano exulting in the fall of the city. The rebel general was drunk, and each slurred, belching phrase was a slap in the face of the militia. Christ had triumphed, he ranted, through God's army in Spain, of which Generalissimo Franco was the sainted leader. The criminal forces of Socialism, which had drawn their slime across the country, were being routed by the soldiers of righteousness. He ordered the workers to submit and to return to work; otherwise they and their families would be shot. God's army was merciful, but Spain would be emptied if necessary. "*Viva España! Viva la Virgen!*"

"It's true," said Ricardo, shivering

with fever and struggling to keep awake. The rebels were steadily building up their forces from Africa, he said—flying in thousands of Moorish troops each day. "The Catholic kings were the first to drive the Moors from Spain. Now the Catholic generals are bringing them back. What can we do? There's nothing to stop them. The war is over, I think. . . ."

Ricardo was wrong. The long war was only just beginning. But I did not know this. Nor did I know, as I went to bed that night, that I had only a few hours left in Spain.

## THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

When she said, "No,"
I freed the hook, holding the two-foot rainbow
With both hands over the dock-side in the water.
Its mouth would scarcely move
Though I scooped it, belly down, below the surface
Again and again to rouse it.
Hoping too soon, I let it go. It tilted,
Beginning to slide out of sight, its tail fin stiff.

Again, she said, "No." Before I could take her place,
She had stepped casually in her summer dress
Into the lake and under, catching the trout
And coming upward, cradling it in her arms.
Then breathing less than it, not shutting her eyes,
She settled slowly under water, her face
As calm as that water deep below the cedars.

I caught her by the hair, bringing her back
Alive. The trout slid loose, its red-and-silver side
Flashing beyond her, down into the dark.
I saw the tail flick once before it faded.

I helped her up. She stared at me, then the water.
We sat on edge till the moon came out, but nothing
Rose, belly up, to mock it at our feet.

—David Wagoner

• •

WHEN I awoke next morning, there was another warship in the bay, swinging gently at anchor in the sunshine. It rode sleepily on the water, deck awnings in place and with its guns reassuringly covered. As my English novelist friend and I were taking breakfast on the terrace, we watched it idly over the tops of the palm trees. There seemed to be no movement on board, and the village itself lay hazed in a silence which promised another hot and hooded day.

Then we heard a rush of footsteps in the street, a loud hammering on the door, and the house was invaded by women and children, who came stumbling up the stairs, excitedly calling our names and led by our flushed and dishevelled landlady.

"Hurry!" she cried. "Leave everything—you are saved. Your king has sent you a ship. They are waiting for you on the beach and have come to take you home. Before God, who more fortunate than you?"

They dragged us out of the house and hurried us down to the shore, urging us on with impatient shouts. "Run, run, Lorenzo! Your friend the admiral is waiting!" The women were skipping around us like frogs.

Sure enough, a ship's cutter was drawn up on the sand, guarded by pink-cheeked British sailors. A smart officer in white, who had been making inquiries at the hotel, strolled down the steps and introduced himself.

No panic, he said, but the Navy had sent out a destroyer to pick up any British subjects who might be marooned on the coast. Could we be ready in an hour? The situation was edgy. Alas, personal baggage only . . .

So it had come—the sudden end to my adventure, with the long arm reaching from home, the destroyer bobbing in the bay like an aproned nanny, the officer like a patient elder brother. Responsible, tolerant, but slightly bored, he was here to snatch us from alien perils, to honor the birthright inscribed in our passports, and to stop us making fools of ourselves.

Naturally, he said, it was up to us. We could stay and sweat it out if we wished. But he couldn't guarantee they'd be back, and the civil war was spreading. His captain advised us to get out now.

I knew I would have to go. I couldn't resist the flattery of the occasion—all the paraphernalia of official rescue, so lavishly gathered and waiting, and the villagers' expectations as they crowded around us. As much as anything else, it was their faces which decided me, faces already set for a huge farewell. The King of England had sent a ship for the hotel fiddler and his friend, and our departure was a dramatic necessity.

Finally, a large happy crowd, loudly bewailing our departure, escorted the pair of us down to the beach, dumped our goods in the water, begged us not to leave them, and lifted us bodily into the boat. The sailors jumped in after us, not a moment too soon, and we were off, launched by a hundred hands. A young friend of the novelist, with a desperate cry, flung himself into the sea behind us, swam a few wild strokes in sobbing pursuit, and then allowed his companions to drag him back to shore.

The whole village had turned out to witness our departure and stood in a long, dark frieze round the bay, waving and calling across the water, some of them running up and down the sand. There was also something desperate, almost sinister, in the way they packed the edge of the sea, as though in dread of the land behind them.

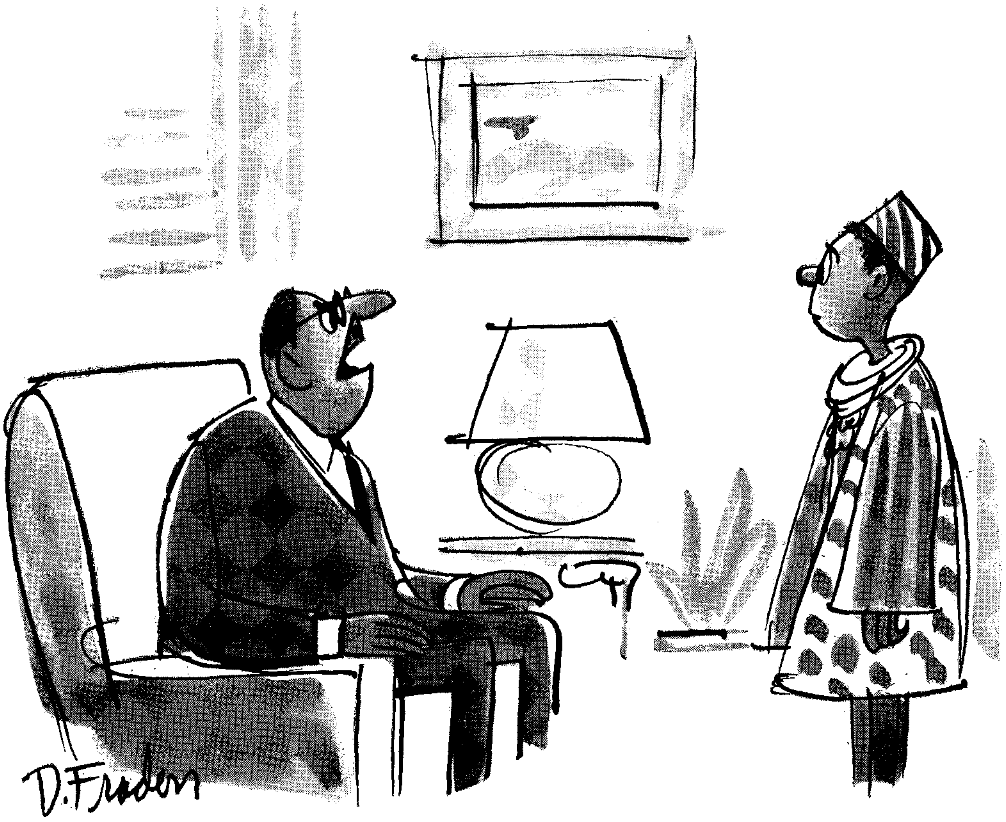
Once we were safely aboard, the ship leapt into life and sliced in a fast sharp curve out to sea—a multimillion-pound vessel, throbbing with power, manned by a hundred and twenty crew, its engines burning up fuel at thirty pounds sterling a minute, and all for a couple of English tramps. It was midday now, with the deck awnings flapping and the starch-blue sea racing by, the officers wandering below for their pre-lunch drinks, and the novelist already typing.

But I stayed on deck, watching Castillo grow small, and Spain fold itself away. From that seaborne distance, cut off and secure, I seemed only then to begin to know that country; could smell its runnels of dust, the dead ash of its fields, whiffs of sour wine, rotting offal and incense, the rank hide of its animals, the peppery skin of its men, the sickly tang of its fevered children.

I saw again, as I lost them, the great

gold plains, the arid and mystical distances, where the sun came down like a butcher each morning and left curtains of blood each night. I could hear the talk, the cries, the Spanish-Arabic voices pitched to carry from hill to hill; the trickling sound of guitars eroding the long boredom of afternoons; and the songs, metallic, hatcheting the ear, honed with forlorn and unassuageable lusts.

An officer came up on deck and handed me a drink. "Shame to break up your holiday like this," he said.



*"You don't see Thurgood Marshall dressing like that!"*

• •

BACK in England it was August, bank-holiday time, with the country deep in the grip of a characteristic mid-thirties withdrawal, snoozing under old newspapers and knotted handkerchiefs.

I returned to my Gloucestershire village, amazed to see once more the depth of the grass and the weight of the leaves on the trees. But the pleasure of being home again with my mother and brothers, and receiving the traditional cosseting of the prodigal, was quickly replaced by misgivings. I'd been away two years, but was little the wiser for it. I was twenty-two, woolly-minded, and still naïve in everything, but I began to realize I'd come home too soon.

The Spanish War was not what it had seemed within the local limits of an Andalusian village. As I learned more about it from the newspapers—its scale and implications—I couldn't help feeling that I'd run out on my friends in Castillo.

Unlike so many Englishmen of my age, for whom Spain in the thirties represented one of the last theatres of political romanticism, I hadn't consciously chosen it as a Cause but had stumbled on it by accident, simply by happening to be there. Now I began to feel shameful doubts at having turned my back on events so easily, just when they could be leading to global war.

It was a restless summer. I was penniless, without contacts, and totally ignorant of ways and means. Spain was over a thousand miles away and already sealed off by the political hypocrisies of the rest of Europe. I might have given up the idea of going back if I hadn't suddenly fallen in love, but the result of that experience, which went deeper than anything I'd known before, only made my situation all the more intolerable. Returning to Spain, for me, was a hallucination of honor, no doubt a self-indulgence, irrelevant to events and certainly irrelevant to the girl. I left London in the autumn and worked my way down through France, heading in the direction of the Pyrenees, planning, when the chances were right, simply to walk into the mountains and slip across the frontier alone. The Pyrenees, when I got there, were already touched with snow and looked gray and impregnable. Winter was closing in. Even so, I never doubted that I could get across.

Perpignan, I'd been told, was swarming with Spanish government agents eager to recruit volunteers and smuggle them over the mountains. Certainly the agents were there, but they must have thought me a doubtful proposition, for my approaches were either blocked or met by evasions. When I mentioned the International Brigade, the Spanish Consul was polite and said he had no knowledge of such a body. He appreciated my good will but assured me that he ran no excursions across the frontier; such junketings would be unthinkable and lawless. The war was a domestic matter, he said, and everything was going well; but if I really wished to help I should go back home.

I spent a couple of weeks in the town without breaking through this wall of equivocation, and finally I realized I would have to go it alone. The Pyrenees to the south, seen in the sharp winter air, began to look smaller and less noncommittal. So, early in December, I took a bus to Ceret, in the foothills, where I spent my last snug night in an inn. Then next morning, at first light, I left the still sleeping village and started off up the mountain track.

The track rose steeply among rocks that were diamond-crusted with ice, and I soon found the going tough. I was idiotically equipped for such a journey, having brought nothing that would help me, though plenty of stuff that wouldn't—no maps, no compass, no tent or groundsheet; instead, a rucksack loaded down with an assortment of books and papers, together with my violin, a folding camera, and a saucepan. I don't really know why I was carrying all this, except that it was all I had in the world.

Throughout the long clear morning I struggled up the mountain path, buffeted by icy winds from the north. The great peak of Canigou stood away on my right, floating in the brilliant sky like an iceberg, and for much of the time, not having a compass, I was able to use it as a sighting post. By noon, I'd climbed to about three thousand feet, but the track grew more and more tortuous, so I decided to abandon it altogether and go straight up the mountain, still keeping Canigou on my right.

The way was tricky and hard, and I

found myself stumbling on my knees and clawing at rocks and tufts of frozen grass. By the middle of the afternoon I was sweating in the cold, slipping and scrambling over the broken slopes. But I was high up now, with a prickling across the back of my neck as I felt the whole of France plunging away behind me. Having been born and brought up at two hundred and fifty feet above sea level, I was not used to such dizzying elevations.

Suddenly there was an ominous change in the atmosphere, an extra keenness of cold and a curious glare and whitening of the sunlight. Looking down, I saw that the foothills had disappeared and had been replaced by a blanket of swirling vapor. The shining peak of Canigou began to switch on and off like a lighthouse, intermittently shuttered by racing clouds. Then the wind rose abruptly to a thin-edged wail, and I felt the first stinging bite of snow.

One moment I'd been climbing a mountain in a sparkle of sunshine; next, the whole visible world had gone, and I was slapped to my knees and pinioned to a shelf of rock, head down in a driving gale. Gusts of snow swept round me, needling into my eyelids and piercing my clothes like powdered glass. The storm closed in and began scouring the mountain with an insane and relentless frenzy.

For a while I curled myself up and became just a ball of survival, mindlessly hugging the lee of a rock. I lay knee to chin, letting the storm ride over me; then I began to wonder what I was doing here. To lie freezing to death on the wrong side of the frontier was no way to go to a war. And there was no point in staying where I was, so I started to move forward, crawling slowly on hands and knees. Distance, direction, movement, and balance were all fused by the driving snow; I may have advanced half a mile, or just a few yards—there was no longer any way of knowing. All I remember was the brightness of the ground, and being swept by waves of almost infantile pleasure, the delirious warmth of impending frostbite.

Then, by one of those long-shot chances, taken for granted at the time, I came upon a rough little stone-built shelter. It was half in ruins, and there was nothing inside it but straw, but I suppose it may have saved my life. Once I'd bedded myself down, I heard the blizzard change gear, rising rapidly to a high-pitched shriek, and for a couple of hours I lay motionless, curled deep in the straw, slowly and painfully thawing out. By now I was exhausted anyway, too drugged by the cold to move, even to attempt to build a fire; so I just lay, sniffing the damp warm smell of the straw, and presently I fell asleep.

Next morning, the storm was over and the sun shone brilliantly again. I came out of the dark little hut to find the mountain transformed—trees, rocks, and bushes thickly bolstered with snow and giving off a clean, crispy smell, like soda.

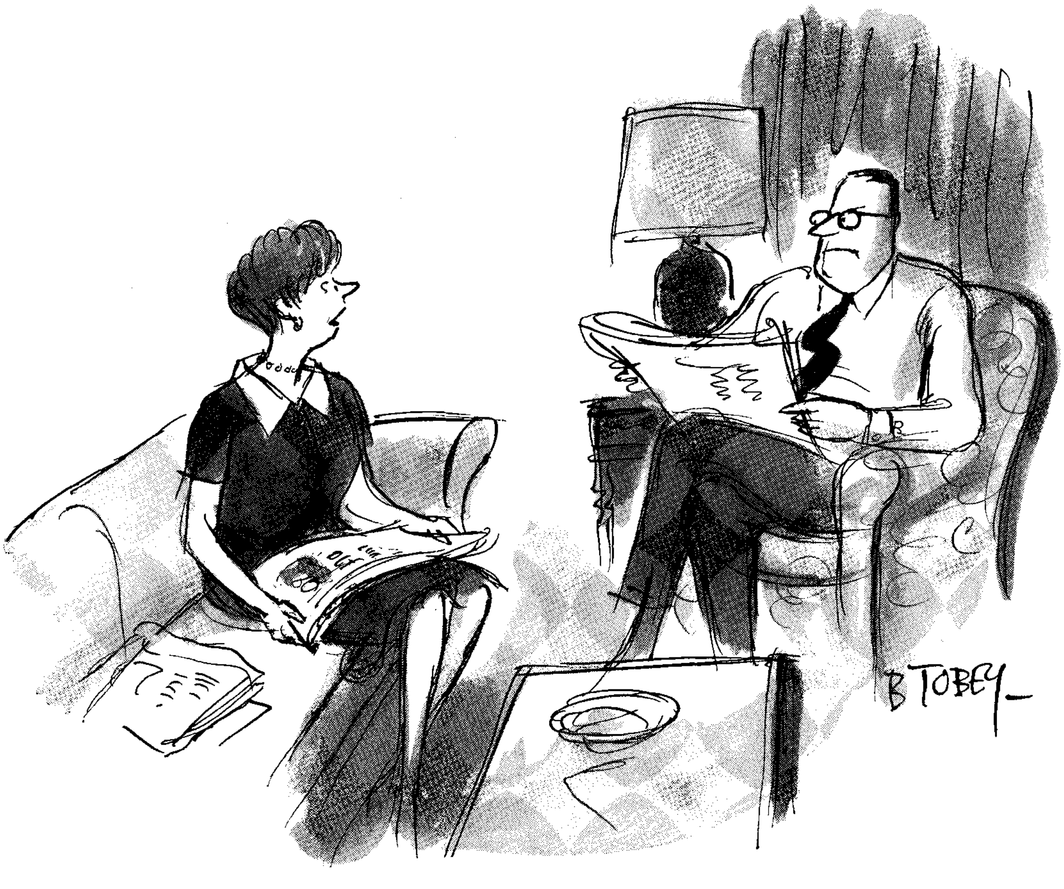
Abandoning the cozy gully where I'd spent the night, I climbed unsteadily for an hour or so, plowing through snowdrifts, stumbling over hidden rocks, and slithering about in my sodden shoes. Then, unexpectedly, there was no more climbing; the slope levelled and stopped, the sky plunged, and I was on top of the ridge.

The icy crests of the Pyrenees stretched east and west, flashing in the sun, while before me, to the south, was what I had come to see—range after range of little steplike hills falling away to the immensities of Spain.

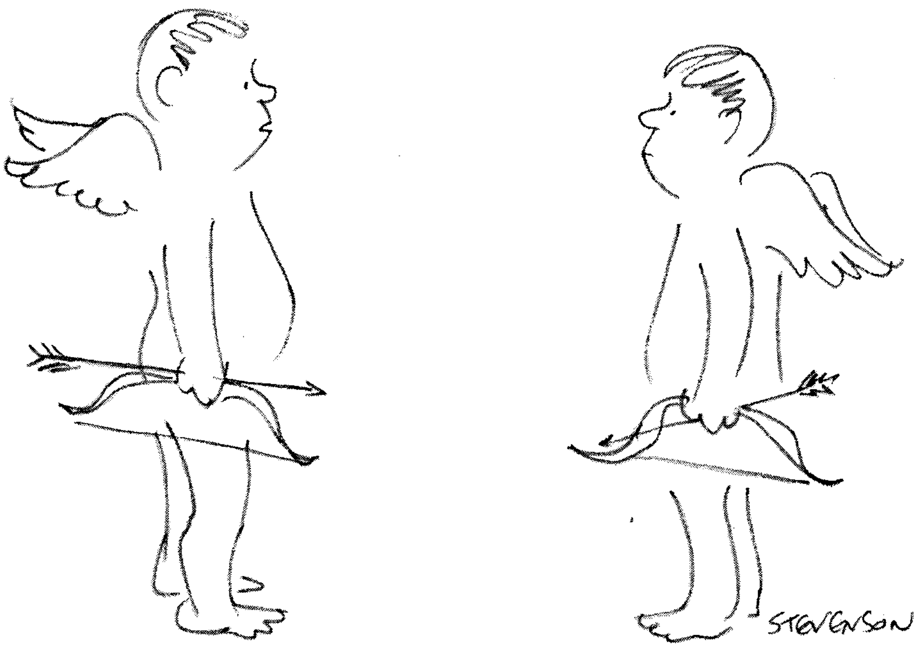
But I was not over the mountains yet; there was still another ridge to cross, with a deep valley lying between. I could see a black frozen stream winding a thousand feet below me. I would simply have to go down and up again.

Crossing this mile-wide chasm took me the rest of the day—a vertical, trackless journey. Whipped by flurries of snow and bruising winds, I slithered, slipped, and scrambled, seeing no living thing except a boy and a sheepdog, who both fled when they saw me coming. Toward evening, very cold, and with a rime of frost on my eyelashes, I was about halfway up the second slope, when I came to a small mountain road, the first I'd seen for two days, winding bleakly among the trees. I sat and stared at it for a while, but it told me nothing; it could have been anywhere on earth—just an inscrutable little track, half mud, half stones, as nameless as a peasant's face.

But darkness was coming now, and I was limp with hunger. I didn't fancy another night on the mountain. So I thought I'd better follow the road and see where it led me, even if it meant a clash with the frontier guards. The track wound upward for half a mile through a thicket of pine trees and presently emerged in a little clearing. I saw rooftops, a church, and a cluster of village lights. Then I smelled hot butter, and knew I was still in France.



*"What are you going to be hawkish about after we pull out of Vietnam?"*



*"Last month, I was concentrating on random attachments of the head-over-heels variety, but this month I'm utilizing societal and psychological factors in an attempt to initiate deeper, more meaningful relationships."*

• •

Except for a hobbled horse and a couple of snarling dogs, the village street was empty. The low wooden houses, crudely thatched with bracken, had a look of dark Siberian squalor; but halfway up the street I saw the lights of a café shining warmly through steamed-up windows. I pushed open the door and entered a noisy room full of little men in sheep's-wool coats. But when they saw me they froze as though I'd let in a blast of snow, and their conversation switched off abruptly.

What rough beast was this slouching toward the bar, dressed in a blanket and crumpled hat, coming out of the night like some ghost of winter, his hair and eyebrows white with frost? Nobody moved or spoke, except the old woman behind the bar, who bobbed quickly out of sight as I approached her. Her place was immediately taken by a huge-bellied man who began setting up bottles like a defensive wall.

I asked if I could have something to eat, and he repeated the question to the room, then, after a pause, nodded to an empty table. I slumped down in a chair, and presently he brought me some soup, which seemed to be a mixture of tar and onions. As I ate, the men watched me—rows of bright little faces wrapped to the ears in their fleece-lined collars. Some quietly shuffled their dominoes, others winked cryptically at one another; all seemed to be waiting for something to happen.

At last, a committee of three detached themselves from the rest and came over and sat at my table. They were low-voiced and confidential, and one of them offered me a cigarette. I didn't have to answer, but they'd rather like to know: What exactly was I doing here? I'd come from Perpignan, hadn't I—I'd been seen there several times recently; also down in Ceret, a couple of days ago. It was hard on the mountain at this time of the year. I mustn't mind their curiosity.

I was lucky. It might just as easily have gone the other way, with an ignominious return to Perpignan. But it seemed I'd fallen on my feet among the very men who could help me: a community of frontier anarchists. I don't know why they decided to trust me, or why they thought me worth the trouble, but clearly they'd made up their minds. The men put their heads together and held a brief discussion; then one of them looked at his watch and nodded. "It'll take us an hour," he said. "So as soon as you're ready. Better go before the moon comes up."

Once in the street, my companion glanced quickly at the sky, put out his cigarette, and rolled up his collar. "Stay close, and say nothing," he muttered, then shot off up a narrow lane. I hurried after him, and we were out of the village immediately, climbing a steep and brutish path. The man raced on ahead of me, taking little goatlike leaps and dodging nimbly from rock to rock. I could see his gaunt figure bouncing against the hazy stars. He never checked to see if I was still behind him. I followed him, panting, sweat trickling down my arms and legs. Brittle gusts of dry snow swept by on the wind, striking my face like handfuls of rice. I felt engulfed by a contest that was growing too large for me—something I'd asked for but doubted that I could carry through. My companion pushed ahead more relentlessly than ever, as though wishing to put me to the final test. That last half hour was perhaps the worst I've known, casually unprepared as I was—ill-shod, badly clothed, and lumbered with junk, clawing my way up these icy slopes.

Finally we reached the top of the rise. We were in a narrow pass flanked by slabs of rock which stood metallic and blue in the starlight. I seemed to sense a change in the air, a curious lifting of pressure as though some great obstacle had been rolled away. There was also a faint smell of charcoal, woodsmoke, and mules, and an indefinable smell of pepper. My guide drew me into the shadows and gestured me to silence, sticking out his neck and sniffing the sky. We crouched in the darkness, listening. I heard the wind, falling water, and what sounded like a distant gunshot.

"This is where I leave you," said the Frenchman. He appeared a little more cheerful now. "The frontier is between those rocks. Follow the path for half a kilometre and you'll come to a little farm. Knock on the door and you'll be among your friends."

IT seemed really too simple. After weeks of speculation and doubt, and these last two exhaustive days—just a gap in the rocks a few hundred yards ahead of me, the tiny frontier between peace and war.

"Move slow and easy. There may be a few guards about, but they shouldn't be too lively on a night like this. If you're challenged, drop everything and run like hell. Good luck, then. I can do no more."

But there was no opposition. I just walked toward the rocks and slipped between them as though on an evening stroll. A narrow path led downward among the boulders. Then, after about half a kilometre, just as the Frenchman had said, I saw a little farmhouse and knocked on the door. It was opened by a young man with a rifle, who held a lantern up to my face. I noticed he was wearing the Republican armband.

"I've come to join you," I said.

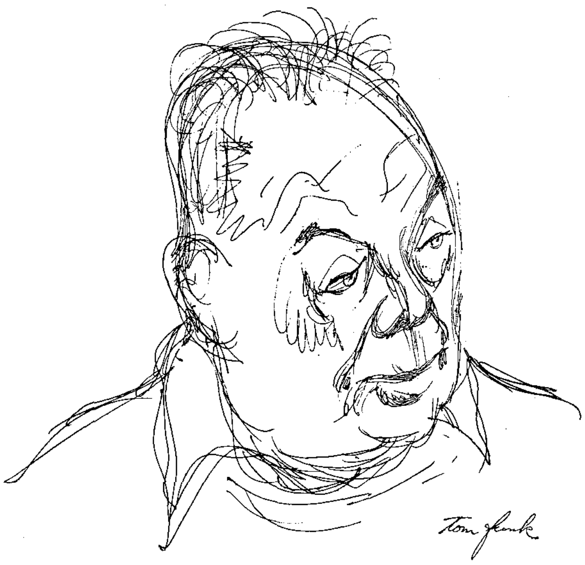
"*Pase usted,*" he answered.

I was back in Spain, with a winter of war before me. —Laurie Lee

(*This is the last of a series.*)

# PROFILES

## LE MENEUR DE JEU



"LOOK at this," said Jean Renoir, in his Paris apartment, bending over an art book. "It is the Annunciation to the Virgin Mary, and the angel is just shaking hands. It is an interesting way to tell someone she is pregnant." He had been speaking French, and now he switched to English and repeated the last sentence, with characteristic absorption, substituting for "interesting" the word "funny," which he pronounces "fonny." The ideas of what is comic and what is interesting truly overlap for him. He looked out of the window and said that the roofs of Paris houses go at angles that always remind him of theatre wings. A child was playing somewhere below in this offstage life, and a wife was shouting while her husband strolled away from her, pulling on his cap at a nonlistening slant and then putting his hands in his pockets. "The first films I made were very rotten," Renoir said. "Then I started to make a sort of study of French gesture, and maybe they improved, with the help of my accomplices." The sight of his own gestures as he was talking made me remember one of those fugitive shots which can break through his films so piercingly—a shot in his 1939 picture "Rules of the Game" of the plump character played by Renoir himself, the fortunate, poignant stooge, who has just idly let loose the fact that he would have loved to be a conductor. In a shot late at night, on the terrace steps of a grand country house, he can be seen for a second from the back in an image of the clown sobered, conducting the invisible house party inside to the beat of some imagined musical triumph. His big shoulders droop like the withers of a black pig rooting in the dark. Recently, after I had spent some time with Renoir, it struck me that the character perhaps embodies a little of the way he thinks of himself, and that this great, great master of the cinema, who has an amplitude of spirit beyond our thanks, actually sees himself as a buffoon.

Renoir walks with a limp bequeathed by a wound from the First World War. He has a blanched, large face, very attentive, which turns pink, as if he were in bracing air, when he is interested or having a good time. At the beginning of the 1914 war, he was twenty. Nothing in our benighted century seems to have undercut his sense that life is sweet. He makes films full of feeling for picnics, cafés, rivers, barges, friends, tramps, daily noises from the other side of a courtyard. It is singular and moving that a man whose talent imparts such idyllic congeniality should also have such a tart and sophisticated understanding of caste. In his 1935 film "The Crime of Monsieur Lange," for instance, the hero's world of the badly off and hungrily gregarious is pitted against a boss class of steely, swindling fops. The heroic Lange, who murders with our sympathy, is a young man who writes thrillers in the time left over from a dull job in a printing plant. Renoir's murderers are always strange to crime: an unhappy clerk, a down-at-heel, derided lover, a gamekeeper—people near the bottom of the heap who take desperate action because they have been driven beyond their limits. The limits usually have to do with what a man will take in punishment to his dignity and his seriousness about how to live, and his gestures state everything. There is the essence of ache and hesitancy in Dalio's double turn, near the end of "Grand Illusion" (1937), at the door of a woman who has sheltered him while he was on the run from a prisoner-of-war camp and whom he cannot quite declare his feelings to. Renoir's own way of standing reminded me sometimes of a shot of Michel Simon in "La Chienne" (1931), his big head bent in watch over a murdered woman. The tonic passion and lightness of the dissolving shot would be recognizable as Renoir's in a thousand miles of film. So would a special kind of cheerful misrule that sometimes runs amok in a scene, like the time his tramp Boudu, in "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1932), lustily wrecks a room in the process of merely cleaning his boots, carousing around the world with a prodigal and abstracted serenity in mayhem.

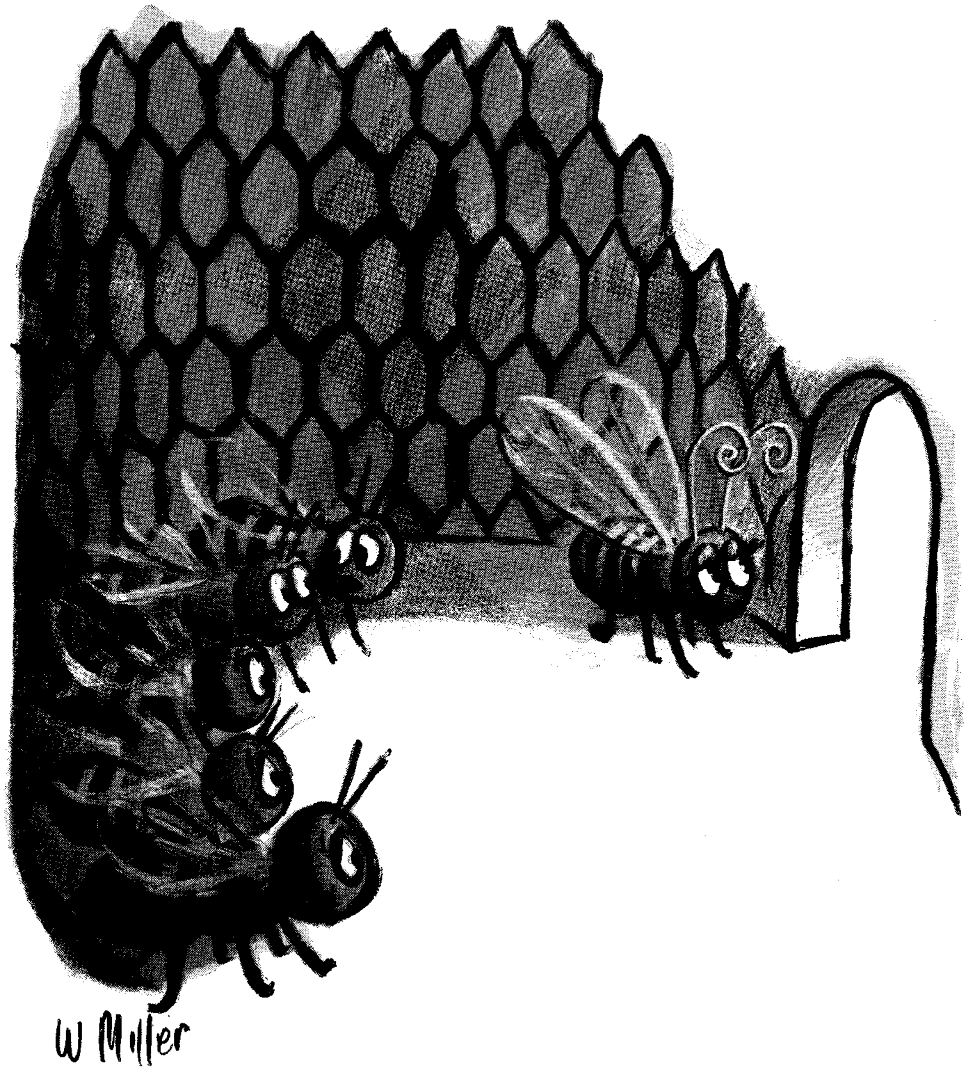
WHEN Renoir is in France—he spends a lot of time in America, at a house he and his wife, Dido, have in Beverly Hills—he lives in an apartment close to the Place Pigalle, on a *rue privée* with a black iron gate that is guarded, not very vigilantly, by a caretaker. The little curved street inside is lined with plane trees, and moss grows through cracks in the pavement. There are elegant iron lampstands, and gray shutters on the beautiful, run-down old houses. His apartment is on the second floor of a house with ivy spilling over the front foot. The stairwell is painted in a peeling burnt sienna with a turquoise design. It is all very dilapidated and very nice. "I think it's better when things aren't brand-new," Renoir said. "It's less tiring for the eyes." He sometimes speaks of the apartment as if it were an obstreperous old friend with long-familiar attributes, many of them a bit grating but all indispensable. "I like the proportions," he said one day, looking around at the place. "It's not entirely convenient. When it rains, it rains in here." He showed me drip trails at various points, accusingly. "But I like the proportions. If you want to make me happy, you should feel absolutely at home."

In the drawing room, where he works, there is an old-fashioned telephone, paintings by child relatives, comfortable armchairs with springs gone haywire, ancient white-and-gray plasterwork on the walls, records of Mozart and Vivaldi and Offenbach. During the days we spent together talking, Renoir usually wore a tweed jacket and old leather moccasins—with a tweed cap when we went out—and he always had a pen clipped in his jacket pocket.

We seemed to spend a lot of time in the kitchen. It has two tall windows, and between them a splendid freehand drawing in brown paint of a window with curtains looped back and a bowl on the sill. He did it himself. He said, "A mirror fell down and broke, and it left a patch, so I put up that piece of paper." I said that it wasn't a piece of paper—that it was a drawing, and looked rather like a Matisse. This so embarrassed him that I had to say quickly, "Matisse on an off day, with a headache." The drawing made a third window to look through, so to speak, when we were having lunch opposite it every day at his scrubbed kitchen table. Renoir's doctor recently gave him a choice of whiskey or wine, and he chose wine. We drank rather a lot of it, and cooked gigot. I mentioned Céline at one point, and he lowered his head and looked pleased. "Greater than Camus," he said. "He was entirely hidden for twenty years. He was not the fashion." Renoir was genuinely unable to think it right that I should have come all the way from New York to see him, and in the end I had to put it as if I were using him as a way station on a journey to England. "I rather hate airplanes," he said. "We should be able to part the Atlantic like the Red Sea and drive across it in a bus. I'm fond of buses." We swapped bus stories.

We caught ourselves in a mirror one day as we were coming into the apartment, talking mostly about actors, whom he distinguishes from stars as though a star were to be removed from the matter with a long-handled pair of tongs. He made a face at our reflections and said, "To be a star and play yourself all the time—a beautiful doll imitating yourself . . ." Ingratiation is one of the few flaws that really seem to scrape on his nerves. He picks up any hint of it fast. He once remarked to a filmmaker whom we both know that there is something that bothers him in Chaplin's films, which in general he admires. He called it "an anxiety to displease nobody." Though Renoir's own films seem expansively charitable, they are altogether uncompromising. For instance, just before the Second World War, when he was making "Grand Illusion," the pacifism in it and the affectionate respect for the German commandant played by Erich von Stroheim were unpopular attitudes in France. Renoir said in 1938, in an interview in the New York *Times* of October 23rd, that Hitler "in no way modifies my opinion of the Germans." He described the film to me as "a reënacted documentary, like 'Rules of the Game,' " and went on to say, "They are documentaries on the condition of society at a given moment. I made 'Grand Illusion' because I was a pacifist, I suppose. And am. At the time, the usual idea of a pacifist was of a coward with long hair yelling from a soapbox and getting hysterical at the sight of a uniform. So I made a pacifist film that is full of admiration for uniforms. I hope it is clear. The idea came to me when an old friend of mine, named Pinsard, turned up in command of some nearby airfield while I was shooting a scene—for another film—that was driving me mad. This old friend had saved my life in 1915. He had flown so near to me that I could see his impressive whiskers."

Not that Renoir is politically soft. In "La Marseillaise" (1938), he shows Louis XVI coming back from a hard day of pleasure at a hunt and asking about the taking of the Bastille. "Is it a revolt?" he asks. "No, Sire, it is a revolution," says someone with a less limp grasp of the moment. While the revolutionaries prepare to storm the palace, the King worries about his stomach. "I believe in the Tower of Babel, I suppose," said Renoir. "Not in the story, exactly, but in the meaning. The tendency of human beings to come together. My first attempts at filmmaking probably didn't find this point. But one gets into practice. When things go badly on a film, I think I will go and raise dogs, and then the crisis blows over. At one moment I feel that a story is terrible and at the next that it's wonderful, and in rare flashes of lucidity I feel that it's neither good nor bad. And so, indeed, quite like everything else. I am very much in favor of intelligence, but when you are at work on a film or a story or a painting I think you have to go on instinct. In 'Rules of the Game,' for instance, I knew only very roughly where I was going. I knew mostly the ailment of the time we were living in. That isn't to say that I had any notion of how to show evil in the film. But perhaps the pure terror of the danger around us gave me a compass. The



*"What's to become of us all if she insists on waiting for the drone of her dreams?"*

compass of disquiet. You know, there is a sense in which artists have to be sorcerers twenty years ahead of their period. I don't mean that they are wiser than anyone else—only that they have more time. And, well, though it is much harder for an artist to do this in the cinema, because the cinema insists on being an industry twenty years behind the public, it can sometimes be done."

He turned out to be thinking now of many young filmmakers whom he admires, and to have left altogether the topics of his own pictures and of his own shocking and lifelong difficulties in raising money for them. At this moment, he has virtually had to give up the prospect of making a movie from a very funny script, written by him, which Jeanne Moreau wants to play in. No financing can be found for it. The situation seems commercially unintelligent. It is also an offense—as if Mozart were to be deprived of music paper. A short while ago, another script—a comedy about revolt, which Simone Signoret wanted to do—similarly fell through. In the meantime, Renoir remains not at all bilious and works on other things. He is writing his second novel—his first was called "The Notebooks of Captain Georges," and was published in 1966—and directing a series of sketches, also by him, for French and Italian television. He always declines to fuss. I had the impression that he doesn't like weightiness of any sort. In 1938, when he was abused by some people for making a film of "La Bête Humaine" that wasn't slavishly true to Zola, he stoutly said that he hadn't particularly wanted to serve Zola, he'd wanted to play trains. "You have to remain an amateur," he said to me one day about directing. "The big problem is not to stop at being a voyeur. Not to look on at people's predicaments as if you were a tourist on a balcony. You have to take part. With any luck, this saves you from being a professional. You know, there are a thousand ways of being a creator. One can grow apples or discover a planet. What makes it easier is that one isn't alone. One doesn't change or evolve alone. However great the distance between them, civilizations move a little toward one another. And the worlds we know, the directions to which interest bends us in our knowledge or our affection, incline to be one in the same way."

ANTI-MAOIST
THOUGHTS
CHECKED
BY RADAR

A French television unit came one day to direct Renoir in part of the shooting for a long program about him and his father, the painter Auguste Renoir. He needed a companion for a walking scene in Montmartre, and I was the obvious person, although I told him that the only acting I had ever done had been on account of having red hair.

"Lady Macbeth," he said.

"Yes," I said.

He told me what it had been like at school for him because he had had red hair, as his father painted him in the famous childhood portrait. "And who else did they make of you?" he asked, stroking his head unconsciously. "The Pre-Raphaelites?"

"Agave in 'The Bacchae,' " I said. "For the same reason." And he laughed.

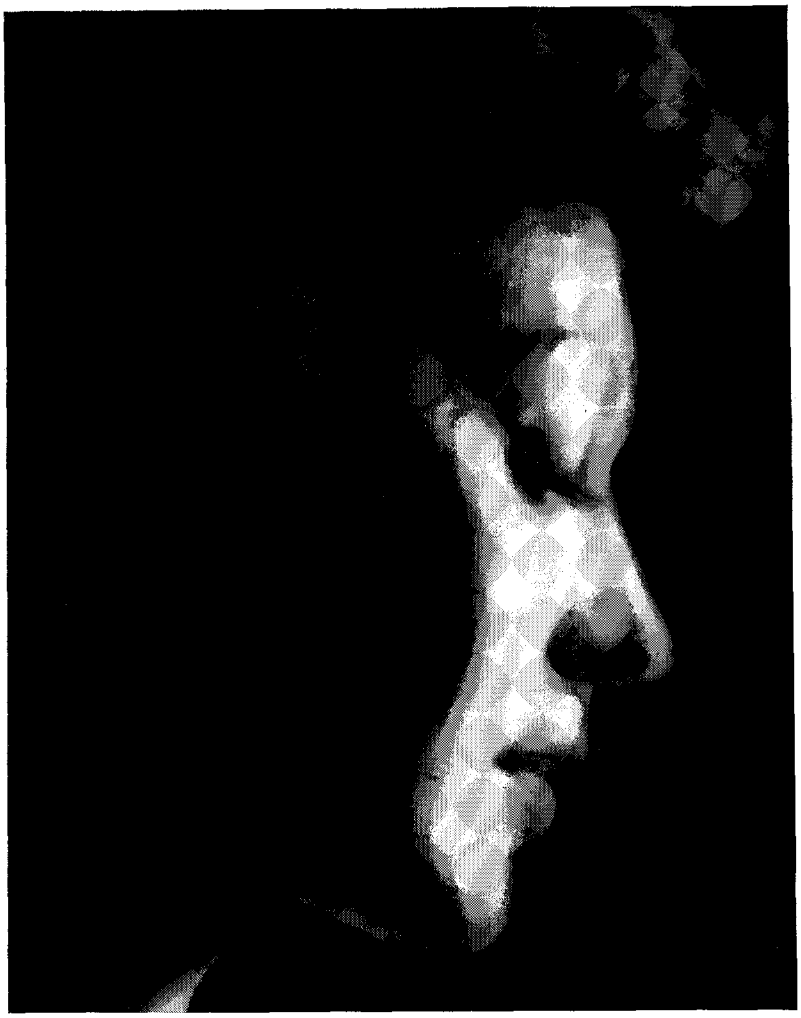
The French sound man said politely, after a long time, that he was getting only a moan from me on his earphones, and could I talk more loudly.

"Her diction in English is excellent," said Renoir.

"Now a new setup," the TV director said, after another long time.

"Which side do you prefer?" Renoir asked me.

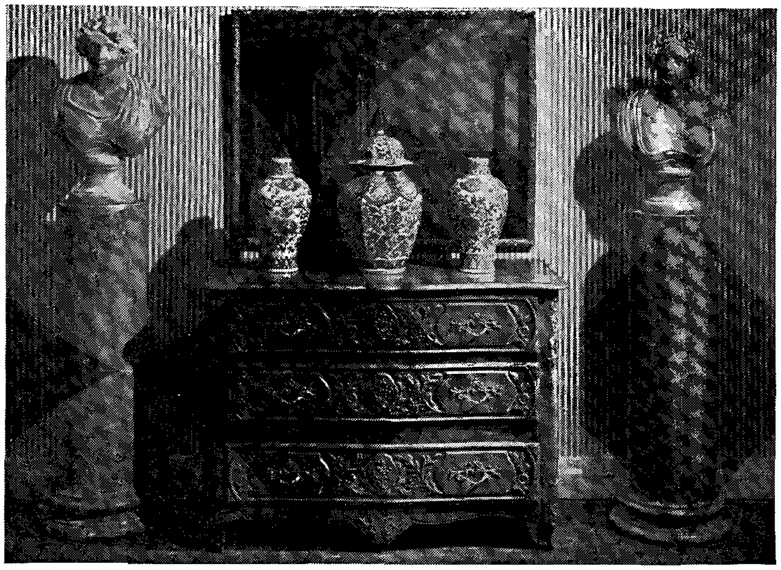
I said that the next part might go better from the other side, because of my nose. Re-



# Acti-Vita Cream

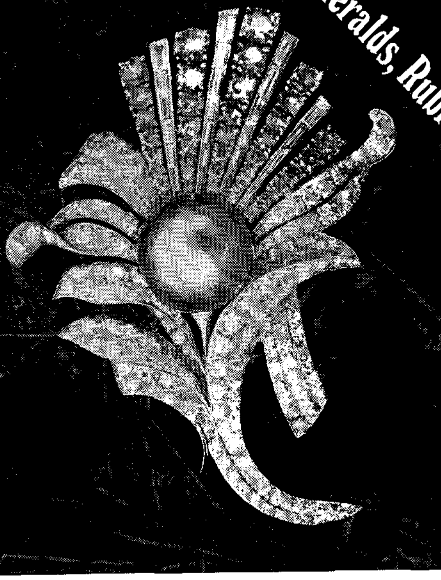
*For instant action . . . a no-nonsense preparation. A fast worker,*
*effective, immediate. Fragrant and un-greasy, so you'll use it at night.*
*By morning that plaguing, grainy, layer of dryness will be on its way out,*
*and with it what we call that "dusting" of age.*
*The effective element in Acti-Vita is new and tested. Its function?*
*To give you an eternally "renewed" look. Expensive? Alas yes, we think so. Worth it?*
*You'll have to decide. We're too sold on it to be really objective.*

Germaine Monteil



*The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices, presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.*

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
328 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS



Auction • Jewelry of Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Pearls • Thurs. September 18 at 1:45

Parke-Bernet

**From the estate of the late James A. Bohannon and other owners. This lovely clip is one of a pair in the sale. Illustrated catalogue $2. By mail $3. On view from September 12.
980 Madison Avenue, New York 10021**

noir took me by the shoulders and had a look at me.

"A girl ran into me in a corridor at school and bent it," I said.

"It's true," he said, nicely, and put me on his other side, and we moved around a lamppost. He held my wrist, perhaps to help himself travel a slope, and then slipped his hand up to my elbow to support me through the prospect of having a seven-word line to say, while he improvised a monologue of incomparable invention and warmth.

Some time later, I asked him about an actor I liked very much in "Monsieur Lange." Renoir beamed, and said something incidental about his own way of working. "I'm pleased you pick him out. He was excellent, exciting, subdued. However—not that it mattered—it happened that he couldn't remember his lines easily. So the thing was to give him a situation where he had to say what he had to say. Where he couldn't say anything else."

And the same day—"He is the most French director," said the actress Sylvia Bataille, who worked with him on the 1936 film "Une Partie de Campagne" and on "Monsieur Lange." "The most cultured. He has a sense of history like no one else's. He was the precursor of everything in French cinema now. You know, when he is directing you, he has a trick. Well, not a trick, because that sounds like something deliberate. A way of doing it—a habit, the result of his nature. He will say, 'That's very good, but don't you think it's perhaps a bit boring to do the next take exactly the same way?' He will never say that the next take is to be totally different because in the first one you were terrible. I think the reason he is a great director is that he knows all there is to know of the resolves that people keep to themselves. He knows the human reaction to anything. I'm not very good, but he made me magnificent."

There exists an affectionate French documentary of Renoir directing some actors. He listens to them as if through a stethoscope. Then he may talk of other times, the times of "Monsieur" Shakespeare, "Monsieur" Molière—speaking without sarcasm. Again and again he says, "*Trop d'expression.*" He tries to get a highly charged actress to speak "like a telephone operator." There is a big moment, and he tells her not to be sweet. "*Soyons pas mignons.*" It is always "us." "*Soyons secs.*"

"If actors look for feeling at the beginning of a reading, the chances are it will be a cliché," he said to me. "When they learn the lines alone or

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

"My secret?
The tonic. The tonic! It has to be almost frozen!"

Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin

Sounds refreshing.
But how do you describe the gin, the gin?
Smooth? Extra dry?
If you agree, then you've agreed to Seagram's.

Seagram's.
The perfect martini gin. Perfect with tonic, too.

The Earth from 22,300 miles in space. (Photo: Courtesy of National Aeronautics and Space Administration)

## The view from Outer Space

Who can fail to be moved by the photographs of our earth—this great globe upon whose surface we dwell—taken from outer space?

We gaze downward through the lens and from the vehicles of technology, seeing our planet from the perspectives provided by science.

Uncounted centuries of thought and work preceded this moment; the contributions of generations went into its preparation.

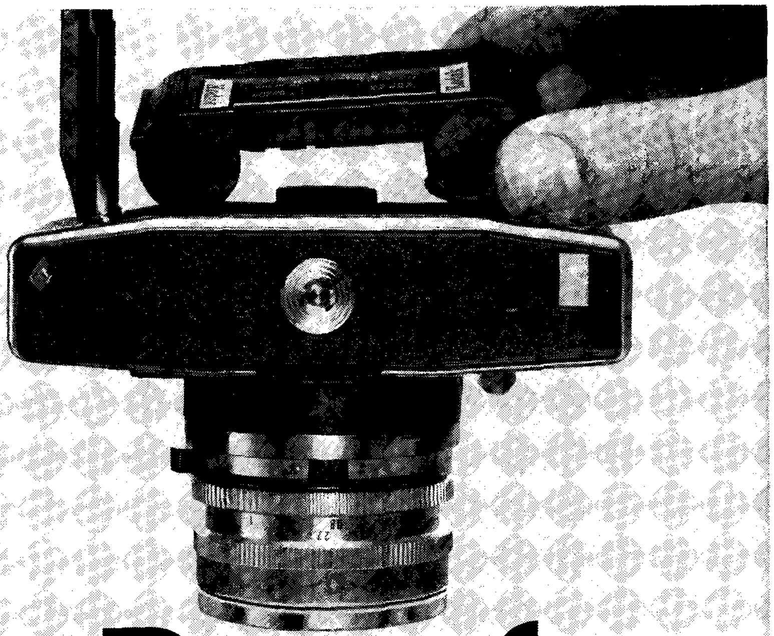
We count ourselves in this effort.

**Ashland** the industrial resources company

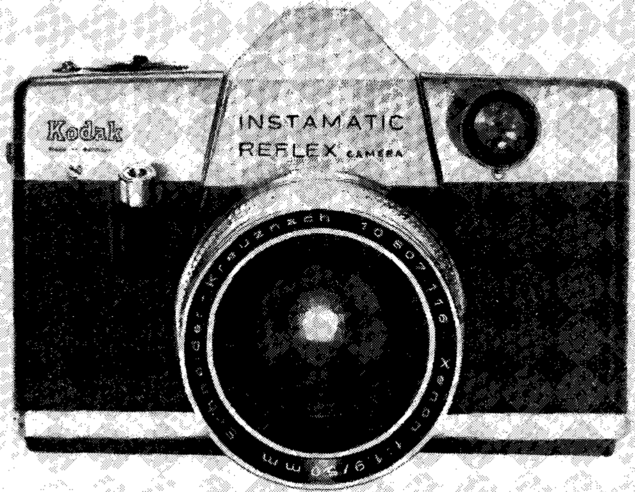
ASHLAND OIL & REFINING COMPANY, Ashland, Kentucky 41101 when we learn them together—the second being the better—in either case I beg them to read as if they were reading the telephone directory. What we do is to read a few lines that can help the actors to find the part. Pick a few lines that are symptomatic. Now, what happens then is that, in spite of himself, the actor begins to find a little sparkle, provided he forbids it. Whereas if you begin to play with feeling, it will always be a generality. For instance, suppose an actress playing a mother has to speak of 'my son' when he is dead. For most actresses, it is the devil's job for this not to be a cliché if they begin with the sadness of it. And if you start with an idea of how to say it, then it is very difficult to remove it. You should start with the lines quite bare. You see, even in our day everyone is different from her neighbor, or his. We must help an actress to find a 'my son' that will be hers and only hers."

This strong feeling that people are different is obviously part of Renoir's great gift for friendship. I said something about disbelieving and fearing the cool comfort that everyone is replaceable and no one indispensable. He said securely, "*Everyone* is indispensable." We talked about Brecht, whom he was very fond of. They had fun together, loping along the streets by the Seine with some friends, in a gang. "He was a very modest man, you know," Renoir said. "Well, perhaps he was, like many modest men, proud inside. He was a child. It's not so easy to remain a child. And he was also sarcastic, which people never understand. He was romantic but also sharp, and sharp people are not well understood. We had many adventures. We wanted to make films. I remember once we went for money to Berlin, to the king of German cinema. We suggested a subject. He said no. He said, 'You don't belong to the movies.' You see, he was right. On the way home, Brecht said, 'Look, Jean, don't let's make movies. We should call what we want to do something else. Let's call it *pilm*.' "

When we were back in Renoir's living room after the television shooting, he said to me, "In directing, I don't follow a script very closely. And I think it works best to choose a camera angle only after the actors have rehearsed. I suppose that between my way of working and the one of following a script closely there is possibly the same difference as between Indian music and Western music since the tempered scale. In Indian music, there is a general melody, and this general melody is ancient and must be



Best of both worlds.



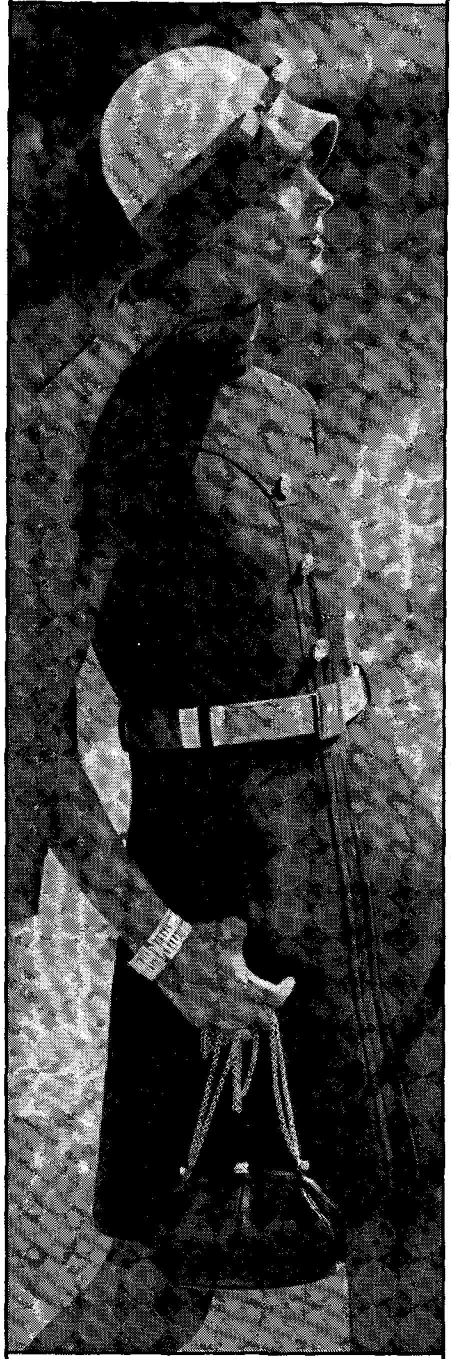
**Easy and sure.** That's the new *Kodak Instamatic* Reflex Camera—the one that combines all the best picture-taking capabilities and conveniences.

The capability starts with a completely automatic shutter that times exposures electronically from 1/500 to 20 seconds, in any light. You get a bright, clear reflex optical system. And a wide choice of lenses, from "normal" *f*/2.8 or *f*/1.9 to interchangeable wide angle and telephoto.

The convenience includes drop-in cartridge loading. Automatic film-speed setting for color slides, color snapshots, and black-and-white. Flashcube and electronic flash sockets. Even an instant battery checker. Look into the camera that runs automatically—24 hours a day—on anything from sunlight to candlelight. From less than $200. Prices subject to change without notice.

**New Kodak Instamatic® Reflex.**
**The 24 hour camera.**

Kodak



Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

Lots of dash–clean, sharp look of precisely tailored wool. Charged up with silver buttons and belt. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. Navy or taupe. Sizes 4 to 14. 115.00

Mail orders to Dallas
Add 1.00 postage

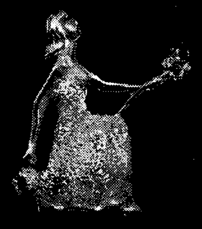
held to, and then there is also a general note played on a particular instrument, and this note is repeated all the time and keeps the other instruments up to pitch. And so there is a melody and a pitch, and the musicians are free to move around these fixed points. I think it is a magnificent method, and I try to imitate it with actors and film-making, up to a point."

We drifted into talking about Stanislavsky. Renoir said that he had learned endlessly from Stanislavsky but that Stanislavsky had "a big problem." He explained, "Often the Moscow Art Company had to speak in front of an audience that didn't know Russian at all—or, if so, not good Russian. It forced the company to make too many clear signals. To shout inner things, so to speak."

We sat in the drawing room on another day. "Excuse me," said Renoir. "My maid is here today and I want to know how she feels. She has a bad eye." He went out and stood talking with her, his head hanging down as he listened, like a fisherman's watching a river. She was insisting that she was all right and could work, making gestures with a dustpan—a short, alert woman, one eye covered with a patch of bright-pink sticking plaster. They stood there for a time, visible through two doorways and faintly audible, like people photographed in the unemphatic style of his films.

"She won't go home," said Renoir, coming back into the room. "She's very strong. She doesn't look it. She's built like a French soldier. Frederick the Great was amazed by how small we were. Just before a battle, he said, 'How can they fight?' " Renoir limped around and got some wine and said, "We lost, I believe." And then he sat down again and went on watching the woman for a while through the doorways. I looked at a photograph pinned up over his desk. It showed a cluster of men in cloth caps sitting on the ground and laughing. The scene looked rather like a factory picnic, but not quite. Renoir said that the picture was by his friend Henri Cartier-Bresson and that the men were convicts. "When their sentences were over, they didn't want to leave the labor camp, so they just stayed. They had their friends, et cetera, et cetera. And also, you see"—he spoke seriously—"I think they'd come to like the work."

We talked about a London prison where I had once lectured and shown "Rules of the Game." He asked a lot of questions, often using the words



C'EST LES BERNARD

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, VIRGO. For those perfectionists born from August 24 to September 23, Les Bernard has the perfect gift: their own sign of the zodiac pin done in 14-carat gold-plated sterling called diamond-point, set with a real ruby. $15.00. From a collection of a dozen cosmic conversation pieces at all branches of Lord & Taylor and J. W. Robinson Co. Or Write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

C'EST LES BERNARD

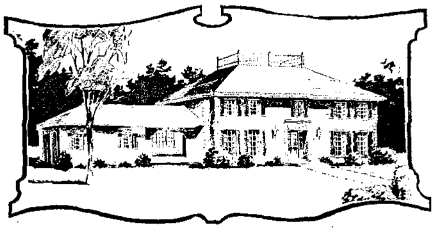
Ours Alone...

Blackwatch Plaid 'A' line dress in an authentic copy of a French Smock. And for little brother, a matching suit.

Both of washable cotton with name or initials sewn on the pocket.
Add $1.00 for each letter.

DRESS
1 – 4 Toddler . . . $15.00
4 – 6X . . . . . . . . $17.00
7 – 12 . . . . . . . . $19.00
SUIT
1 – 4 Toddler . . . $17.00
4 – 6 . . . . . . . . . $19.00
ADD 85 CENTS FOR MAILING
CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

Ceruti
807 MADISON AVE. at 68th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021 • RE 7-7540

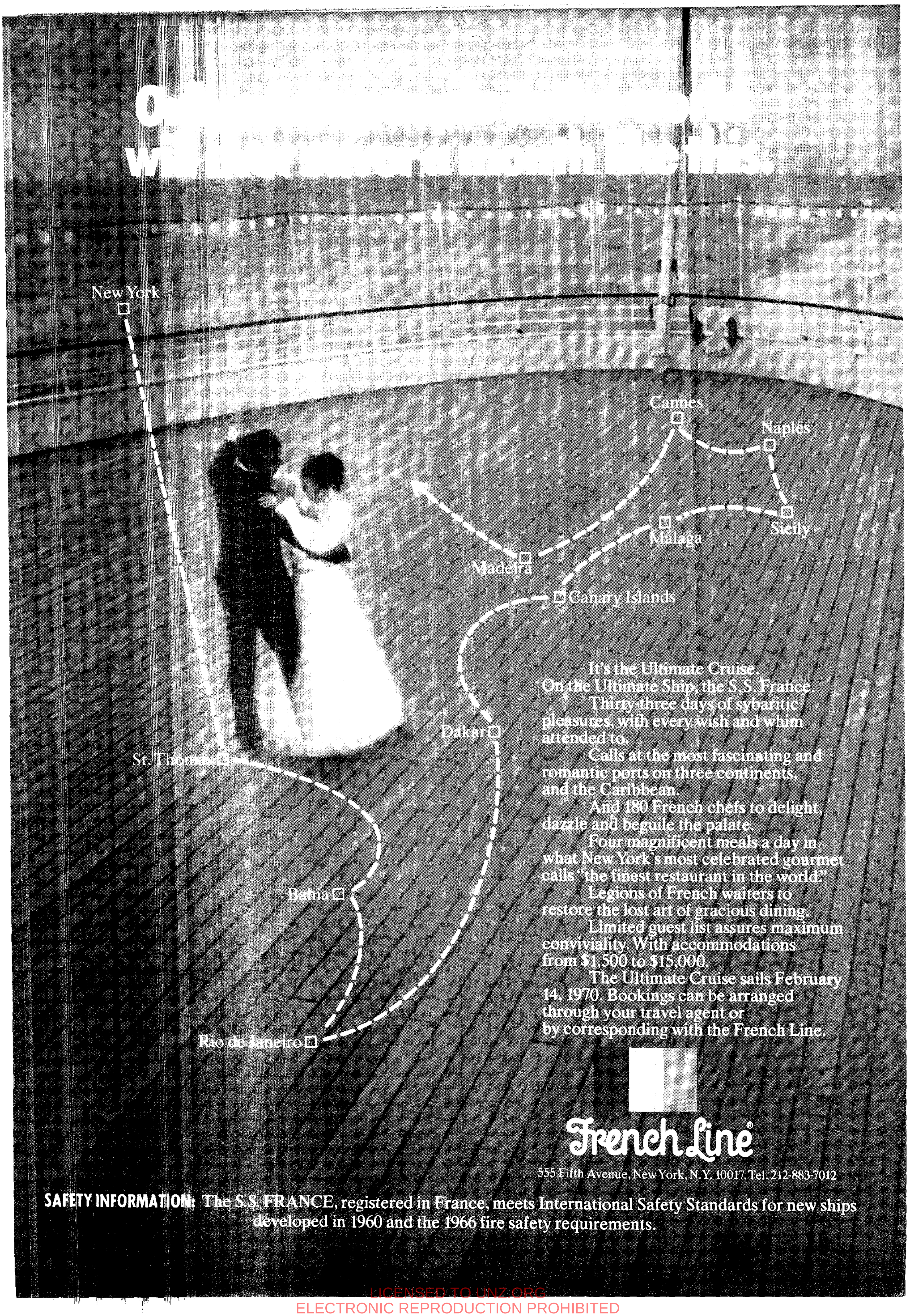


THAYER LAKE
WILTON, CONN.

Custom residences, each on 2 or more acres, some with lake frontage in the natural woodland of Connecticut. Each residence is designed for its owner. Thayer Lake's concept is that each buyer desires to create his own luxurious way of life in privacy. Only a limited number of homes will be built each year. $80,000 to $150,000. For additional information, call or write:

David Katz & Sons, Inc.
REAL ESTATE•MANAGEMENT
6 OFFICES IN CONNECTICUT AND NEW YORK CITY
EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 163 EAST AVENUE, NORWALK, CONN. — Tel: (203) 838-5523

# [illegible] month like this.



It's the Ultimate Cruise.
On the Ultimate Ship, the S.S. France.

Thirty-three days of sybaritic pleasures, with every wish and whim attended to.

Calls at the most fascinating and romantic ports on three continents, and the Caribbean.

And 180 French chefs to delight, dazzle and beguile the palate.

Four magnificent meals a day in what New York's most celebrated gourmet calls "the finest restaurant in the world."

Legions of French waiters to restore the lost art of gracious dining.

Limited guest list assures maximum conviviality. With accommodations from $1,500 to $15,000.

The Ultimate Cruise sails February 14, 1970. Bookings can be arranged through your travel agent or by corresponding with the French Line.

French Line®

555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Tel. 212-883-7012

**SAFETY INFORMATION:** The S.S. FRANCE, registered in France, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and the 1966 fire safety requirements.

GORDON
OF PHILADELPHIA

At Lord & Taylor, all stores
The Talbot's, Hingham, Massachusetts
Stewart's, Louisville
Levy-Wolf, Jacksonville;
or for the name of the store nearest you,
write Gordon Sales Associates,
1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

Gordon makes the difference

The difference is men's wear tailoring.
To find out how elegant that is, slip into
the difference we make in a pantsuit.
Pure virgin wool, about $90.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

"interesting" and "interested," which sprinkle his talk, like "et cetera." "I quite enjoy lecturing when I'm doing it," he said. "Not so much when it's over. Doing it is generally the only thing, isn't it? One sees that even with banking, which God knows is a stupid occupation. But when a banker is actually making the money he thinks he needs to retire with, then he is happy, and with luck the retirement never arrives. I suppose I really believe work and life are one, as the Hindus do. When I'm making a film, for instance, I don't know where the divisions are in the job. When I'm writing, I'm cutting the film in my head. And when I'm cutting I'm doing more of the screenplay. You understand, this isn't to say that there aren't terrible days before we start, when nothing is possible." He paused, then went on, "But Hollywood, because it has this genius for departments, has found the perfect way to make pictures that have no sense. A producer has a wonderful screenplay, by wonderful authors—plural—and he puts wonderful actors in it, and then he hires a wonderful director, who says 'That's a little slow,' or 'Please be more warm.' And so—well, it is most efficient, and what it reminds me of is a perfect express train racing along perfect steel tracks without having any idea that one of its compartments contains a beautiful girl leaning against beautiful red plush with a most interesting story to tell. A lot of people who are quite sincerely critical of Hollywood say that the trouble is that the people there worship money, but I believe them to be worshipping something much worse, and that is the ideal of physical perfection. They double-check the sound, so that you get perfect sound, which is good. Then they double-check the lighting, so that you get perfect lighting, which is also fairly good. But they also double-check the director's idea, which is not so good. It brings us straight to another god—or perhaps I should say devil—that is very dangerous in the movies, and that is the fear that the public won't understand. This fear of 'I don't understand' is terrible. I don't see how you can ever understand something you love. You would not say that you understood a woman you love. You feel her and like her. It has to do with contact. Something many people ignore is that there is no such thing as interesting work without the contact of the public—the collaboration, perhaps. When you are listening to great music, what you are really doing is enjoying a good conversation with a great

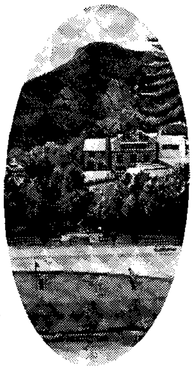
The Talbots

**Simply Dreamy.** Our beloved ankle-length cotton flannel nightie made by Lanz has pretty eyelet ruffles at neck, yoke and cuffs. Enchanting blue and red print on white. Singly or in mother-daughter sets. Children's sizes 4 and 6, $7.00; 8, 10, 12, $8.00. Women's sizes P,S,M, $11.00. Add 50¢ for postage.

**Send for free catalog**

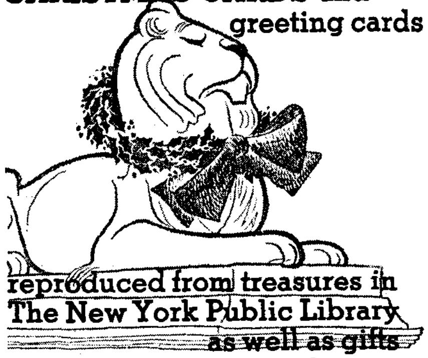
THE TALBOTS • DEPT. CX, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

**Not everyone will like High Hampton**



The resort accommodations are unpretentious, but the food, facilities, and congenial people are as enjoyable as the beauty of silent peaks enclosing it. Private 18-hole golf course/bent grass greens, tennis, riding, trap-shooting, boating, swimming, fishing. Children's program. Early May to late Oct. Brochure from High Hampton Inn & Country Club, Dept. N, Cashiers, N. C. 28717.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS and greeting cards**



reproduced from treasures in The New York Public Library as well as gifts

*Send 25¢ for illustrated catalog to*
*Sales Shop*
*The New York Public Library*
*Fifth Ave. & 42 St., New York, 10018*

*(Rover speaks out on . . .)*

# ERGONOMETRY

*"The human body," remarked Dick Tracy some time back while hurtling around the moon in one of those standup go-cans, "can accommodate to almost any condition."*

WELL, yes; but surely any go-can manufacturer worthy of the name would have provided Officer Tracy something to sit on, thus meeting the human body half-way in the accommodation game.

This latter idea, that machines should do their fair share of the adapting, is what is known in the English technical design trades (where they take such things very seriously indeed) as Ergonometry. There's even a journal about it.

The truly ergonometric machine comes closer than half-way to suiting the people who will use it, of course, and the example that comes most readily to mind is—are you ready?—our own Rover 2000 Sports Sedan, which we designed from the people out just a few short years ago. In order to get an idea of the results, since time is short and we've already mentioned the subject of seats . . .

## Sit down. Lean back. Straighten up. (Fig. 1)

Thank you. Now you probably managed all of that no-hands. Wonderful thing your back, but the point is that the backs of most car seats are not; in fact just getting them *ready* to lean back on or sit up a little straighter in often takes both hands, twisting motions, even getting out of the car altogether.

Now try the Rover 2000's (Fig. 2). Briefly, pulling the handle (a) upwards frees the back (b), which, having a torsion bar, acts like a rocking chair. Pushing the handle downwards again locks it, in whatever position you've rocked to.

Not quite so versatile and easy to use as your own back, perhaps, but for leaning and sitting up you'd have to admit that it is very similar. And you would notice one other similarity—between the shape of the seat and yourself—the result of our consulting with orthopedic specialists in its design.

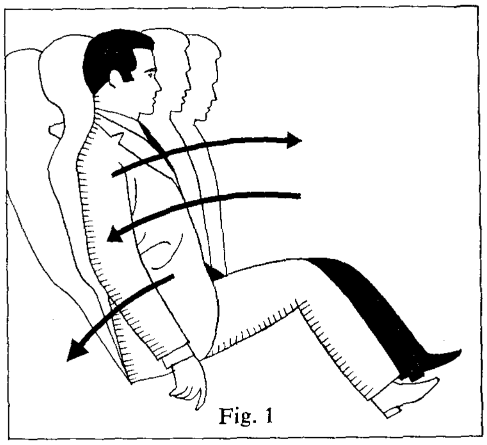


Fig. 1

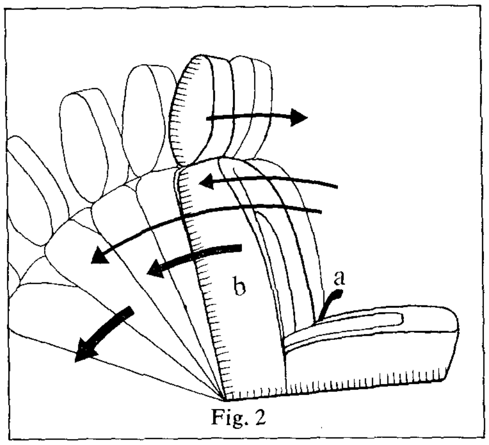


Fig. 2

Human (Fig. 1) vs. Rover 2000 Seat (Fig. 2) Back Action.

(Ergonometry doesn't stop there. It concerns *all* of you, right down to your fingernails. But rather than keep you from the other ads in this magazine we will close now with this offer: A brochure on the Rover 2000, both Twin Carburetor and Automatic models, comprising many pages and with colored pictures. See coupon. Thank you.)

Rover Division
British Leyland Motors Inc.
600 Willow Tree Road,
Leonia, New Jersey 07605

BRITISH LEYLAND

Gentlemen: I would like the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan brochure.

My name is____________________

My address:____________________

City____________________

State______________Zip__________

JUST ARRIVED

**Introducing Christonette of Copenhagen**

- not only protection, but fashion. Fully weather-proofed cotton trench coat, styled with that indefinable look of good taste – Christonette of Copenhagen.

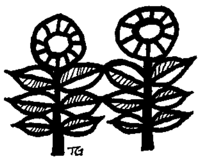
See it.
Try it.
Buy it -
at Paul Stuart,
New York
and other
fine stores.

Christonette
TOP-COAT
Of Copenhagen

Christopher Franck Ltd.
Wray & Turnbull Ltd.
(distributor)
232 Madison Avenue
New York 10016, N.Y.

man, and this is bound to be fascinating. We watch a film to know the filmmaker. It's his company we're after, not his skill. And in the case of the physically perfect—the perfectly intelligible—the public has nothing to add and there is no collaboration. Now I am going to be very trite and say that it is easier to make a silent film than a talkie, because there is something missing. In the talkies, therefore, we have to reproduce this missing something in another way. We have to ask the actors not to be like an open book. To keep some inner feeling, some secret."

Renoir's feeling for ambiguity is powerful. He clings to doubt as if it were a raft. I told him about a playwright friend of mine called N. F. Simpson, the author of "One-Way Pendulum" and "A Resounding Tinkle"—wonderfully funny plays that some humorless drama expert in London once lammed into for having no form, though this is a great part of their funniness. After a particularly fierce battery, I remember Simpson—a schoolmaster, to boot, who could have run rings of logic around the drama expert if he had been moved to—sitting on the floor with his back against my phonograph and saying, his long face no more melancholy than usual, that the man was perfectly right, that the plays had no shape at all. "It struck me at the time that I could have given them a shape," he said. "But it seemed like breaking faith with chaos."

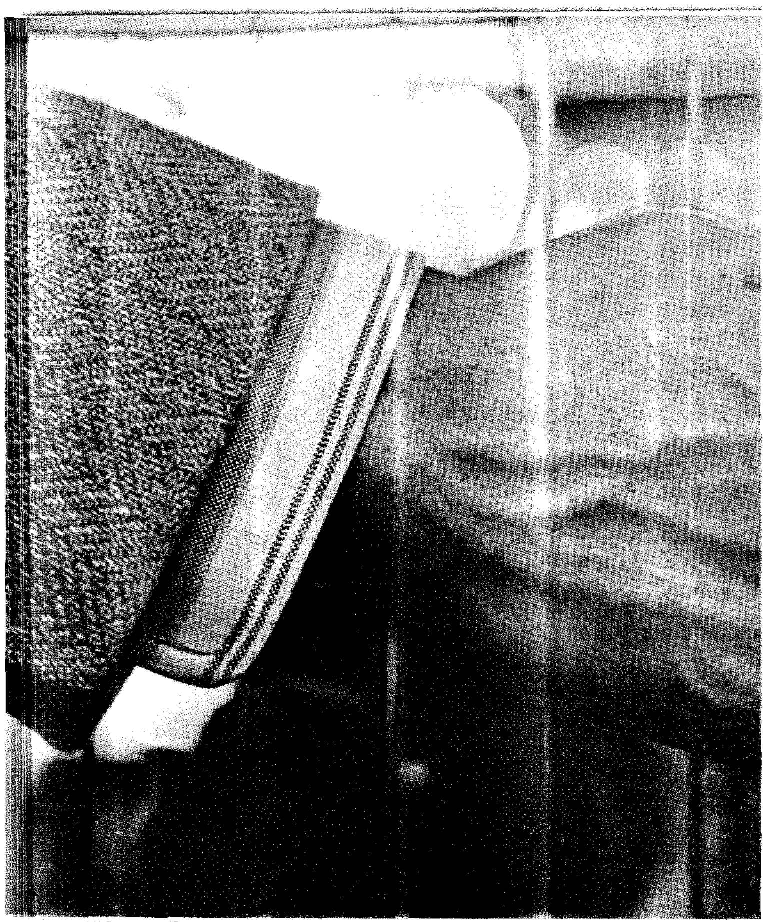


"This question of perfection," said Renoir. "Bogus symmetry. It is one of the reasons modern objects are so ugly. Plates, dresses, colors. If you take the blue of faïence, the blue of delft, it is never absolutely pure, you see. There is nothing quite pure in nature. In the Army, with the cavalry, I learned that there are no white horses and no black horses. They always have a number of hairs that are another color. If the horses were plastic, that would be an unforgivable fault. My father used to talk about this idea. Not about plastic, of course. . . . He had, for example, a small piece of advice for young architects. He said to them that they might think of destroying their perfect tools and replacing the symmetry produced by their instruments with the symmetry produced by their own eye. When he was asked about a school for artists, he said he would like to see inns—inns with the temperament of English pubs—where people would be fed and where they would live and where nobody would teach them a single thing. He said that he didn't want the spirits of young artists to be tidied up. His talk was terribly interesting. Toward the end of his life, he would think deeply, perhaps because he couldn't walk. I believe sitting in a wheelchair helped him to think as he did. Often I would suppose he was working, and then just find him sitting, and we would have a conversation much like the one I am having with you. A certain spectrum of life would interest him."

Renoir's cast of mind often seems very much like his father's. "As the years went by, I found he was becoming rather a marble bust instead of a man," Renoir recalled. "I wanted to stop that. It was why I wrote a book about him, I think." He spoke about Auguste Renoir's attitude toward prowess, and it defined his own. He said that his father "didn't care for *tours de force*"—that "to his way of thinking, the beauty of, say, a weightlifter was at its greatest when the young man was lifting only something very light." The filmmaker son does that. The world he created in "Rules of the Game" spins on his forefinger. We talked about the biography. It is called "Renoir, My Father," and he published it in 1958. I had the impression that he misses his father daily. We also talked about his novels. "I like writing," he said. "Because it doesn't matter."

ANOTHER day, we went to see a film. The feature was preceded by a short about the Olympics. Renoir was tenderly amused by a sequence showing the back view of a girl in a tunic running in a grandiose way with the lighted Olympic torch. The screenplay of the film—Truffaut's "Stolen Kisses"—he found "very interesting." He said, "It has no suspense. I hate the sanctity of suspense. It's left over from nineteenth-century romanticism. The film is to the point and comic. It is a sort of synopsis of the times, this humor. It is not so much something to laugh at as an attitude toward life that you can share. At least, in *this* film you are permitted to share it. So the film must be good, I think. I like it very much."

We walked out into the cool sun. Renoir inspected the streets, and said, "It seems to me that the people of Paris are gayer than usual. Perhaps it's the weather? ["*Il a une telle correspondance avec la nature*," Sylvia Bataille had said a few days before.] Or perhaps it's the effect of the events of May." He looked closely at everything,



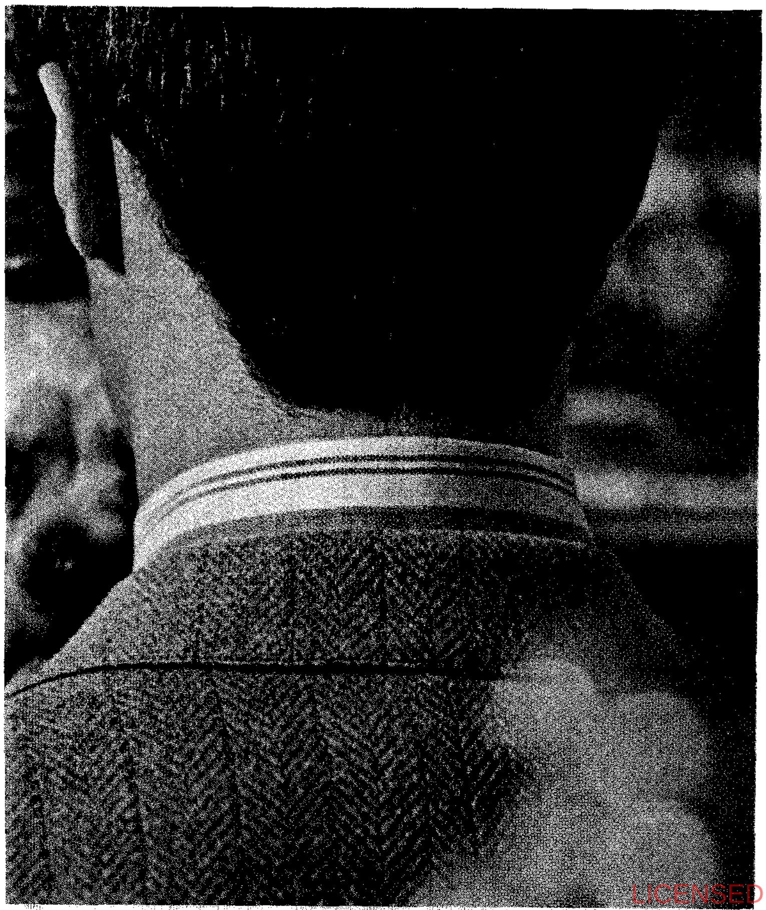
© GANT SHIRTMAKERS, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

# The pedigree of this cotton shirt

Sired by Gant who keeps creating those exciting new colors and stripes in cotton shirtings; who innovated the softly flared button-down collar; who invented the trimly proportioned Hugger body; who keeps creating those exciting, new colors and stripes in shirtings. This new Gant cotton thoroughbred is called Turf Striped Oxford. And like all Gant shirts, it's tailored with infinite care, from collar to cuffs. In varied-colored stripings. All exuberant. $9. The go-with Gant tie, designed specially for this shirt. $7.50. At discerning stores.

GANT®
SHIRTMAKERS

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON
YOU CAN FEEL
HOW GOOD IT LOOKS



# When you can hear four you're watching

Most people think of ABC first as a television network. But we're a lot more than that. And all of what we are is well worth watching.

Look, for example, at how ABC revolutionized the traditional radio network system. We took network radio out of the dark, pre-television past and into a vital and exciting present. With one imaginative stroke, we divided our network into four totally separate and distinct program services. Creating the American Contemporary Radio Network, the American Information Radio Network, the American Entertainment Radio Network, and the American FM Radio Network.

Each of these is a complete network radio service available to local radio stations. Each has its own completely unique identity in sound, pace, personnel and presentation. Each presents news and features tailored to suit a dif-

*Audience information based on Radar 1968, subject to qualifications available on request.

# sounds from one radio network, ABC.

ferent kind of audience. And local stations can affiliate themselves with whichever service best conforms to their audience profile.

Since we inaugurated the four-network concept in January 1968, over one thousand local stations have become affiliated with our network, reaching a combined total of approximately 50 million listeners a week.* These numbers seem to indicate success for the most modern, flexible, efficient programming idea in radio broadcasting.

When you're tuned in to one of our four radio services, you're watching ABC. When you ride in a glass-bottom boat at Silver Springs, Florida, you are also watching ABC. When you play a top ten record or read Prairie Farmer or go to one of our 400 movie theatres, you're watching ABC.

We're many companies doing all kinds of entertaining things you probably didn't know we did. There's a lot more to the American Broadcasting Companies than broadcasting. Watch us. We're not quite as simple as ABC.

**abc American Broadcasting Companies, Inc.**

In 1929, Mies Van Der Rohe designed the Barcelona Chair.
See it at The Museum of Modern Art in New York,
and buy it through Knoll Showrooms in 28 countries.

Knoll Associates, Inc., Furniture and Textiles, 320 Park Avenue, New York 10022
The 1929 Fortuny Gown, courtesy of The Brooklyn Museum

as if he were going to draw it from memory later.

The taxi we took had a postcard of a Picasso stuck in the dashboard—inevitably, in Renoir's company, it seemed. He instantly leaned forward and started to talk about it. The driver, who chatted with hair-raising responsiveness in the Paris traffic, turned out to be a spare-time painter. "Only to amuse myself, you understand," he said.

"Why not?" said Renoir. "Everything interesting is only to amuse yourself."

The driver, making the taxi lurch horribly, produced a magazine called *Science & Art*. We nearly hit something because he was finding a page to show Renoir and then stabbing a forefinger at the place, leaning over to the back seat with his eyes on the magazine. "Paintings by madmen," the driver explained during a feat with the clutch and the accelerator.

Renoir looked at the page and exclaimed. It showed a schizophrenic's painting—a gilded dream of a Madonna and Child that also had something carnal and pagan about it, like a Bonnard, and something quite free, as things tend to be in Renoir's presence. The two men talk with passionate absorption about, in turn, madmen, the Madonna, and paintbrushes. As we get out, the driver gives Renoir the magazine, shakes his hand, and offers his name.

"Renoir," responds Renoir, and he thanks the driver for the present as he climbs out, his bad leg slowing him a little.

"You are of the family Renoir?" says the driver, amazed, moved, something dawning on him, looking at Renoir's face.

"Yes."

"Of the painter Renoir?"

"Yes. He was my father."

The driver goes on looking. "You are yourself, then . . . There was a famous man of the theatre and the cinema . . ."

"That's my nephew Claude. A cameraman. Or my brother Pierre, perhaps. The actor."

"No, someone some time ago, a most famous man of the theatre and the cinema, I believe."

"Yes, I think you are right. I believe there was once another Renoir who worked in the theatre. Not related."

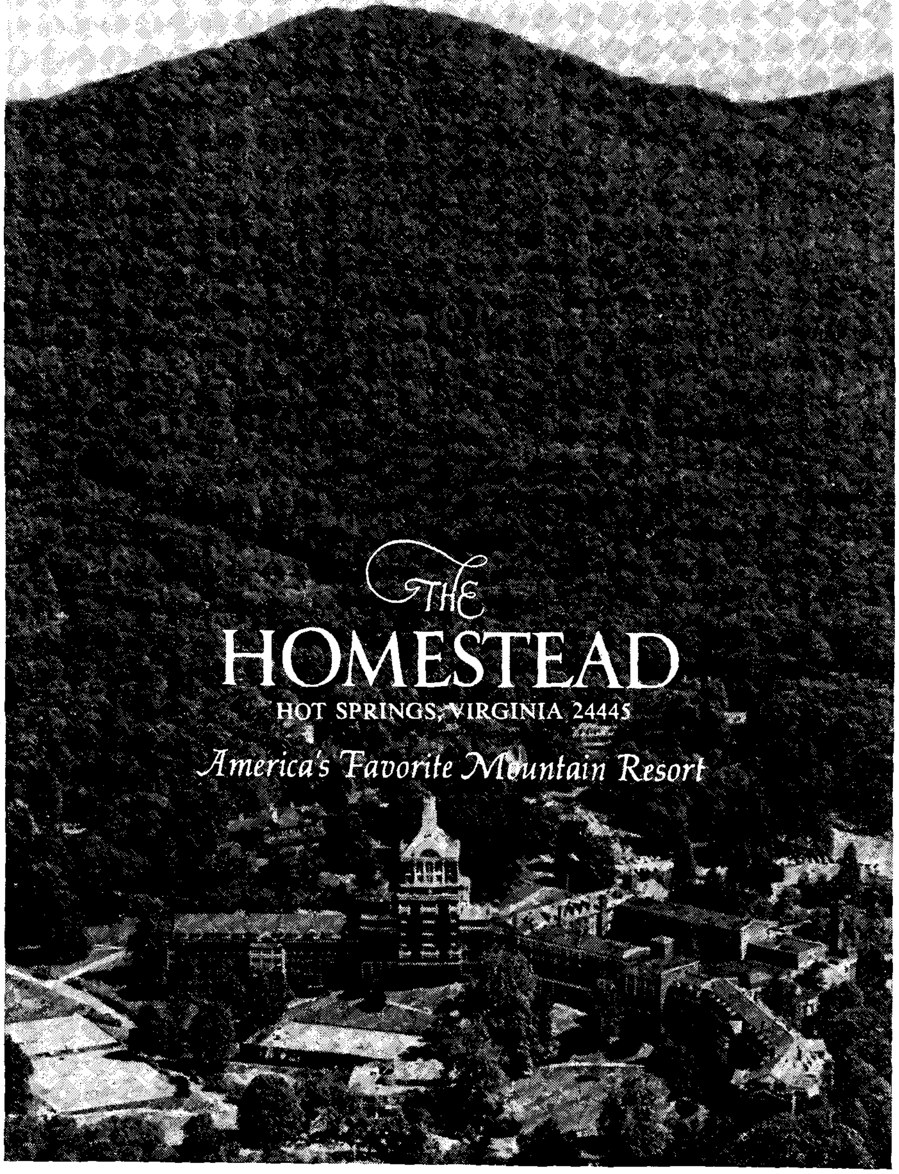
WHEN we were pottering about the kitchen one day at lunchtime, Renoir said severely, "We will not have much. You don't eat, and now I don't eat, either. You must have

Your Summer Vacation Place in The Mountain Country

Serene wooded mountains and valleys, as far as the eye can see. Close-up, exhilarating life the Homestead way. Sports to play hard or easy, it's up to you.* Or relaxing life in our unhurried way of delightful sociability. A refreshing respite from the hurly-burly.

*Which is your game? Horseback riding, woodland walking, trout fishing, mineral spa, swimming, three 18-hole championship golf courses, tennis, buckboard and surrey driving, ten-pin and lawn bowling, loafing. Write for color folder. The Homestead is easily reached via U.S. Route 220, by Piedmont Airlines, or by Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.
Write for color folder or call (703) 839-5500.

THE HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 24445
America's Favorite Mountain Resort



**Fall is all tied up**

Walking off with top honors is Lady Arrow's dramatically tied shirt, just one of our extensive collection of tie shirts. The fabric: washable 100% triacetate tissue faille. The colors: terrific. Seen below, just some of the fine stores who stock it, sizes 8-18, for around $14.00.

P. A. Bergner & Co., Peoria, Ill.
Boyd's, St. Louis
Broadstreet's, all stores
Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles
The Emporium, San Francisco
Flah's of Albany
Fowler, Dick & Walker, Inc., Binghamton, N.Y.
Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.
The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland
The Hecht Co., Baltimore
Hess's, Allentown, Pa.
The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit
Frank R. Jelleff, Washington, D.C.
Kreiger's, New Orleans
F & R Lazarus & Co., Columbus, Ohio
Lion Clo. Co., San Diego
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia
Lytton's, Chicago
G. M. McKelvey, Youngstown, Ohio
May D & F, Denver
Meier & Frank Co., Inc., Portland, Oregon
Metropolitan Co., Dayton
Miller & Paine, Inc., Lincoln, Neb.
Nordstrom Best, Seattle
The M. O'Neil Co., Akron, Ohio
Rhodes, Oakland, Calif.
Rich's, Inc., Atlanta
Sattler's, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester, N.Y.
W. C. Stripling Co., Ft. Worth
Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City

**Lady Arrow®**

1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018
A division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

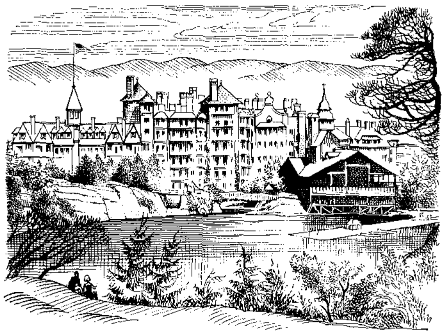
Prices slightly higher in West.

been easy to ration," and he started talking about the Second World War. He was very kind to the English—even to the food. "Without the English, we should now all be under the jackboot. Yorkshire pudding, Lancashire hot pot. Exactly how is shepherd's pie made?" Just before the fall of Paris, Renoir and Dido joined the flight to the Midi. He took with him some of the most deeply treasured paintings in the world. His own car was in the country, far away. "I didn't know what to do," he said. "At last, it occurred to me: Perhaps one can still hire a car. Perhaps the Peugeot people are still working. So we went to the Peugeot factory, and there is every clerk at work as usual, still filling out forms, with the Germans ten miles away. I have to fill out all these forms, and then we have a car, and we drive to the Midi, very slowly, with the canvases of Monsieur Cézanne, et cetera, in the back. A big trek to the south—everyone who could find a cart or a wheelbarrow. It was a very bad sight."

"Grand Illusion" was being shown in Vienna the day the Nazis entered the city. It was stopped in mid-reel. The story gives Renoir a certain amount of satisfaction. "We had wanted to make the film for three years, but nobody would put up the money," he said. "French, Italian, American, British producers saw nothing in the project. They wanted a villain. They said the German to be played by von Stroheim was not sufficiently a villain. I said the villain was the war. 'The public won't understand that,' they said. Well, finally a group of businessmen risked forty thousand dollars, and at the end of the first year I believe the profit was ten times the investment. You know, years and years before that, in his 'Foolish Wives,' von Stroheim pointed out something to me that I hadn't known at all. I saw that film twelve times. It changed things. Something very simple I hadn't known—only that a Frenchman who drinks red wine, and eats Brie, with Paris roofs in front of him, can't do anything worthwhile except by drawing on the tradition of people who have lived like him. After 'Foolish Wives,' I began to look. I mean, the movements of a woman washing her hair that we might see through this window, or of that man with the broom—I found that they were terrifically valuable plastically."

Renoir has his father's strong respect for touch, and for a kind of conviviality that is unmistakable and moving when he creates it in any of his

**The Unspoiled Resort**



**Mohonk**
**MOUNTAIN HOUSE**

Seven thousand acres of unspoiled mountain beauty for your family to relax and play on, share nature's wonders. Congenial hospitality. All sports—golf on scenic course, tennis, boat, fish, swim in spring-fed lake. Hike forest trails, stroll lovely gardens. Movies, musicales, variety of other entertainment. 300 rooms. Also cottages. Delicious meals. See your Travel Agent, or call (212) 233-2244.

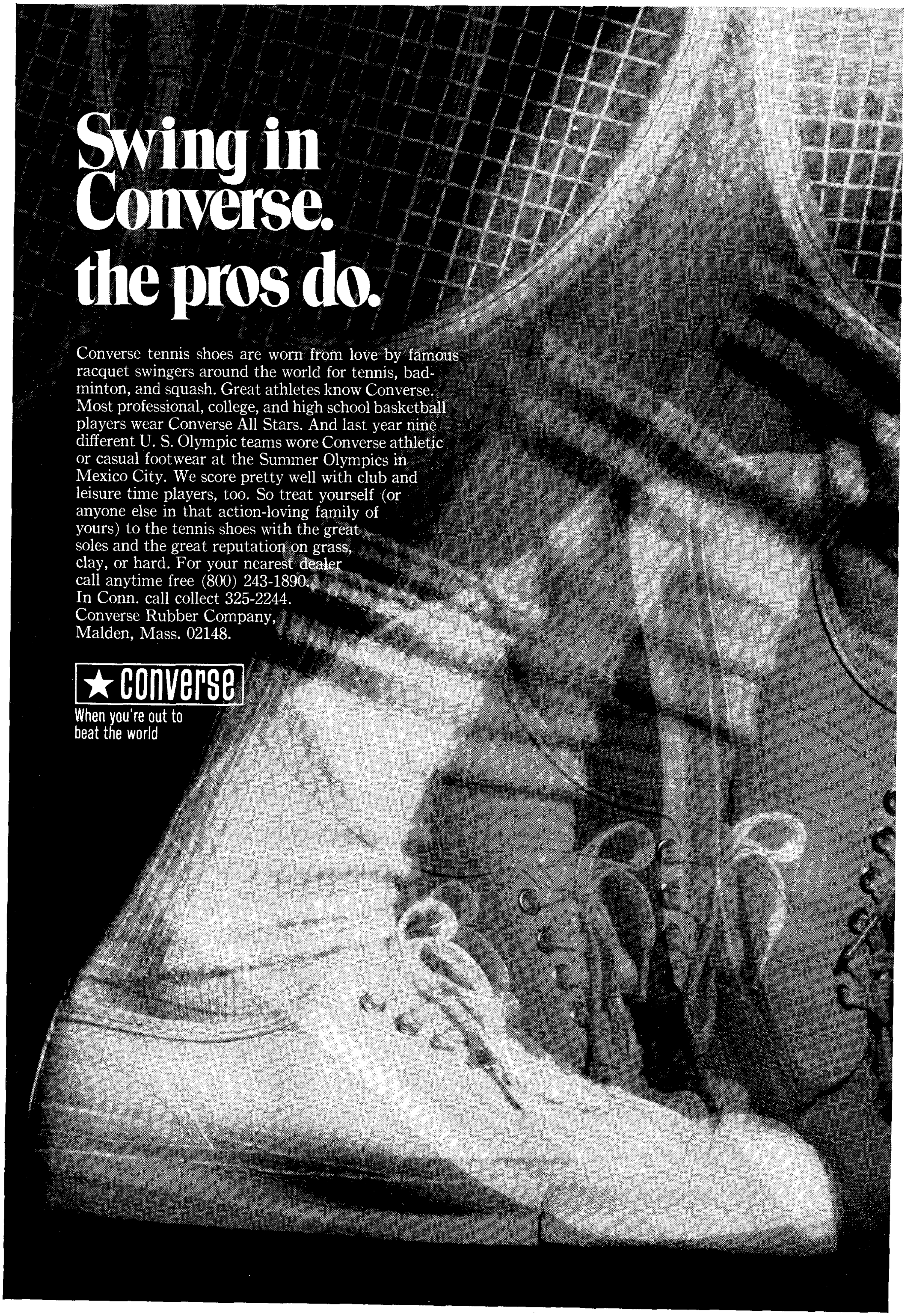
MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE
*90 miles from N.Y.C., NYS Thruway Exit 18*
LAKE MOHONK · NEW PALTZ, N.Y. 12561

MORAVIAN SEMINARY FOR GIRLS
FOUNDED 1742
4313 GREEN POND ROAD
BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA 18017

*The oldest Protestant boarding school for girls in America. Exclusively college preparatory, IX-XII. Founded by Moravians who established Bethlehem, the school today is non-sectarian, an independent corporation serving college-bound girls from 13 states, 5 countries. Housing, curriculum, student life, educational philosophy, all are of the late XX Century. Write or phone Robert Holt Iglehart, M.A., Ed.D., Headmaster. (Phone 215-691-1600)*

**FRAN JEFFRIES**
is your velvet comforter
from August 18 to August 30
Mon.-Thurs., 10:00 P.M.
Fri. & Sat., 9:00 & 11:45
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000

**PERSIAN ROOM**
AT THE PLAZA
An HCA Hotel



# Swing in Converse. the pros do.

Converse tennis shoes are worn from love by famous racquet swingers around the world for tennis, badminton, and squash. Great athletes know Converse. Most professional, college, and high school basketball players wear Converse All Stars. And last year nine different U. S. Olympic teams wore Converse athletic or casual footwear at the Summer Olympics in Mexico City. We score pretty well with club and leisure time players, too. So treat yourself (or anyone else in that action-loving family of yours) to the tennis shoes with the great soles and the great reputation on grass, clay, or hard. For your nearest dealer call anytime free (800) 243-1890.
In Conn. call collect 325-2244.
Converse Rubber Company,
Malden, Mass. 02148.

★ converse
When you're out to
beat the world

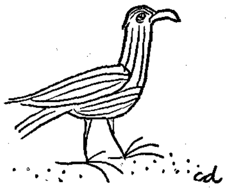
*The country life . . . a heritage*
*proud as the pure virgin*
*woolens you inevitably choose*
*to wear. The hacking*
*suit $75, turtleneck $14,*
*jockey hat, too. All from the*
*Country Clothes Collection*
*in the great Pendleton tradition*
*—so real, so woman,*

so Pendleton

At fine stores or write Dept. N-259, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97201 • Pure Virgin Wool ©PWM 1969

films. He is a fine friend to spend time with. "One of the things I like about Shakespeare, very much, is that the characters have a great variety of intimacy," he said to me. "They are different according to whom they are speaking to. Of course, Shakespeare had a great advantage over cinema directors—one that interests me very much. He shares it with, you could say, Simenon. You could call it the advantage of a harness. Elizabethan plays and also thrillers are constricted, and that is very liberating. In the cinema, you can do all too much. For example, when the hero of a modern film has a phobia, you are obliged to explain it by flashbacks—I mean, to go back to the time when he was beaten by his father, or whatever thing is supposed to have had such a result. This freedom can be quite enfeebling. It makes one very literal, very anxious to make everything clear, get everything taped. You know, I believe one has to have only a rough idea when one is making a film or writing a story, or whatever—a rough scheme, like a salmon going upstream. No more than that. It's no true help—is it?—to know already where one is going to arrive. In fact, I think targets have done a great deal of harm. This nineteenth-century idea in Europe, and now in America—this idea of targets—has caused terrible damage. Rewards in the future, and so on. Those never come. Pensions. I thought about this a good deal in India when I was making 'The River,' in 1949 and 1950. India was a revelation. I suppose I'd been looking for such a place and thinking it was all past, and there it was. Suppose you are interested in Aristophanes, and suppose you go down the street and suddenly see people who are exactly his contemporaries, who know the same things, have the same view. That's what India was like for me. I had been starting to fall off to sleep. In India, you could make a full-length picture just by following someone through the day. A grandmother, say, getting up in the morning, cooking, washing clothes. Everything noble. Among poor people in India, you're surrounded by an aristocracy and a nobility. The trouble now is that the advanced countries are trying desperately to grow better by the mistake of removing the ordinary. We're trying to reach greatness by reading classics in houses that have no cold in the winter and no heat in the summer, and where everything can be done without the natural waste of time. One of the things I liked about India is that the people have the secret of loitering." This brought up Los Angeles, the city famous for picking up as a vagrant anyone who is merely strolling along a street. Renoir was very firm. "All great civilizations have been based on loitering," he said.

Much later, coming back to this point after a loop of talk about food and operetta, Renoir said, "Think of the Greeks, for instance. One of the most interesting adventures in our history. What were the Greeks doing in the agora? Loitering. Not getting agoraphobia. The result is Plato. My film 'Boudu' is the story of a man who is just loitering."



Renoir spoke of Satyajit Ray, his assistant on "The River," whose Indian films are much like the ones that Renoir had just envisioned for me, and who feels Renoir and "The River" to be vital inspirations of his own work. "He is quite alone, of course. Most other Indian films are— well, I suppose they would be called uninteresting, though I have to say that they quite often interest me very much. There is sometimes a wonderful mixture of fairy tales and daily life and the religious, and no one thinks of it as at all comic, because no one is conscious of incongruity. I saw this in an Italian theatre once. A little theatre, not much bigger than this room. At the front of the stage, a man threatening to kill his mother. In the back, by some trick, a locomotive rushing. It was wonderful. Hamlet and railway stations. Genuinely popular. You know what I mean. Every now and then, one gets this in Indian films. In the middle of a story about Siva and a film star and dancing and so on, there will suddenly be a god with a mustache who looks like a cop. It is practically the only question of the age, this question of primitivism and how it can be sustained in the face of sophistication. It is the question of Vietnam."

This question is much on his mind, and he came back to it another day by another route. "You know, I have a theory about the decay of art in advanced civilizations," he said. "Perhaps it's a joke, but I believe it may be serious. It is that people *want* to make ugly things, but at the beginning their tools don't allow them to. When you find figures or vases in Mycenae or Guatemala or Peru, every one is a masterpiece. But when the perfection of technique allows men to do what they want, it is bad. Perfection of technique—sophistication—has nearly de-

# Why is the Bavarian Motor Works sending the 2500/2800 BMW's to America?

Because America asked us to. When we introduced the BMW 1600 a couple of years ago, and later the BMW 2002, we were filling a very special niche in the market. We were answering a demand for small, handy, high-performance, high-quality cars that simply did not exist before we built them.

The response was overwhelming. From the public and from the critics of the automotive press.

Now there's another need. For a larger car that combines the ultimate in passenger comfort with the brawn, dash, and incredible maneuverability of a BMW sports sedan.

To satisfy this demand, the Bavarian Motor Works introduces the revolutionary 6-cylinder BMW's. The new 2500's and 2800's are full-size, roomy, with elegant styling and fine materials. Yet they're very fast, with amazing acceleration and cruising speeds up to 130 miles per hour. To cruise at such speeds is possible only because of BMW's famous road-holding ability. In Germany they have a saying: The BMW suspension is much faster than even the engine itself.

If all this sounds remarkable, it is. But when you consider the 50-year traditions of the Bavarian Motor Works, it's just what you might expect. After all, BMW has built engines from one cylinder to 24, we have set speed and endurance records in the air and on the water as well as on the ground. The first jet to fly carried our white-and-blue insignia, and so do the finest motorcycles on the road.

And now we invite you to test-drive our most outstanding achievement, the 6-cylinder BMW's. You'll find it hard to believe. But remember, America. You asked for it.

SEE THE COMPLETE LINE OF EXCITING NEW BMW'S.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1600 2-door | $2727 |
| 2002 2-door* | $2982 |
| 2000 4-door* | $4140 |
| 2500 4-door* ** | $5284 |
| 2800 4-door* ** | $6284 |
| 2800 Coupe* ** | $7480 |

*Available with automatic shift.
**Available with power steering.

U.S. Importer: Hoffman Motors Corporation, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 1862 S. LaCienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Dealers coast to coast.

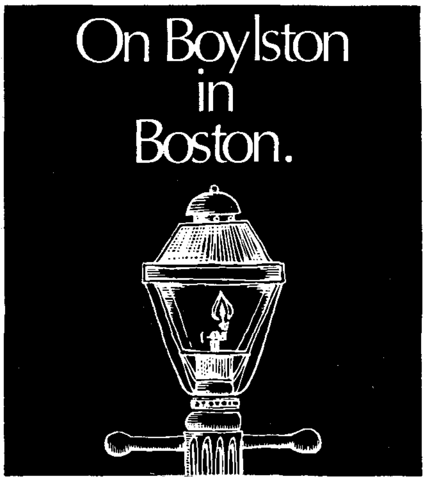
**Bavarian Motor Works**

BMW

Oleg Cassini
rainfashions

Plush wool melton with Orlon* pile lining. Treated with **ZEPEL*** to resist rain and stain. About $70.
At Arnold Constable, Fifth Avenue, New York; Gladding's, Providence; Neusteter's, Denver; Stewart's, Louisville & Lexington; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; The Diamond, Charleston, W. Va.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C., or write:
Oleg Cassini Rainfashions, 512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018.
A division of Botany Industries, Inc. *DuPont's Reg. T.M.

stroyed the movies. In the beginning, every movie was good. When we see the old silents at the Cinémathèque, they are all good. This isn't nostalgia. They are. And, believe me, I know some of the directors who made them and they aren't geniuses. It also has something to do with puritanism. I'm in favor of puritanism, I think. Not for me. But for a nation it can be very good, and for art. Those early movies in Hollywood reflected the decorum of the people, a kind of thinking that I could not abide for myself. We would demonstrate against it now, I daresay, including me. You know what I think about all this? I believe that Creation has a considerable sense of humor. Of farce. The closer we are to perfection, the farther away from it we are. This makes me think about Hollywood, of course. The interesting thing about Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles is that it isn't really materialist at all—not in the true sense, because it obviously doesn't care for the material in the slightest. In fact, that's the big advantage of Hollywood—the fact that the buildings don't count. It is therefore a place in the abstract. You are there—no, I should say that *one* is there, and I suppose I must mean myself—only for one's friends. When Clifford Odets died, I thought I wanted to leave Hollywood. He was a prince. Every gesture, every way of thinking was noble. Although I love Hollywood, I have to say that it is without nobility. But I stayed, of course. You know what I like about America? Among other things, the obvious. The generosity. There is a great desire to share. To share feelings, to share friends. Of course, this can be a travesty and ridiculous. It can be reduced to 'togetherness' and the vocabulary that could find such a word for such a thing. But it also has to be said that there exists in America a stout attempt to do in language exactly the opposite, to make things noble. For instance, calling tea a beverage, calling a barber a hairdresser. It doesn't work, but the attempt, in the face of the obstacles—well, it's interesting and nice, isn't it? It is very much harder to live nobly in America than in India. One of the things that are helpful to Indians is the concept of privacy. It is so strong there that to have spiritual privacy they do not even need physical privacy. In America, this concept is not so easy to have, partly because of the ethic of sharing, perhaps, and partly because of the ethic of proselytizing and persuading other people, which Hinduism is entirely free of,


On Boylston in Boston.

*Near the picturesque Fens, the Fenway Boylston, a supermotorhotel. For business or pleasure. Private Executive Suites and Meeting Rooms. Explorers Lounge. Dining at poolside. Plenty of free parking. Handy to shopping and the bright lights of downtown Boston. 12 minutes from Logan Airport.*
**THE FENWAY BOYLSTON MOTOR HOTEL**
*1271 Boylston St., near Fenway Park,*
*Boston, Mass. For reservations, call 267-8300*

*In Boston, The Fenway Commonwealth, The Fenway Boylston, The Fenway North, The Fenway Cambridge.*
*In Waterville, Maine, The Fenway Maine.*
*Central reservations, call (617) 262-1745*

**Barrie Ltd.®**
*Moccasin Casual Mark III*

*FREE 1969 BROCHURE ON REQUEST*

Saddle strap genuine moccasin of soft Canadian Vealskin with antique brass horse bit trim, fully glove leather lined, very flexible double leather soles and heels with steel V-plates. In Hand-Antiqued Tan with leather ☐ or natural Crepe ☐ Soles. $24.95 postpaid. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.*
OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
CHATEAU MADRID
**OLGA GUILLOT**
Latin America's First Lady of Song
Flamenco by
**EMILIA RIVAS**
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
**NOW AT 48th ST.**
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

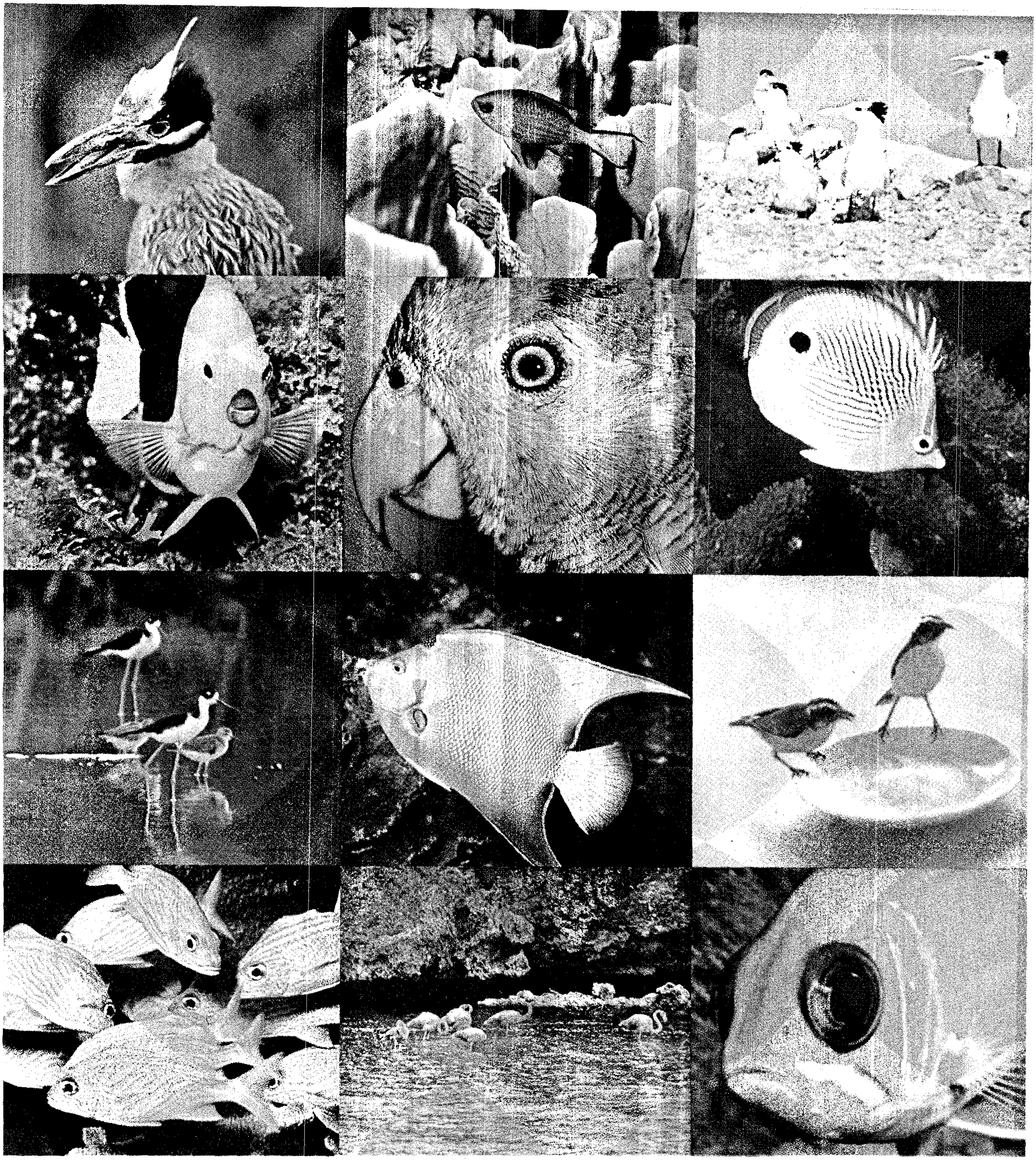
# Bacardi party!

LIGHT-DRY
Ron BACARDI Superior
BACARDI CORP SAN JUAN P.R.
PUERTO RICAN RUM
EXTRA SPECIAL
Ron BACARDI AÑEJO
PUERTO RICAN RUM
Coca-Cola
7up

## Bacardi rum · the mixable one

"Mixable" because it's light bodied, smooth and dry. Send for **free Bacardi Party Kit** and learn how to use Light Bacardi for subtle flavor, Dark Bacardi for more flavor, Bacardi Añejo for ultimate smoothness, Bacardi 151 for exotic drinks. © BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., 2100 BISCAYNE BLVD., MIAMI, FLA., RUM 80 & 151 PF.

"BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY, LIMITED.



## The beauty of Bonaire isn't just on the surface.

Bonaire hasn't caught up with the hectic yet.

She has no neon pleasure domes.

No crowds to get lost in.

She does have one third of the world's flamingo population. And 350 kinds of fish.

You might find a black and yellow bananaquit perched on your sugar bowl when you come down to breakfast. The Dutch call him Suikerdiefje (sugar thief).

After breakfast you can swim face to face with a parrot fish, feet from the shore.

Dive to the bottom and watch a batfish stroll around on armlike fins.

Or boat to deep water and battle a sailfish.

Of course, Bonaire does have some people-made pleasures like posh-casino gambling and freeport-priced shopping.

But mostly Bonaire is for birds. And fish. And people who appreciate an island that hasn't been overrun.

$165* takes you to Bonaire. On KLM Royal Dutch Airlines and ALM Dutch Antillean Airlines. On the same ticket you can visit Aruba and Curaçao, too.

*This ad is brought to you by KLM, ALM, Aruba, Bonaire and Curaçao.*

ALM
DUTCH ANTILLEAN AIRLINES

*17-day round-trip economy excursion fare from N.Y., eff. Sept. 1, subject to government approval.

and which has arrived so dreadfully at Vietnam for America. The problem of caste—of Western caste, of paternalism, et cetera—has led us into this proselytizing. I suppose caste is what all my films are about. Still, any big society is a melting pot, as they say. Take Rome. And the banal melting pot of America that is so much in question at the moment really works pretty well except at one point. The point of the Negro. One forgets that the slaves weren't originally brought by the Americans. They were brought by the French, the Spanish, the Portuguese. The really difficult thing to explain is that the slave owners pretended to be Christians. All men are brothers, and in the meantime the brothers on your estate are slaves. I suppose it has to be recognized that much of the truth about Christianity is about money, and most of the truth about subjection and propaganda is about money. Outside Paris now, there are Arabs living in shacks built out of gasoline cans who make a great deal of money for Paris businessmen. Americans make money out of Negroes, and Frenchmen make money out of Arabs. Every country has a worm in the apple, and the worm in the apple of America is a very tough one."

WE went out into the Place Pigalle. "Much changed since the days of my father and Monsieur Cézanne," Renoir said, perfectly cheerfully. There was a night club on the corner which had the present special tattiness of the recently new. "Sensass!" a placard said of a stripper. The whole place was plastered with the words of some arid new Esperanto. "Chinese," Renoir said firmly. "A Chinese dialect that is understood only on this side of the square."

He talked about his new novel. It is about a murder, and based on a real crime that he heard of as a small child from Gabrielle, his father's famous model. It happened in a village between Burgundy and Champagne. "Two murderers," he said. "One with a big nose, the leader, and the other the weak one. At the time of the murder, which was very terrible, the villagers heard the sound of the axe blows on the earth to bury the corpse. The earth was very cold. The sounds seemed to them to be coming from under the earth. That was the way Gabrielle remembered them. They came from the private cemetery. Somebody seemed to be trying to escape from the ground, everyone thought. The cemetery had been made for a man in the French

Ah!
speaks
louder
than
words

Ours, for the young
contemporaries on the go...The
tailoring is impeccable and the wool colors exclusive.
Sizes 6 to 16. Plaid pants about $27. Navy
Blue Blazer about $45. Luscious crepe shirt about
$14. At your favorite store. Or write
Austin Hill Ltd., 1407 Broadway,
New York, N.Y. 10018

Austin Hill

Revolution who didn't want to be buried in a religious place." A while later, considering what the story might be like as a film, he said, "Too violent. I'm an admirer of violent films, but I can't make them. Also, I am scared of them." He was about to spend five days or a week in the country where the murder happened. The name of the village—very near his own family region—is Gloire-Dieu. Someone had sent him a browned clipping of a local song about the crime, which he said had deeply wounded the villagers' sense of blessedness in their name:

COMPLAINTE SUR LE CRIME DE LA GLOIRE-DIEU

*Écoutez la triste histoire*
*Désolant notre pays.*
*En faisant le récit,*
*Vraiment on ne peut y croire,*
*Car le pays bourguignon*
*N'a pas un mauvais roman . . .*

Renoir talked about a lot of other plans. Some that had been scotched seemed no particular cue for regret. The ideas continued to interest him, and it was sometimes quite hard to be sure whether he was describing a plan of his own or the plot of some favorite already achieved—the "Satyricon" of Petronius, for one. He recited the stories of classics in the present tense, and they acquired his own tang. "There is this matron who lost her husband, and she is so much in love she can't bear the thought of being alone," he said, limping along the cobbles and helping me. "She stays in the cemetery near the corpse of her husband. There is a soldier nearby who is watching thieves—the crucified bodies of thieves. The authorities have to have a soldier there, because one thief's family wants to steal the body. The soldier says to the woman, 'Don't cry so loud,' and he comforts her so well that after two or three days he makes love, and the family can steal the corpse, and so everyone is happier, except that the soldier has failed in his official task and what on earth can he do?"

Without changing his tone, Renoir went on from Petronius to describe his unmade film about revolt. He had written it in two parts. At no time did he speak of it in the past. "One is a revolt against an electric waxing machine. The other is about war. Two corporals from two armies hide between enemy lines beneath the roof of a kind of cellar. We start with a very polite fight about who will be the prisoner of the other one. In the end, they decide there is only one decent position in the modern world and that is to be a prisoner. But each doesn't like the

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE LIKE THE SERVICE AT "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY...ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV• ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

*other Tuscany Innovations:*
EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

*May we send you a brochure?*

THE Tuscany
39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 10016
*Bertram Weal, General Manager*
Tel.: (212) 686-1600

Bachrach
now brings the world's most distinguished men's portraiture to
Atlanta

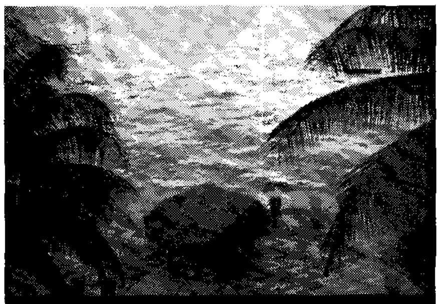
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
1105 National Bank of Georgia Bldg.
Atlanta, Georgia 30303 Tel. 522-5043

Who'd ever think an attache case would turn into the niftiest handbag? Our miniature version from Italy is just 7½ x 5½ x 1½ inches. Comes in red, green, tan, brown or black calf. Or in red, green, brown, or black velvet. Or black peau de soie, $23. Handbag Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

COUNTRY ESTATE

Dutchess County, N.Y. 2 hours from City. 10 min. from Millbrook Hunt. 230 acres. One lake. One pond. One stream. Small house, easily maintained, with 10 rooms, 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths. Indenture papers from 1830. Excellent condition. Superintendent's cottage with bedroom, living room, bathroom, and kitchen. Flat field suitable for landing field. Watered pastures for beef cattle. Fenced hay fields. Barn and farm machinery. Box stalls. Dog pens. Pheasant shooting. Lake stocked with 4-pound bass. Dock. Boathouse. Two boats. By appointment through recognized brokers. White House Farm, Traver Road, Pleasant Valley, N.Y. Tel (914) 635-3881.



*There's one thing about us you're going to hate:*
*Leaving!*
*Montego Beach Hotel*
*Montego Bay, Jamaica, West Indies*
*Contact Ray Morrow, 51 E. 42nd Street, N.Y.C. 10017, (212) OX 7-2340*

enemy food. Oh, and now I have suddenly found the ending, in talking to you. I think this is the ending. They change uniforms, and then each can be the prisoner of the other and have the food he likes."

The television show he is doing is "like a revue." He continues, "Some of the sketches are very short—no more than a sentence. There is one sketch of the Armistice, and a burglar breaks a vein in his neck and wakes a sleepwalker and they are the first victims of the peace. Before this, there is a soldier who is told by a sergeant that if he dies before the Armistice he will be right and if he dies after the Armistice he will be wrong. You know what has happened? Patriotism is really quite a new idea to the ordinary citizen. It happens to be useful in politics to pretend that it is a powerful emotion, but it isn't—not widely. Most people have never thought first of their country; they've thought first of their family. You know, I adore England. I have English relatives. I'd like to live there. People live there very agreeably." (Though I should think he could live anywhere, given friends, just as he can make enjoyable work for himself in strange countries or in atrocious circumstances.)

"The trouble is that techniques change and the actors' style of playing changes," he said. "Just as fashions vanish, so our films go into oblivion to join others that once moved us."

The greatest of Renoir's will never do this, but he doesn't seem to know it. It makes you pause to see a man with such a powerful sense of the continuity of the general life engaged with the form that most deals in quick deaths. He eludes that blow by understanding filmmaking another way, as play. He will sometimes describe a director as "*le meneur de jeu*," and he calls his friends and collaborators his accomplices. "The cinema uses things up very fast. That's the point," he says. "It uses up ideas and people and kinds of stories, and all the time it thinks it wants to be new. It has no idea that film people themselves change and are new all the time. Producers want me to make the pictures I made twenty years ago. Now I am someone else. I have gone away from where they think I am." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

WED 25 YEARS
CATERPILLARS
HIT FLOYD

—*Headline in the Waterloo (Iowa) Courier.*

What had *he* done?

(*Advertisement*)

EARLY BIRD NEWS
EARLY BIRD NEWS
SCHOCHET

*"A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor."*

Success can be a tough schedule. But getting up in the world is a lot easier on a plush Bigelow—it does wonders for the image. Send for our free brochure on commercial carpets. Write to Bigelow-Sanford, Dept. B, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. *People who know...buy* BIGELOW.

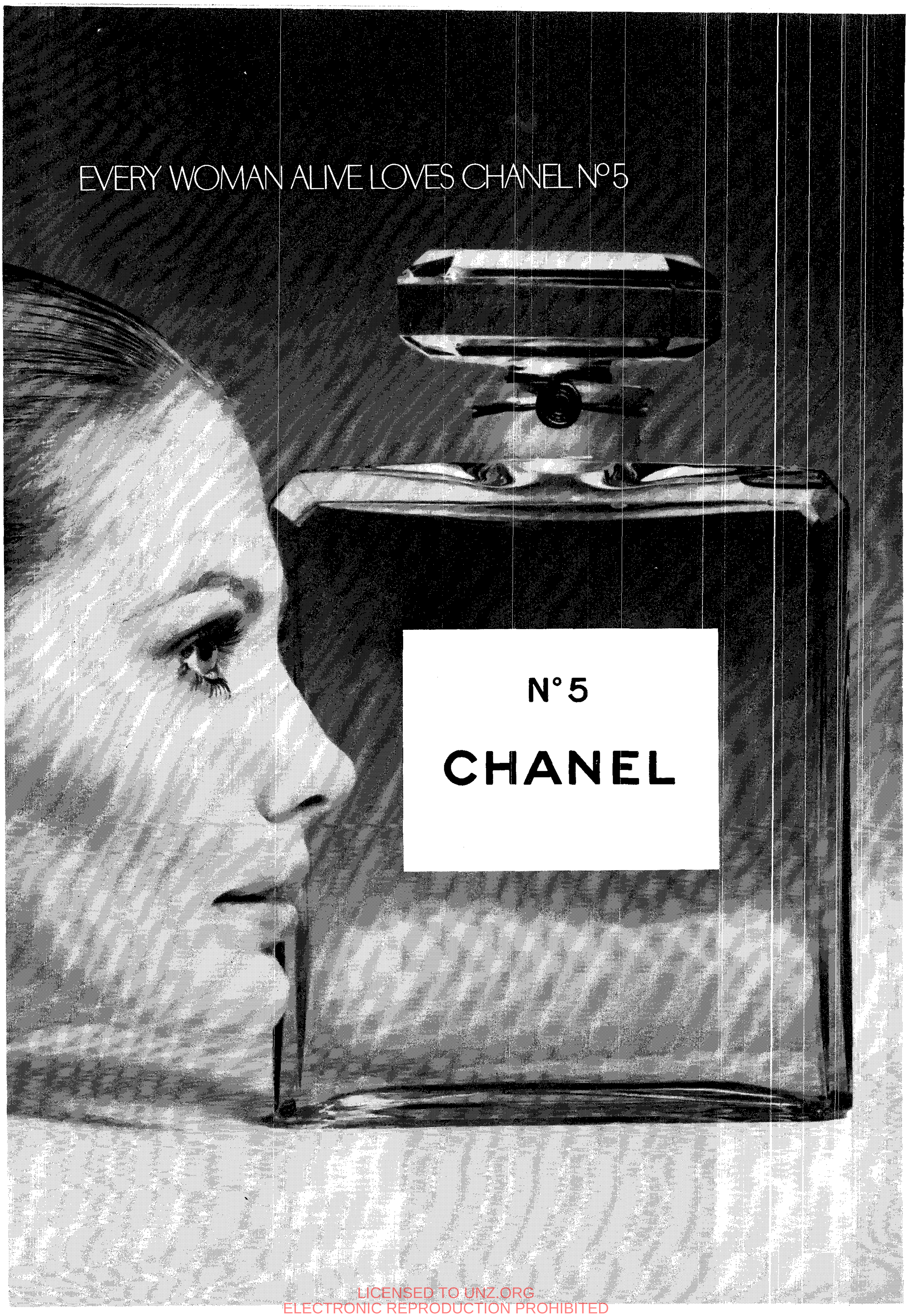
john Widdicomb
Makers of fine furniture for more than a century

A John Widdicomb reproduction of a brilliant, unique commode probably made in Flanders circa 1720. Two long deep drawers, center portion undercut and carved as hand grips.

Get to know John Widdicomb furniture

See it at any John Widdicomb showroom through your dealer or decorator

**NEW YORK,** 205 East 58th St. • **PHILADELPHIA,** 2301 Chestnut St. • **BOSTON,** 90 Berkeley St. • **GRAND RAPIDS,** Exhibitors Bldg.
Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Indianapolis • Miami • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco


EVERY WOMAN ALIVE LOVES CHANEL N°5
N°5
CHANEL

# LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

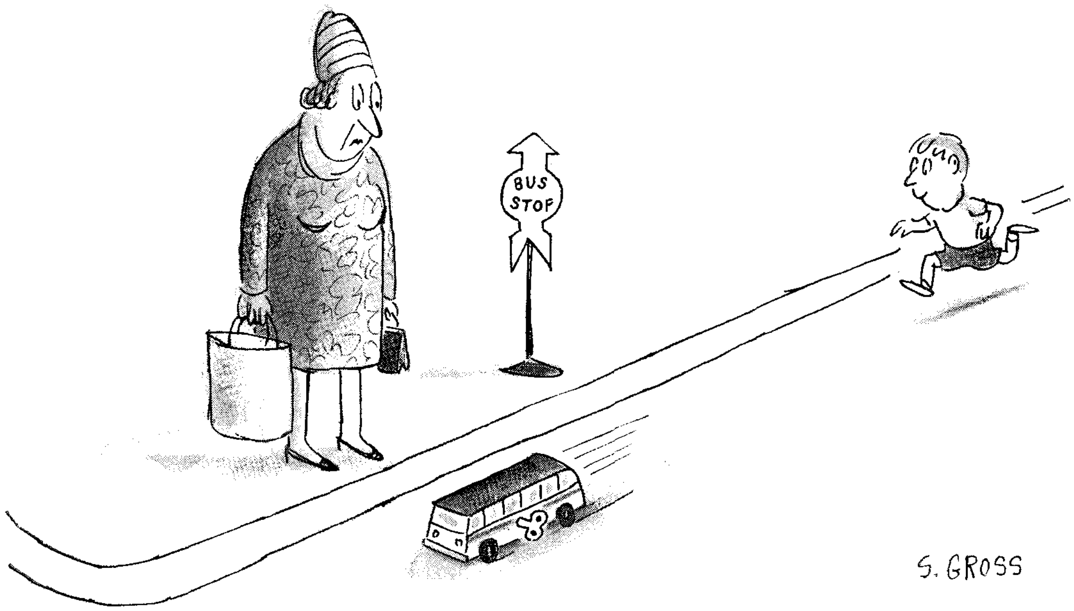
August 15

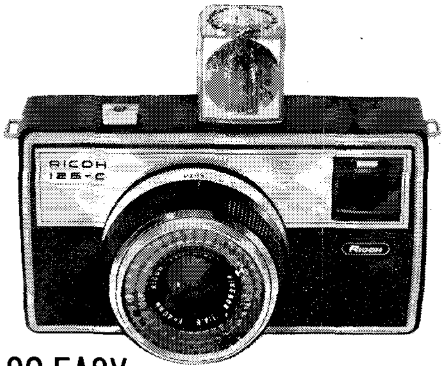
ONE small piece of rock from the moon was put on display at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory the other day, and in the next forty-eight hours or so a good proportion of the personnel of the Manned Spacecraft Center came by in groups of twenty or thirty to take a look at it. One of the geologists remarked that it was a little as if a revered relic had been put on exhibit, for people seemed awed by it without knowing quite what to make of it. Some looked a little disappointed, as if seeing the rock were an anticlimax. The people who came to see the stone had to climb up a staircase that led them to a gallery overlooking the laboratory in which the rock was displayed. The moon rock rested in a simple glass jar on a rickety-looking metal table. The rock, which weighed about two pounds, was gray, with a slight pinkish tinge; it was flecked with shiny specks, and there were a few small black holes in it. I saw it with a group of about thirty reporters. While the reporters were waiting for a geologist to come and talk about the rock, some of them held a hurried discussion, during which they agreed to describe the color of the rock in their articles as "pink-gray." A number of the reporters were plainly ill at ease in the presence of the rock, and while they were waiting several made remarks like "It looks just like a rock." Their attitude turned out to be prophetic, for Dr. Jeffrey L. Warner, the geologist who at last arrived to speak with them, said that it *was* just a rock. Dr. Warner, a young man with long, curly hair who comes from New York, had been summoned hastily from another building, because the geologist who was supposed to discuss the rock was detained in his laboratory by a spill alarm—an alarm that can be set off in the L.R.L. whenever someone thinks there is a danger of hypothetical lunar germs' escaping. Dr. Warner said that parts of the rock looked like dunite and other parts looked like gabbro. He went on to say that anyone who crossed the Hudson River where the old 125th Street ferry used to be and climbed a winding path partway up the Palisades would come first upon dunite, and then, farther up, upon gabbro, and that possibly somewhere in between he might find a rock that was like the one from the moon.

BESIDES the arrival and departure of the astronauts, there have been a number of other arrivals and departures here recently. Among the new arrivals at the Lunar Science Institute, across the road from the Space Center, have been two young mathematicians from the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, at Pasadena, California—Mr. Paul Muller and Mr. William Sjogren. Mr. Muller, a tall, energetic man, and Mr. Sjogren, a husky type, are the men who discovered the mascons, or massive concentrations of denser material beneath the lunar *maria*. They made the discovery by examining with a computer the orbital aberrations of the Lunar Orbiter series circling the moon. Neither Mr. Muller nor Mr. Sjogren was particularly hopeful about learning more about the mascons from Apollo 11's orbital data, for the orbital data of big manned spacecraft, they say, are apt to be rendered useless for the delicate job of measuring mascons by the unpredictable firings of attitude-control jets, the swinging of antennas, and even the movements of the men inside them.

Among the departures were those of Dr. Harold C. Urey and Mr. Thomas Gold. Both Dr. Urey and Mr. Gold are cold-moon men—that is, they doubt the existence of volcanic activity on the moon. The two men left in differing frames of mind. Mr. Gold's faith in a basically cold moon remained unshaken; he said on his way to the airport to return to Cornell University, where he is a professor of astronomy and Director of the Center for Radiophysics and Space Research, that he had seen nothing that made him think the moon was hot. Far from being disheartened by the results of the mission, Mr. Gold was delighted by the quantities of dust that the astronauts found on the moon (he says that he was the first to predict the existence of such dust, as long ago as 1954) and also by the close-up stereoscopic photographs the astronauts had taken, largely at his instigation. He was fascinated by one that showed a tiny glass bead that glinted like a diamond, set on top of a stalk that rose from the floor of a miniature crater a foot or so in diameter. He said that he had absolutely no explanation for this phenomenon. Mr. Gold, who is an astrophysicist, said that what had first attracted him to the moon was what he called the intellectual puzzle of seeing features on the moon and wondering what caused them, and as he boarded his plane, clutching a box filled with stereoscopic slides, he said that he looked forward to solving the puzzle of this strange formation.

Dr. Urey left saying that things were looking bad for a cold moon, especially in view of the titanium that had been found in the lunar samples—titanium being a metal that on earth is thought to have welled up from a hot interior. At the airport, he was smiling brightly and saying that, after about a month at the Space Center, he had to get back to the University of California at San Diego, where he is a professor, and start preparing a course in chemical thermodynamics. After all, he said, he was supposed to be a teacher. He was looking forward to seeing his children and grandchildren. His oldest daughter is a nuclear physicist at M.I.T., and his son is a biologist at the University of California at Berke-





SO EASY
TO GIVE AND TAKE

Save your legs. Let this exciting electric eye instant load camera outfit solve your gift problems. It's the latest in easy, foolproof, picture taking. Automatic electric eye sets the correct exposure. Pictures turn out perfect anytime, anywhere! Everybody's happy. Complete outfit includes Ricoh 126C-EE camera, battery, wrist strap, and lens cover.
Everything for less than $40.00.

RICOH

RICOH

*Distributed in U.S.A. by Lenco Photo Products, Inc.*
*. . . in Canada by Ricoh of Canada Ltd.*

ON THE TRANQUIL, TROPICAL BEACH AT ACAPULCO

Acapulco's most gracious hotel, managed in the treasured European tradition of personal service and elegance.

Peaceful and unruffled. *NEVER A CONVENTION*—Located in a serene setting of quietude on Acapulco's famous beach.

Gourmet dining at VOISIN—or under the stars on the EL PALMAR TERRACE. Dancing and entertainment nightly in the renowned EL CAZADOR BAR.

ACAPULCO'S PRESTIGE ADDRESS
ACAPULCO
MALIBU

Apartado Postal 582
*Acapulco, Gro. Mexico*
Cable Address: MALIBUACAPULCO
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

ley. "Do you know, I don't understand a thing either of them talks about?" he said.

FOUR days before the astronauts got out of quarantine, they met with about thirty of the scientists who were working with the rocks and dust they had brought back or who were the Principal Investigators for the instruments they had left on the moon. The meeting, the scientists' first opportunity to talk with the astronauts about what they had seen on the moon, lasted a mere three hours, and it occurred on the seventeenth day after the astronauts left the moon—by which time, many of the scientists felt, the astronauts must have forgotten many of their subtler impressions. Indeed, it is difficult to understand what the astronauts had been doing in the meantime that was more important than discussing the moon with the scientists, who are the people best equipped to use the information. Because there were only two astronauts who had walked on the moon and so many scientists who wanted to know what walking there was like, the meeting had to be held to a rigid schedule, and the scientists spent many hours beforehand deciding exactly what questions to ask. Any question that could be answered by some other means—from the samples or the photographs, for instance—was ruled out. Though such an approach may be efficient, it doesn't make for free, unrestrained conversation. One scientist who attended the session said afterward, "We expected the legendary travels of the East. Here were two men who had walked on the moon! All we got was a string of routine questions and answers." Another scientist was so bored by the meeting that he left in the middle of it.

In spite of the meeting's limitations, the scientists learned quite a lot in their three hours with the astronauts, who made a practice of pausing carefully after each question and then speaking with great clarity. The persons that the astronauts spoke to, the length of time, and the conditions under which they did it were not up to them but were the responsibility of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The debriefing room in which they met with the scientists is the size of a small classroom, and it adjoins their quarantine quarters. The scientists sat in rows, like students at a lecture—with the overflow in an adjoining room participating in the meeting through closed-circuit television. The astronauts—Neil A. Armstrong, Colonel Edwin E.

*Highland Queen*®
OF CANADA

*Blazer, about $38; mock turtle pullover, about $15; authentic tartan kilt, about $25. In pure wool, at better stores.*

*or write to Aston Imports Limited*
*448 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018*

Sun Luck
*RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.*
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities

- **IMPERIAL,** 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- **GOURMET,** 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- **EAST,** 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
- **QUEENS,** 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
- **SUNNYSIDE,** 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
- **FLUSHING,** 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

ISLAND PLAYHOUSE

A pony, a dollhouse, a sailboat— —an island!!—Now, *there's something!*

An 80 ft. by 30 ft. "playhouse" island, and just fifty feet off your front door shore. Your shore, incidentally, is 456 feet on a 2½ acre property on the most beautiful neck of land in Deer Isle.

Tall evergreens, sand and pink granite shorefront in a *very* exclusive locale. Only $23,500.

What a nice daddy!

***Call* 207-667-5956 *or write* Box 45-L, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609**

Aldrin, Jr., and Colonel Michael Collins—sat professorially behind a glass partition, rising occasionally to draw a picture on a blackboard. Most of the scientists naturally asked questions that had to do with their own special interests. Mr. Gold asked several questions about the dust on the moon, and learned with interest that the dust the astronauts kicked up as they walked about left a halo of spray around each footprint. Dr. Carroll Alley, the Principal Investigator for the laser reflector that the astronauts set on the moon, was anxious to know whether dust might have landed on the reflector during the blast of the lunar module's takeoff (neither of the astronauts who had been on the moon was sure, since they could not see that area during their ascent), and also whether the astronauts thought the mirrors were properly oriented toward the earth (a bubble in a carpenter's level had centered itself, indicating that the reflector was indeed properly placed). The bubble, in fact, had worked far better than the polyethylene BB in a dish that served as a level for the passive seismic experiment, according to Colonel Aldrin. Dr. Gary Latham, the Principal Investigator for the seismic experiment, ignored Aldrin's slurs upon his polyethylene BB and asked whether the astronauts thought the seismometer had been firmly planted on the ground. The astronauts thought it had been. The closer a seismometer is to what Dr. Latham calls "basement rock," the better it works, and Dr. Latham's next question was whether the astronauts thought a seismometer could be carried down into the bottom of a small crater, where basement rock might be exposed, and the astronauts said they thought this would be possible, though there might be some difficulty in finding a clear area on a crater floor on which to set the seismometer.

Several scientists said that the main thing they wanted to find out about the voyage of Apollo 11 was how representative of the landing site the astronauts thought the samples were. Armstrong and Aldrin said that the rocks were a fair sampling, with some notable omissions. They mentioned in particular some chunks of rock, the size of walnuts, that glistened like quartz. They also neglected to bring back any purple rocks, although when they were on the moon they did report seeing such rocks; they said at the meeting that the rocks might have been a muddy combination of pink and brown, which could have looked purple through their tinted visors. They

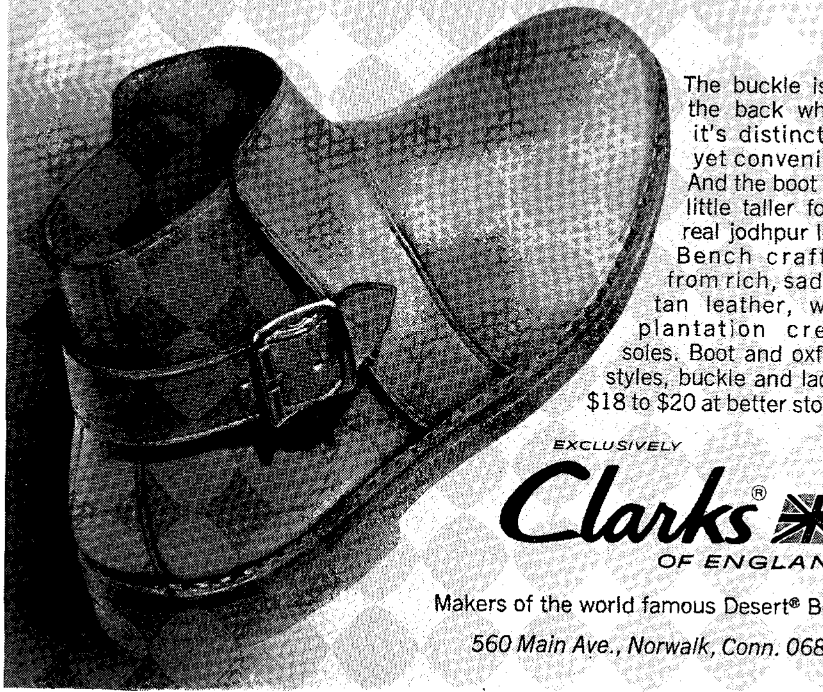
**bold broadcloth stripes** go to town in the most uninhibited colorings we've seen. Gant tailors them of a superior cotton doing full justice to the exciting fabric and stripings, and tops it off with their smart Town collar. 9.00. Coordinated tie, 8.50.

**wallachs**

**Fine Stores for Men in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts.**
Mail orders: 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N. Y. 11101
Add 75¢ outside Metropolitan New York motor delivery area

**Stand tall...**

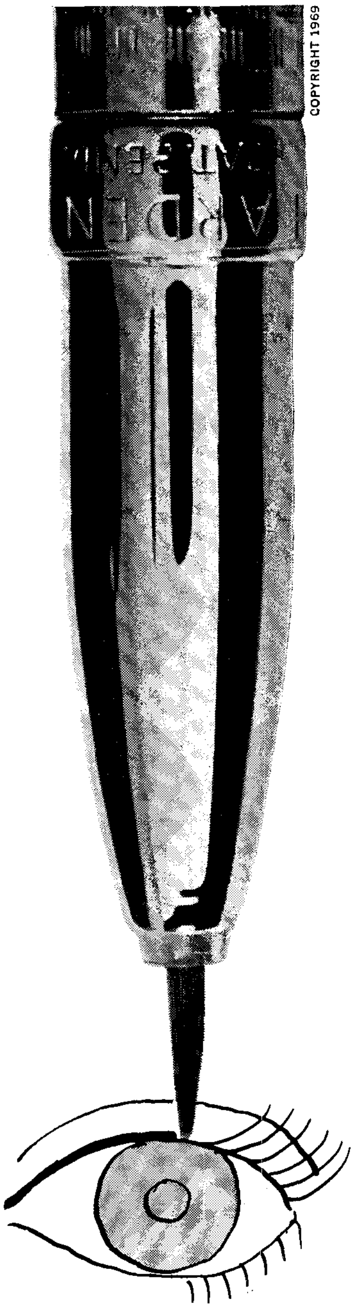
**in our newest Irish Saddle Leather Boots**



The buckle is in the back where it's distinctive, yet convenient. And the boot is a little taller for a real jodhpur look. Bench crafted from rich, saddle tan leather, with plantation crepe soles. Boot and oxford styles, buckle and laced. $18 to $20 at better stores.

EXCLUSIVELY
Clarks®
OF ENGLAND
Makers of the world famous Desert® Boot
560 Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851

® REG. TRADEMARK



COPYRIGHT 1969

Line a lid.
Draw lashes.
Outline eyes
in 15 seconds
with
Elizabeth Arden's
new sable brush
eyeliner.
Portable.
Refillable.
Unique.
Non-messy.
Even-flow.
"EYEWRITER"™
$5.00
Elizabeth Arden

hadn't been able to return to these rocks when they were gathering samples, and both astronauts who were on the moon said they felt that no future astronaut should ever be without a pair of tongs to pick up anything he came upon that looked interesting. Dr. Eugene Shoemaker, the Principal Investigator for the rock-gathering, was particularly tantalized by a mention of a curiously shaped rock that Armstrong sketched on the blackboard. This rock reminded Dr. Shoemaker of volcanic rocks he had seen that had been weathered into ornate sculptured patterns. Armstrong recalled that he had kicked the rock and had found that it had a blocklike bottom underground, similar to the base of a sculpture, and Dr. Shoemaker felt this was evidence of some sort of weathering process on the surface of the moon. Many of the scientists wanted to ascertain the positions of certain rocks the astronauts had brought back, so after the meeting Dr. Shoemaker sent to the astronauts, in quarantine, some small boxes with six views of a rock pasted to the surfaces of each box, on the off-chance that an astronaut might recognize one. Dr. Shoemaker says that, ideally, the astronauts should be members of the team of scientists examining the rocks. For every question his particular group agreed to ask the astronauts, Dr. Shoemaker says, four were thrown away, and unquestionably there is important information about the moon still in the astronauts' heads.

MANY of the scientists find working at the Space Center a strange experience. The geologists, for instance, are not used to their glistening, antiseptic laboratories, and Dr. Robin Brett, a geochemist, who seems as nonplussed by them as anyone, says, "When you go to a college, the ugliest, dirtiest building is usually where you'll find the geologists, but here we work in expensive laboratories with rubber gloves set into gleaming cabinets." The work goes on at such a rapid pace that many scientists feel that time has telescoped. "Normally, we spend a whole year doing research and maybe writing a couple of papers," Dr. Brett says. "Here we discover something new every day, we barely have time to write it up, and before we're finished we have to give a press conference about it." Dr. Brett says he has concluded that the moon at one stage was hot, at least around the Apollo 11 landing site; that there has never been any surface water in the area; and that the rocks have been heavily bombarded by meteorites.

A month ago, before the astronauts returned, Dr. Brett had written his guesses about what the moon would be like on a piece of paper and put the paper in a desk drawer. "Let me see," he said recently, taking out the paper. "I said then that the moon had had a hot interior at some point in its history, and that still seems right, though it is by no means proved. I put down that the landing site would be flooded with basaltic rock, and that was right. But I was wrong about the titanium on the moon—I didn't think anything like the amount that *has* turned up *would* turn up."

One geologist who made an extremely accurate prediction is Dr. William Greenwood, who told me more than a month ago that the lunar rocks would have a good deal of olivine in them—and, indeed, some of the rocks, including the one displayed in the L.R.L., appear to contain this mineral. Dr. Greenwood says he is less interested in his own or other people's preconceived ideas of the moon than he was a month ago; now he feels that the most exciting aspect of the lunar rocks is the way they will put to the test everything geologists know about rocks—particularly everything they know about both impact and volcanic rocks. He rummaged around in a drawer and produced some photographs of gnarled bits of rock—earth rock—filled with the bubbly vesicles that volcanic rocks often have, and said that these vesicles were produced not by volcanism but by meteoric impact. "The only way we know that is because they were found beside an impact crater," Dr. Greenwood explained. "With the rocks from the moon, we have no way of knowing what kind of crater they came from, which means we're going to have to go right back to the basics of geology and ask ourselves what is the intrinsic *nature* of a volcanic rock, or a meteoric rock, which to a large extent we've never done. We are going to have to do this because the moon probably will turn out to have the most complex, mixed-up geological history of any place we know. There may be a sort of superimposed process—not nicely layered, as the earth is—with volcanic rocks smashed to bits by meteors, and then a lava flow over that, and the whole works blown to smithereens by a really big impact, and it's going to put a big strain on the art to straighten it out. It's a little as if we were being presented with all the facts about the earth for the first time, and were asked to discover the basic laws of geology and then go on to figure out the earth's geological history. It's going to take a lot of synthesis to make some sort of order out of this chaos, and a lot of peace and quiet to do it in."

ONE man who often looks as if he could do with some peace and quiet is Dr. Ross Taylor, an Australian geochemist, who is the man who found the high concentration of titanium in the lunar samples, and who periodically strides around the grounds of the Space Center in a harried-looking fashion while everyone else is riding about in an air-conditioned car. At the moment, the study of the moon is in such a state of turmoil that on the day Dr. Urey left, wondering whether the moon wasn't volcanic after all, Dr. Taylor, whose titanium had given Dr. Urey so much worry, and who himself had thought after his first examination of the samples that the moon must have been very hot, was striding around the Space Center looking for Dr. Urey to tell him that he had found out something else about the titanium that might change the situation. He was disappointed on finding out that Dr. Urey had already left; Dr. Taylor always likes to keep Dr. Urey posted, for, he says, "Dr. Urey is really the grandfather of the whole business."

In the L.R.L., Dr. Taylor works with an emission spectrograph, a blue box about ten feet long and two feet square. One end of the box adjoins a glass window—behind which the lunar samples, still in quarantine, are kept—and, working through a pair of rubber gloves, Dr. Taylor puts a bit of lunar sample in an opening within a carbon arc lamp; when the arc is turned on, the heat vaporizes the sample and the light passes into the box. The spectrum of light from the sample reveals the elements that the sample contains. Dr. Taylor made his initial investigations with lunar dust, in which he first found the titanium—a metal with such a high melting point that he and Dr. Urey had all but concluded that the only way it could have been spread across the *maria* was by lava flows welling up from a hot interior.

Dr. Taylor next ran some pieces of lunar rock through his spectrograph and found, to his astonishment, that the rock had an even higher content of titanium than the dust. All this titanium, plus a high concentration of other elements with high melting points (Dr. Taylor mentioned zirconium and yttrium), set him off on a new line of

Keep a lonely beach company this fall

*Have a heart. Everything you've heard is true! Caneel is simply surrounded by seven of the greatest (and the loneliest!) beaches in the world. They're all especially warm and inviting in the fall. Your Travel Agent will give you all the particulars, including rates for the Special Sept./Oct. vacations. Or call our Reservation Offices: New York, (212) 246-4699; Chicago, (312) 372-4489; Washington, (202) 347-4951.*

CANEEL BAY PLANTATION
VIRGIN ISLANDS NATIONAL PARK
ST. JOHN, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
OPERATED BY ROCKRESORTS, INC.

from Scotland-
antartex
SHEEPSKIN

No. 27 : $170.00
in white fleecy

All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women—23 styles, 14 colours—from $90.00. Can be ordered made to measure. Also available in Antartex sheepskin—slippers, boots, hats, rugs, etc. Handmade knitwear. By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions.

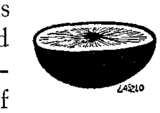
ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS
New York City: 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) LE 5-9079
14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 765-1455
Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich, 661-5788
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston, Harvard Sq., 868-6083
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E.W. Tollway to 31) 232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath
Minneapolis, Minn: 920 Nicollet Mall, 339-1276

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

For your FREE catalogue and real sheepskin samples send this with your name and address to:—

ANTARTEX SHOP AND WAREHOUSE, 120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

thought: Instead of confirming his opinion that the moon must have been hot, his discoveries made him wonder whether the moon might have been cold. "On the moon, *maria* the size of Texas had to be covered with melted rock, and one wouldn't expect lava of *this* composition to be fluid enough to cover such an area, even on the earth," he says. He wonders whether the large amounts of refractory—or heat-resistant—elements might not support a theory about the moon, first proposed by Dr. Ernst Opik, an astronomer, and Dr. Edward Ringwood, a geochemist, that may be compatible with some of Dr. Urey's ideas. This theory supposes that the earth and moon originated together by condensing out of a single cloud of dust, and postulates that as the earth was forming at the center of the cloud the dust at its outer edges, which was to become the moon, grew enormously hot, and all but the refractory elements were burned off. The final stages of the process may have been the formation of a ring of the outer material around the new earth, but with the particles within the ring tending to bunch together until the moon—a *cold* moon—accumulated from particles that had once been very hot. (The last sizable chunks of the ring material to hit the moon may have made the big circular *maria*, and, in so doing, fused the refractory elements so that it now appears that they had been spread across the *maria* surfaces as lava flow.) Just before Dr. Taylor strode off, he told me that titanium is useful in building rockets and spacecraft, and is therefore a felicitous metal to find on the moon.



THE search for traces of life on the moon has not yet turned up anything hopeful. Dr. Donald Flory, an organic geochemist, said before he saw any of the lunar material that the first thing he intended to do when he got a look at the rock samples was to try to find some that might be darker than the rest, because carbonaceous material tends to be dark. Now he reports that none of the material was sufficiently darker than the rest for him or his colleagues to request it specially. At the very first, however, Dr. Flory had felt a flicker of hope, for the dust that covered the rocks was so dark that it seemed possible it might contain organic material. It didn't, though.

Dr. Flory works with a mass spectrometer, which provides a spectrum every seventeen seconds as the material being tested is heated to higher and higher temperatures; the purpose of the gradation of temperatures is to drive off, in stages, any volatile organic material. Earth contamination is apt (but not necessarily certain) to be vaporized more quickly than any carbonaceous material indigenous to the sample. Dr. Flory tries to track down sources of earth contamination by running what he calls "blanks"—earth rocks that have no organic material in or on them—through the processes to which the moon rocks have been subjected. He has found, for example, that a blank sealed into a specially sterilized rock box is nonetheless apt to come out with traces of organic material on it. Recently, when Dr. Flory was running what he thought was a blank through his mass spectrometer, he found that it registered an abnormally high amount of organic material. When he checked, he found that the material he was testing wasn't a blank but, rather, was a sample of lunar dust, which he had put into the mass spectrometer by mistake. He says his spirits soared for about twenty minutes—the time it took him to find out that the lunar sample, which had been sealed into a sterilized vacuum can, was full of organic contamination. Somewhat chagrined, he immediately pressed his spill-alarm button (there is such a button in each laboratory), for if organic material from the earth had been able to infiltrate the vacuum cans the lunar sample was packed in, then germs from the moon could equally well have found their way out—the fact that Dr. Flory had found no trace of life from the moon notwithstanding. The organic contaminant turned out to be a sterilizing agent, which would have killed any moon bugs, so Dr. Flory was saved from quarantine.

The biologists who have been looking for evidence of micro-organisms on the moon have also been disappointed, in a sense. The animals that have been injected with ground-up dust from the moon have shown no reaction at all, even though they have become lethargic when injected with similar material from the earth. "The stuff from the moon actually seems to be *good* for them," one biologist said.

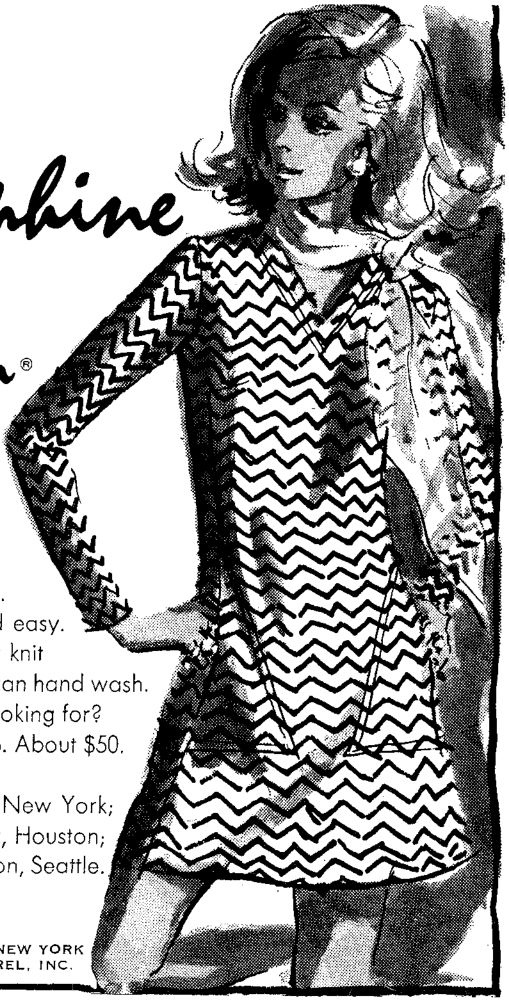
NO one knows exactly how to describe lunar dust. Dr. Taylor says that it is "a fine, gritty black powder, rather undistinguished-looking." A common description of it is that it looks like damp, silty sand. Whatever else it may be, it is certainly mysterious. Dr. David Carrier, a young civil engineer who has examined the dust's physical characteristics to see what one can *do* with it—at the back of his mind is the idea that men will have to reckon with it someday in building a moon base—says that when he first saw it he was surprised at how dark it was. After he had fiddled with it for a while, he decided that it looked most like the dust one finds at the bottom of a coalbin after all the coal has been shovelled out. Like coal dust, the lunar dust sparkles; however, coal dust sparkles because it is facetted, and lunar dust sparkles because it contains a high percentage of glassy beads. "That's just the trouble with it," Dr. Carrier says, exasperated. "Every time you decide the dust is like something on earth, the next thing is you find some reason it *isn't* like it."

The dust has some of the characteristics of flour—if you cut into it, it leaves smooth, vertical walls—but then it isn't fluffy, the way flour is. Another of its properties is the way it sticks together; when Dr. Carrier strains some of it through a sieve, he finds that after he has finished it is all clumped up again. The dust will not pour freely, like salt. It clings together so tightly, Dr. Carrier has observed, that as a canful of it is tipped farther and farther, "the whole mass hangs, and hangs, and hangs, and then—clunk!—it all drops out at once." One of its qualities that Dr. Carrier wants to look into is the way it resisted the core tubes the astronauts tried to push down into it. Finding out the reason for this resistance is important, Dr. Carrier says, because if the ground is too hard to dig underground shelters in, it will have to be blasted. Dr. Carrier has also been studying the dust with an eye to helping a group of engineers at the Marshall Space Flight Center, in Huntsville, Alabama, who are working on plans for a moon car. From his tests on the dust, and also from the photographs of the astronauts' footprints on the moon, Dr. Carrier has figured out that, to attain the best performance on the moon, a lunar wheel thirty inches in diameter (the largest that will fit inside the equipment bay of a lunar module) should have a tread six inches wide. A lunar motorcycle is being developed by engineers at the Space Center for possible use on the Apollo 12 mission, though there may be a problem with skidding on the dust, if the astronaut-rider turns too sharply, because of the reduced gravity on the moon.

MANY scientists and engineers talked about the flight of Apollo 11 as a historical event long before it

THE NEW TWIST OF GOLD
The most delicate rope of them all . . .
14 karat gold twined
round and round into a gleaming pin.
Textured finish. $50.

**LAMBERT BROTHERS**
Jewelers Since 1877
545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York
Opening Soon, Smith Haven Mall • Smithtown



discover
Dauphine
in
Dacron®

It's your kind of dressing.
Young and free and easy.
Pure Dacron polyester knit
you can hand wash.
Isn't this what you're looking for?
Sizes 6 to 16. About $50.

Abraham & Strauss, New York;
Sakowitz, Houston;
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

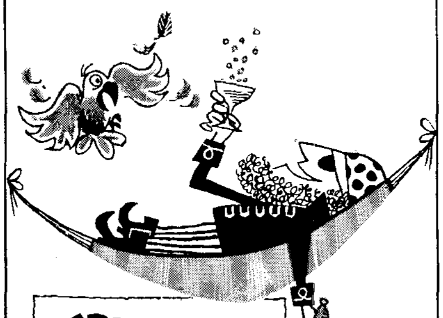
DAUPHINE • 1400 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
A DIVISION OF L'AIGLON APPAREL, INC.

*What typifies Denmark? A smile. Grins just grow around anything Danish. See it by visiting the happy fur collection of Birger Christensen, at Bonwit Teller. And bring a gloomy friend. She'll smile too.*

**BIRGER CHRISTENSEN**
*38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark*

*By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court*

**where all the pampered pirates stay and play...**



**Bluebeard's Castle & Beach**
HOTELS

ST. THOMAS,
U. S. VIRGIN
ISLANDS

Set your spyglass on BLUEBEARD'S, high over the sky-blue harbor. Drink in the Dungeon Bar, survey your domain from the 300-year-old tower. Go Calypso in the Pirate's Parlour. Dine on the starlit Terrace or in the Rogues' Galley. Then dream of doubloons in your air conditioned room. Treasure hunt the mile-long beach at BLUEBEARD'S BEACH HOTEL.

Milan V. Glumidge, Gen. Mgr.

For folders, information see your Travel Agent.
Represented by
**THE LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION**
1345 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, New York 10019 • (212) 765-5800

happened, and now that Apollo 11 has become a historical event they are beginning to think about the next historical event—Apollo 12, scheduled for November 14th. One person who has thus shifted his sights is Mr. David Reed, the young Flight Dynamics Officer who planned the outward-bound part of the trajectory for Apollo 11, and who will be responsible for plotting the part of the trajectory that will land Apollo 12 on the moon. For several weeks, he and other flight engineers have been going over the landing trajectory of Apollo 11 to find out why it overshot its target by about four miles; the reason, Mr. Reed feels, has to do with the shape of the moon's gravitational field.

For Apollo 11, Mr. Reed says, just getting to the moon was important; being four miles from the target didn't matter. Apollo 12, however, has to make a pinpoint landing, for one of its objectives is to land within walking distance—currently considered to be fifteen hundred feet in a space suit—of Surveyor III, the unmanned spacecraft that landed in the Oceanus Procellarum in the spring of 1967. Scientists are eager to take a look at the surfaces of any parts of this craft; since they are familiar with how it looked *before* it landed on the moon, and since they know exactly how *long* it has been sitting on the moon, any new surface irregularities—pockmarks, dust—will provide them with clearer information about the lunar environment than they have been able to get from a study of the rocks. For the Apollo 12 landing, Mr. Reed has to hone down and smooth out his orbits the way a jeweller might fix a ring suspected of being a little misshapen. "We're going to sit down and find every little bump and scrape in Apollo 11's orbit and go over it, so that during Apollo 12 we can give the astronauts the best data possible," he says. "I can't say we're going to set them down right next to Surveyor, but we're sure going to give it hell." —HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

•

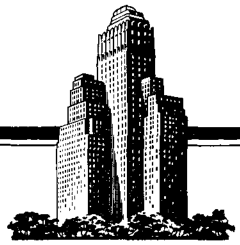
Mrs. Sanders announced that the theme of General Federation of Women's Clubs in 1970 will be "Crusade for Immorality."—*Colorado City (Texas) Record.*

Well, women have to keep occupied.

•

He was well over six feet three inches tall.—*From "The Detective," by Roderick Thorp.*

Like almost six feet *four*?



**Enjoy New York at a Prestige Hotel Address at Moderate Rates... overlooking Central Park!**

**The Barbizon-Plaza**
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

... renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles.....$16.50 to $23.50
Choice Doubles ...$22.00 to $30.00
Tower Studio Suites $32.00 to $38.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $21.00.
Doubles from $28.00.

**WRITE FOR**
**FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"**
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

**THE BIGGEST MUSICAL HIT IN YEARS**
**BEST MUSICAL**
**NEW YORK DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD–1968-69**
**TONY AWARD–1968-69**

**1776**

AMERICA'S
AWARD WINNING
MUSICAL

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY. Prices: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $12; Mezz. $9; Balc. $7, $5. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15, $12; Mezz. $10; Balc. $8, $6. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $8; Mezz. $7; Balc. $6, $5. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.

**46TH STREET THEATRE**
**222 W. 46 St., N.Y. 10036**

**WORLD'S MOST ACCLAIMED MUSICAL**

**Fiddler on the Roof**

**Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.90; Front Mezz. $8.50; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6.40, 5.40, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $6.25; Front Mezz. $5.10; Rear Mezz. $4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80; Sat. Mat.: Orch. $7.50; Front Mezz. $5.50; Rear Mezz. $5.10, 4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80.**

**MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.**

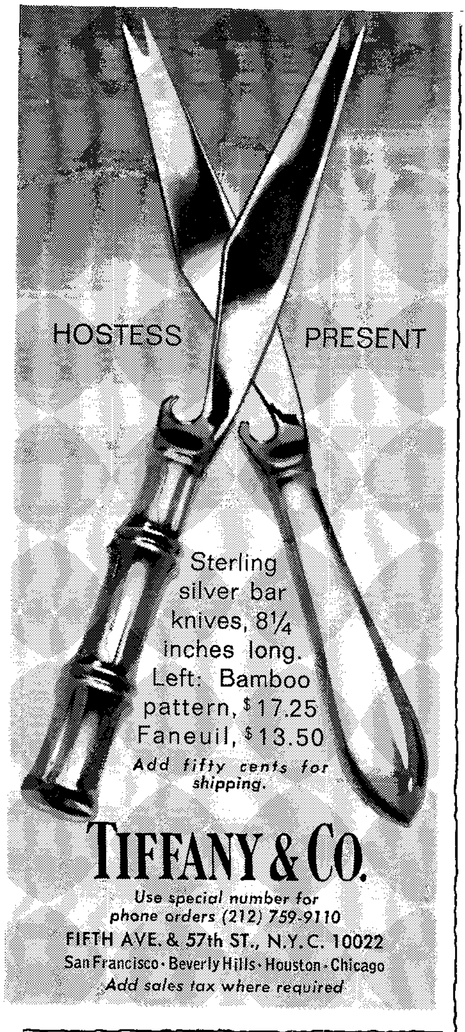
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## THIS AND THAT

Arnulf (Red) Herring, the extrovert young vice-president of Motivational Forecasters, set up a press conference in his Seventh Avenue offices last month to say that he was advising his clients, all of whom are involved in what he calls the Dress Trade, to do some rethinking about those boutiques and whatnots called Ye College Toggerie. "Dolls, they hang around in camp or at the beach all summer with the guys, and the way things are fixed now they're going to the same college with them in the fall, and they're going to keep on dressing the way they and the guys like—the same sweaters and slacks and blue jeans and country-life coats they wore all summer, and maybe some special stuff to fuss up with at night. And, anyway, half the customers in those shops have already been to their fifteenth reunion. So stop kidding yourselves." Lord & Taylor, which has never, never made a habit of kidding itself, must have heard about all this, for Young New Yorker has been added as a preface to its collection of College Shops, and Reality, or Facing the Facts, has been L. & T.'s guidance in stocking, or baiting, the premises. Thus, ready and waiting for a motorcycle escort (at a guess, that nice young man who was the assistant pro at the golf club in July and August) are such things as separates of caramel lacquered cotton, which looks exactly like leather—tunics, motorcycle jackets, straight trousers, miniskirts—and bush jackets, these warmly lined with plush, and *un*lined trousers of waleless cotton corduroy, a fabric that is in itself a novelty. Along with all the pseudo-leather goes pseudo-fur, which figures in the construction of a whole lot of L. & T. coats. What could be mistaken for white Mongolian lamb makes the skirts and the vast notched collars of coats with twill bodices and insert belts of many-hued embroidery; the same lamb makes every bit of the coats, these with standup collars, that are to be worn with pants or else as evening wraps; what could be taken for beige Persian lamb makes really dressed-up coats whose cuffs and bib fronts are of man-made white lamb. These deals go at between $70 and $90, which is easy going, considering the quality. . . . Altman, too, has got the message Red Herring has dragged across the trail; intending girl matriculators are nowadays shown to a set of noncommittally titled gazebos in the Young Colony Shop, on the sixth floor. You can guess what—tunics, for one. Tunics, that is, of rabbit dyed black and bordered by rabbit bleached white are $70, but they look like the Ten Best-Dressed. The fat football sweaters—the ones that made girls look like the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem singing up-the-rebels Irish songs—have disappeared, and skinny, below-the-hips ones of ribbed wool knit have appeared, to be paired off with brief wraparound skirts of the knit. These are a slight $20 a set, and another novelty. And I think I liked the Altman Puzzle Vests, which are a patchwork of bits and pieces of leather in every imaginable color and a few colors that aren't. . . . Abercrombie & Fitch's tenth floor has ensembles of shaggy natural wolf (*natural* wolf does *not* whistle, even when the girls who wear it look like Adorable Snowmen). The ensembles are concerned with coats (interspersions of brown leather), spats that rise nearly to the knees, and visor caps that tie under the chin; $750, $35, and $60, in that order. A. & F. says that neither rain nor snow will mat them, or delay them in the swift completion, etc. Lean, double-breasted maxicoats of natural muskrat (there never was any such thing as a *muskrat* whistle) are $900, and long skirts of natural rabbit are $200. And down on the third floor are Dublin-born coats and suits of brilliant tweeds in chevron-and-block weaves or plain diamond weaves; $140. Suits of plaid in three shades of blue and olive are five bucks more. . . . Bloomingdale's still calls it the College Shop, but updates itself by installing "cat suits," which are at once Mod and a reminder of what Cary Grant was wearing in "To Catch a Thief"—turtleneck leotards of ribbed knit nylon in this or that color. Over them can go jumper dresses of wool jersey, and perky accordion-pleated skirts in a brown-navy-and-white plaid wool may be added for that "layered" look, as the trade has it. Another reminder of times past is the long Edwardian coat, here in plenitude and in what could be mistaken for cavalry twill—beige in hue, $40 in price. Completely of today, though, are the shirtdresses, jumpers, tight caps, and six-

**A Hanbury woman never has to think twice.**
Tweed, the ability to be soft and smart at the same moment. Textured tweed dress and jacket. 100% polyester knit. Brown or Green. Sizes 8-18. About $110.

At Neiman-Marcus, Dallas;
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago;
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh;
Jacobson's, Michigan;
Bullock's, Wilshire.
Hanbury Ltd., 498 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C.



HOSTESS PRESENT

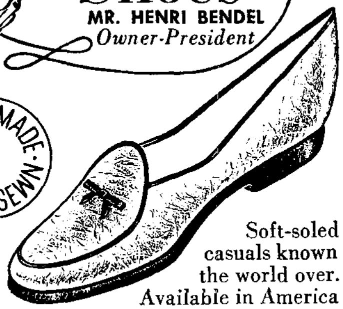
Sterling silver bar knives, 8¼ inches long. Left: Bamboo pattern, $17.25 Faneuil, $13.50
Add fifty cents for shipping.

TIFFANY & CO.
Use special number for phone orders (212) 759-9110
FIFTH AVE. & 57th ST., N.Y.C. 10022
San Francisco · Beverly Hills · Houston · Chicago
Add sales tax where required

MORE COMFORT THAN BAREFOOT

Belgian Shoes
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN



Soft-soled casuals known the world over. Available in America only at our salons or by mail.

For her
MIDINETTE
Calf $29.50

☐ Red/trim black
☐ Blue/trim red
☐ Beige/trim white
☐ Blue/trim green
☐ Brown/trim black
☐ Yellow/trim white
☐ All White ☐ All Black ☐ All Navy

For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.

My regular shoe size is________
Send______pairs @ $29.50 each.
Add 75c per pair mailing charge
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______
Name________
Address________
City______State______

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56th St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

foot-long scarves, all of wool in Argyle plaid. Sweaters and trousers of green wool knit belong with them. . . . Ohrbach's synthetic campus uses black crushed vinyl to imply leather, and the end product is excellent long wraparound coats whose cuffs and shawl collars are raccoon. But no fur on the matching straight trousers. Just as handsome are the mildly fitted jump suits and the short trenchcoats of wool in an enthusiastic Glen plaid, and just as sporty are the long vests of rabbit dyed to suggest jaguar, these last paired with high-necked jump suits of black ribbed wool knit. . . . If I may sound for a moment like Red Herring, I will call the separates on Bonwit Teller's Junior Floor (they're of wool in a bold black-and-white check) Guys and Dolls. Such as jackets long enough to be mini-coatdresses, and short culottes with attached half skirts, and straight trousers, and hip-length vests. Other practicalities: vests, pleated skirts, double-breasted jackets of black, gold, or green cotton velvet, and blouses of white rayon with black Buster Brown neckties. . . . "Body underliners" is the stark term chosen by Best's fourth floor for its long-sleeved tights of plum wool knit, these to go with vests and miniskirts that have a Fair Isle trim. Matching berets, too, if you must, and Tattersall shirts, about which no one need hesitate. . . . Brooks Brothers' pullover and cardigan Scottish sweaters are of cashmere knit to look Shetland; $36.50 and $40, respectively. My favorite color is the pomegranate. The shirts Brooks has been stocking—the ones with the English spread collars—have been men-only affairs up to now, but Brooks has now re-created them in female fashion, of British broadcloth in a series of contrasting stripes. . . . Design Research, whose spiritual home is Helsinki, keeps importing from the homeland materials and apparel that arrest the eye, even though most of the goods are docile enough to be washed by hand. Everyone understands the Design Research scheme—the abstract décor and the argumentative colors ("Miró, Miró, on the wall . . .")—and the scheme still goes on in many of the current three-piece presentations of sleeveless cardigan overblouses, miniskirts, and trousers (black cotton velours with undulating terra-cotta caterpillar stripes), in the Brigitte Bardot (D. R.'s name for them, not mine) smocks and trousers of cotton flannel in cobalt-and-violet plaid, in the dirndl-skirted shirtwaist dresses of wool muslin in nasturtium tints, and in the evening dresses that swirl out at the ankles and

Oil on canvas, 24 x 20 inches
Signed (at lower right): John Sloan

TOWARD EVENING, GLOUCESTER, 1916

JOHN SLOAN
(1871-1951)

HIRSCHL & ADLER Galleries inc.
21 East 67th St. NY 10021 Open Tues. through Sat.
Tel. 212 LE 5-8810 Cable Hiramart, N. Y.

You're not just another pebble on the beach at the Dennis.

You're special! You stay in our charming ocean front hotel or motel. Swim in our two pools, sun on our beach, stroll the boardwalk, go cycling, or play golf nearby. The Cub Club keeps the kids entertained. Enjoy dancing nightly in the Fjord Room. Marvelous meals. Children under 12 stay for only $1 extra in their parents' room.

Call collect (609) 348-4467.
In New York City dial 925-3970.
On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.

HOTEL/MOTEL Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8 0590

RESTAURANT L'Aiglon
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C. JU 6 5950
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner

are topped by below-the-elbow capes (these numbers in red cotton velvet upon which whopping plum-colored pansies are imprinted). Up as high as $185 and down as low as $40 for this lot. . . . Miss Bergdorf's separates are polite and often inexpensive, such as the slacks and the sleeveless, floor-length coats, all of black-and-white tweed, and their companion short culottes and tunics, mostly of black wool. The touch of color for them is provided by shirts of purple crêpe. Much more flamboyant tweeds make cap-sleeved, back-belted tunics that can keep company, not necessarily steady, with cablestitch sweaters of purple wool knit and ribbed, slightly flared trousers. The more extravagant things will cost more when they arrive, any day now—to wit, $165 for the suits of needlepoint wool in horizontal stripes of four colors. Their sleeveless jackets are lined with the white crêpe of the tailored blouses, which are attached to the skirts. Beautiful, beautiful! . . . Saks Fifth Avenue's private college is on the seventh floor, and it's a Seventh Heaven for admirers of sweaters done in natural hand-knit wool. The flavor is Irish-fisherman, but the workmanship is Italian. A mere $16 for all that handicraft. Slacks of a nubbly concatenation of white cotton, nylon, rayon, and wool are flecked with wine, gold, and black, and these are to be worn with the sweaters; $24. And what of the restrained coatdresses in a white-greige-and-beige basketweave wool plaid, scarved around the collarless throats, for a quite bearable $50, and what of the peasanty wool-challis dresses with long puffed sleeves and a panorama of color—gold-white-and-blue Paisley through the body, blue-gold-red-and-black plaid at the yokes and hems, for but $40? Jump suits for evening seem to be all right in these permissive times, so on, now, to the ones of bottle-green panne velvet with a touch here and there of rhinestone—a gem once never, ever seen in good company. Oh, well, even the definition of what's good company today, and tonight, gets hazier and hazier. —M. M.

•

Giant Sequoia
*Sequoiadendron giganteum*
Outstanding features: Noted for its great size and especially the enormous trunk at maturity . . .
Unsuited to any but large gardens, where it can develop into a magnificent specimen tree in a few hundred years.
—*Brooklyn Botanic Garden handbook.*

Meanwhile, don't forget Johnny-jump-ups.

"Somebody finally made a trouser for the uncommon man"

The Shaped® Trouser by Asher.

The Ultimate in Trousers
Coventry Square
A Division of The Asher Company

For your nearest store write Asher, Fitchburg, Mass.

The home-base Hilton for people who like to roam.

Make your holiday headquarters your huge air-conditioned balconied room at the San Jeronimo Hilton in the exclusive Condado section of San Juan. Wander the blue-stone streets of close-by 16th-century Old San Juan and come back to lunch beside one of our two garden pools. Or take an adventurous all-day expedition to El Yunque, the tropical rain forest. Tune-up in our health club for a festive night that begins with dinner in our Castilian Room with the Atlantic surf floodlighted below, topped off by entertainment and dancing in the Siboney Lounge or Club La Ronda. The San Jeronimo Hilton puts you in easy reach of Puerto Rico's far-out places.

☎ Call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.

SAN JERONIMO HILTON

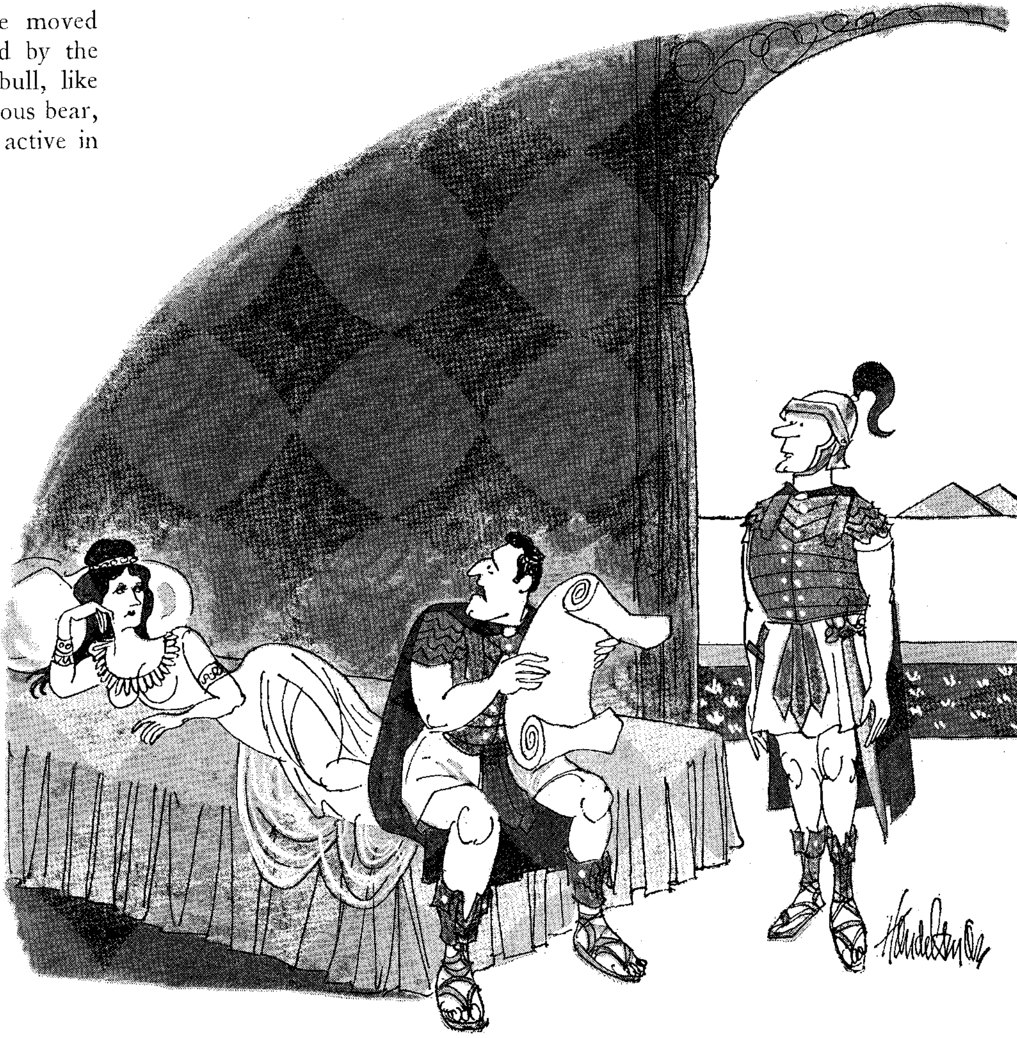
# ANNALS OF FINANCE

## A CORNER IN STUTZ

"IN a sense, the financial conflict is more bitter and ruthless than war itself; in war, friend and foe can be distinguished." So Barnie F. Winkelman, a shrewd Philadelphia lawyer with Wall Street connections, wrote about the stock market of the nineteen-twenties. Except for a few newly arrived provincials, who were instantly identifiable by such *outré* items of apparel as wide-brimmed hats and two-color shoes, the warriors of Wall Street wore pretty much the same uniform regardless of which army or task force they were enlisted in at any particular time, and never was the fighting more bitter or ruthless than when a foe was a former friend. It was a time of transition, in Wall Street as in the nation as a whole, from the dominance of individual men to that of institutions. Single powerful bankers, like J. P. Morgan, the unquestioned archduke of American finance, or George F. Baker, the octogenarian known as "the one-man bank," could still make or break industrial enterprises by granting or withholding capital, and the whole stock market could be moved sharply upward or downward by the mere rumor that a famous bull, like William C. Durant, or a famous bear, like Jesse L. Livermore, was active in it. But institutions were fast achieving dominance, and the Wall Street institution whose power and influence were growing most rapidly—the institution well on its way to replacing J. P. Morgan & Co. as the center of national financial power—was the New York Stock Exchange.

Indeed, the Stock Exchange in 1920, so newly risen to power that it had not mellowed into responsibility, was probably in a more arbitrary and arrogant mood than at any time before or since. Governed by rules of its own making, and not shackled by any sort of public regulation, it was fully capable of summarily changing its rules to the advantage of its dominant members, carrying on vindictive vendettas, and explaining itself to the public in terms so patently preposterous as to indicate contempt. The men who ran the Exchange, like those who were to run the biggest corporations a generation later, were themselves relatively faceless; they drew their strength and courage from the institution, and were perhaps among the first "organization men." Yet they were organization men of an earlier sort—not less tough or aggressive but more charming, more opinionated, more anxious to please their friends and less so to please anyone else, more frankly selfish and less socially responsible, far more anxious to be thought of, and to think of themselves, as gentlemen. They were out of a single mold. Later in the decade, the key committees of the Exchange would include self-made men, Westerners, even Jews, but almost to a man these were products of old Eastern stock who had grown up in more or less genteel circumstances and had gone to the best New England preparatory schools. They were unashamedly indifferent about intellectual matters and unabashedly preoccupied with making money; they had no ambitions except to become richer and more socially prominent. Above all, they were charming when they chose to be, and never discourteous except on purpose. The Stock Exchange was the fortress of their popinjay airs and their mutually protective ruthlessness. Yet the fortress was not unassailable. Just as the most dramatic and characteristic financial conflicts of earlier times had been man against man, and those of later times would be business against government, so those of 1920 pitted man against institution.

That year, the one man who dared to challenge those who ran the Stock Exchange was a member of it—Allan A. Ryan, the eldest son of one of the last survivors of a dying breed. Ryan *père*, whose impoverished Scotch-Irish parents in up-country Virginia had given him the prophetic name of Thomas Fortune, started his working life as a drygoods clerk in Baltimore, moved to New York to become a brokerage clerk, and, in the mid-eighteen-seven-



"I was afraid of this. It's a message from Caesar, the gist of which is that he wants me to render you unto him."

ties, fell in with William C. Whitney, the transit entrepreneur and founder of a famous dynasty, whose protégé and then partner Ryan became, and who described Ryan later as "the most adroit, suave, and noiseless man that American finance has ever known." Starting with horsecars, Whitney and Ryan began taking over and consolidating public transportation in New York City, and by the time of Whitney's death, in 1904, they had, with the help of such tactics as stock-watering and franchise-buying—which a grand jury in 1908 found "dishonest and probably criminal" yet not actionable—not only absorbed the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and gained control of the entire city transportation system but amassed what Matthew Josephson later called "two of the quickest and largest fortunes of the whole era of frenzied finance." Ryan's fortune was then estimated at fifty million dollars, and though he remained so suave and noiseless as to be all but inaudible to reporters (he was said to have talked to them only twice in his life, on each occasion merely to make a brief formal statement), he was nevertheless known admiringly in the press as "the great opportunist." Eventually, he broadened his business interests to include banking, tobacco, railroads, life insurance, diamonds, oil, rubber, coal, coke, lead, electricity, and typewriters; increased his fortune to more than a hundred million dollars, paying, in 1924, the tenth-largest individual income tax ($791,851) in the country; became the leading benefactor of the Democratic Party and the leading American benefactor of the Catholic Church; and built a Fifth Avenue mansion with a private chapel and an art gallery specializing in busts of him, three of them by Rodin.

The son of this classic capitalist buccaneer was, not surprisingly, quite a different sort of fellow. He was physically frail, inclined to moral scruples, and talkative in the presence of reporters; at the same time, he had inherited his father's stubborn will, independence, and aptitude for financial manipulation. Unlike his father, he had behind him a good formal education, at various private schools and at Georgetown University; moreover, the elder Ryan undertook to tutor him in the intricacies of finance, and, in 1905, when Allan was twenty-five, turned over to him his seat on the Stock Exchange. Three years later, the young man acquired another mentor, equally formidable—Charles M. Schwab, the celebrated first president

Two weeks at home. $499.

Home to us is Rome to you. It's also Milan, Venice, Naples and 9 other Italian cities. Send this coupon and let us tell you more.

☐ Italy (Group), 2 weeks, $499.

**Other Extra-Value-Vacation Tours.** ☐ Portugal & Madeira, 2 weeks, from $315. ☐ Portugal & Spain, 2 weeks, from $429. ☐ Portugal, Spain & Morocco, 3 weeks, from $579. ☐ Italy (Independent), 2 weeks from $587. ☐ Italy & Switzerland, 3 weeks, $599. ☐ Italy & Greece, 2 weeks, $699. ☐ European Shrines, 2 weeks, $599. ☐ Europe on the Town, 3 weeks, from $799. ☐ Holy Land, 2 weeks, from $774.

**Super-Value-Vacations for Bargain-Hunters.** ☐ Portugal & Spain, 2 or 3 weeks, from $300. ☐ Sun and Fun—Italy, Portugal & Spain, 2 or 3 weeks, from $339. ☐ Italy, 2 or 3 weeks, from $360.

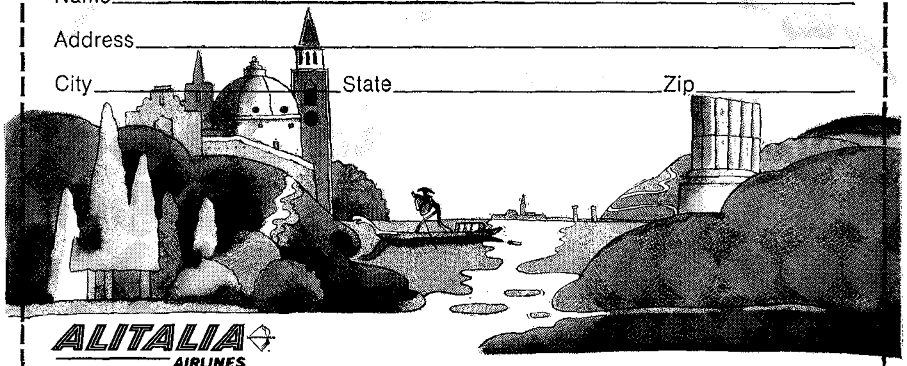
**Other Alitalia Tours.** ☐ Seascapes ☐ Africa

For free brochure on Alitalia tours, see your travel agent or mail coupon to Alitalia Tours, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

Name________

Address________

City______ State______ Zip______



ALITALIA
AIRLINES

NY-IT-8-23

Prices based on 21/14 day round-trip jet economy tour basing fares from New York for groups of 15 or more. Bookings and a 25% deposit must be made 30 days in advance.

Crompton is corduroy.

Valor knows. That's why they chose Crompton ribless cotton corduroy to create this safari coat. Weather tamed with an Orlon® acrylic pile lining. In gold or rum rock. Sizes 6-16. About $40.* At Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY-INC., 1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y. 10018.

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST. MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

S.F.A. has a soft, warm spot for stripes. It's our zip-front robe of triacetate-and-nylon fleece striped in many colors, mainly red, blue and green. For 5 to 13 sizes, $21. Young Elite® Robe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

of United States Steel and, subsequently, chairman of Bethlehem Steel. "Thomas F. Ryan and I have been friends for many years," Schwab explained to an acquaintance later. "When he was retiring from business, he brought his boy Allan to me. Told me Allan was his hope for the future . . . would I look out for him? I have looked out for Allan ever since." Under such guidance, and with an unknown amount of his father's money as his initial stake, Ryan and the brokerage firm that he had founded, Allan A. Ryan & Co., became forces to be reckoned with in Wall Street. He came to be known as a powerful and clever bull operator, optimistic about the economy's future and particularly adept at the delicate yet brutal art of squeezing short sellers—the pessimists who, in the expectation that the price of a certain stock will decline, borrow shares of it and sell them for future delivery, in the hope of later buying that many shares back at a lower price to settle their loans. In the great bull-market year of 1919, during which the rate of turnover of shares on the Stock Exchange exceeded that of any year before and many years afterward, Ryan was generally thought of as the mightiest bull of them all; the very whisper that he was buying was enough to bring about a rise in prices. One day, riding uptown with a banker, he let drop the information that he was now worth thirty million dollars. He operated in many fields—oil, textiles, chemicals, candy, machinery tools, and so on—but his biggest investment was thought to be in the Stutz Motor Car Company of America, Inc., makers of the famous Bearcat, a firm in which he had bought a controlling interest in 1916 and of which he assumed the presidency that same year.

At the beginning of 1920, Ryan, at just under forty, was a somewhat formal man with a prominent but not flamboyant mustache and sad, probing eyes; he and his wife and children had a properly grand house in Murray Hill, and, apart from an alleged penchant for the race track, he was reputed to lead the life of a conservative financier. His Stutz company, despite the keen competition among automobile manufacturers in those days, when there were hundreds of makes of car on the market, was in excellent shape. Besides sports cars like the Bearcat, which was soon to be as much a hallmark of flaming youth as the raccoon coat and the hip flask, the company manufactured a family-sized automobile, with a high price tag and a look of quiet authority—a car that, according to the advertisements for it, knew "no master on the road." Ryan estimated that Stutz's net profit for the year 1920 would amount to around five million dollars. All in all, his life at that time seemed to be one of splendid success, marred by a single blemish—a bitter quarrel with his father. In October, 1917, Thomas Fortune Ryan had remarried less than two weeks after the death of his first wife, and gossip both in Wall Street and in the salons uptown attributed the falling out to this act. The gossip was never confirmed or denied by either the father or the son; what was known was that, early in 1920, they were not on speaking terms.

That January, on a trip to Indianapolis to inspect the Stutz factory, Allan Ryan caught influenza and was hospitalized for two weeks. He had a long history of respiratory illnesses, and friends had repeatedly urged him to retire from business, or at least from the hectic business of stock speculation, in the interests of his health. Illnesses and entreaties alike only goaded him to harder work. During February, Ryan, back in New York, and suffering from pneumonia that had come as a sequel to his influenza, learned certain things from his business associates that led him to believe his affairs needed his immediate attention. Stutz stock, which had been selling on the Stock Exchange at around a hundred dollars a share at the beginning of the year, had risen steadily throughout January and then, on February 2nd, had suddenly advanced in a bound from 120 to 134; at this stage, Ryan was told, organized short selling had appeared, as speculators who thought the price too high pounced on what they took to be the stock's exposed position. This was a bear raid, and among the raiders, it was revealed later, were some of the leading members of the Stock Exchange—men whom Ryan, as an outsider in the eyes of the Exchange's ruling clique, could not call friends but with whom he joked and bantered from time to time on the floor or in the Stock Exchange Luncheon Club. In the course of making a killing in Stutz, they might maim the company and separate Ryan from much of his wealth—or, contrariwise, their maneuver might end up costing them their own shirts—but in either case the antagonists were supposed to take it all in good part and continue the joking and bantering during the contest and afterward. Such was the code.

At all events, a bear raid was precisely the maneuver that Ryan was best equipped by experience, temperament, and aptitude to combat and crush. Rising from his sickbed in Murray Hill, he went to Wall Street—at first in the care of a nurse—to do battle. His aim was to buy all the Stutz stock that was offered for sale, and buy it on an ascending price scale, which would close a vise progressively tighter on the short sellers—who, of course, would eventually have to buy stock themselves to replace what they had sold. To conduct his campaign, Ryan needed enormous sums of cash, and it later became evident that he had resorted to enormous loans from individuals and banks.

At first, Ryan lost ground. So great was the short-selling pressure that by early March, despite his efforts, the price of Stutz had dropped back to near 100. But then the tide turned decisively. By the morning of March 24th, Stutz was up to 245; that day it shot up to 282, and a week later it had skyrocketed to 391. In the course of the startling rise, practically all the Stutz stockholders except Ryan, his firm, and members of his family decided to take their profits and sold their stock, which was snapped up in every case by Ryan. Meanwhile, the opportunity to get an inflated price for Stutz appealed more and more to the erstwhile short sellers, and Ryan bought their offerings, too; toward the end of the month, the stock that they were selling *to* Ryan had first to be borrowed *from* him, since there was no longer anyone else who had any. The public supply was simply gone. Confident that he was winning, he gladly went on lending it, and the wild rise to 391 on March 31st signalled his victory. The short sellers, it was clear, had disastrously underestimated his strength; they were overpowered, and had a choice of buying back at Ryan's price the stock they owed him—thereby incurring huge losses—or of facing professional ruin, and perhaps a prison term, for breach of contract. Ryan, who was feeling much better by this time, had engineered in Stutz what Wall Street calls a corner.

In the light of this situation, certain events of March 31st appear odd. Ryan was in a position to have an excellent indication of who most of the short sellers were, since in recent days it was he, and he alone, who had lent the stock; he knew, then, that most of them were, like him, members of the Stock Exchange, and some

Altogether, now...the bra and slip combined into one lacy nylon figure-shaper. Olga gives it fit with hidden shell cups, adds light security with **Lycra*** spandex to hug the back. In white and un-pale pastels, Sizes 32 to 36, A-B...13.00. At stores with fashion spirit.

*DuPont's Reg.T.M.

**behind every**
**OLGA®**
**there really is an Olga**

Jacobson's
Michigan

**Amalfi's town trotter, Italian style** . . . a brisk envelope-flap monk strap shoe with dimensional oval brass buckle and a penchant for the new looks of autumn. Black, tan meerschaum or grey meerschaum calf **30.00**

GROSSE POINTE BIRMINGHAM DEARBORN ANN ARBOR BATTLE CREEK
SAGINAW JACKSON EAST LANSING GRAND RAPIDS KALAMAZOO

BON APPETIT

From Lloyds collection of English, French and American Dining Tables

DIRECTOIRE EXTENSION TABLE SEATS TEN

*Perfect for the Living-Dining Area*

This most versatile translation of the French original extends to a huge 87″ oval with 4 extra leaves inserted. With drop leaves down it measures only 19″ x 38″ to fit comfortably into a tiny space. 33″ x 38″ with leaves up. Simple . . . elegant, entirely finished by hand in French acajou (brown mahogany), or in aged fruitwood color. Both with brass edges — both with the mellow patina of an inherited antique. $269

*F.O.B., N.Y.C.*
*Add $18 crating beyond delivery area.*

GET TO KNOW LLOYDS; it's one of the most unusual shops of its kind in New York. You'll find that it's fun to browse to your heart's content through our large collection of Antique and Reproduction furniture, paintings and decorations and objets d'art. Discover Lloyds as soon as you can. You'll be glad that you did.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

We believe in twogetherness!

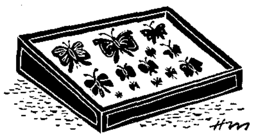
So we added a Lodge to Cherry Hill Inn. Your next vacation or visit will be twice as much fun!
**NOW!** 500 luxury guest rooms
**NOW!** Twice the fine dining & Cocktail lounging
**NOW!** Two pools, golf, sports & entertainment

RESERVATIONS & INFORMATION:
PHONE 609-662-7200
DIRECT N.Y. NO. 212-226-2969

Cherry Hill Inn and Lodge

Now! Two of the 7 Wonderful Inns of the World
15 minutes from downtown Philadelphia
4 miles from N.J. Turnpike Exit 4
Route 38, Cherry Hill, N.J.

of them, unlike him, members of its key committees. Indeed, he had good reason to believe that among them were no fewer than ten members of the Exchange's Board of Governors itself, including Herbert T. B. Jacquelin, Allen L. Lindley, and Bayard Dominick—the very men who formed the nucleus of the Exchange's ruling clique and directed its policies. On the morning of the thirty-first, Ryan was summoned to appear before the Exchange's Business Conduct Committee to explain the gyrations of Stutz. He might have thrown the question back at his interrogators, but instead he explained to the committee that the scarcity of Stutz stock was apparently brought about by the fact that he and his family now owned it all—and even, because of clerical confusion, had contracts for a few more shares than the hundred thousand that actually existed. He then named the terms on which he would settle with the short sellers, still diplomatically omitting to mention that at least one of them was seated in front of him. He would, he said, sell them all the shares they needed to fulfill their contracts at $750 per share.



The short sellers may well have blanched at this proposition, since it meant a loss to them of between $350 and $650 on each share they were short, and some of them were short hundreds. But Ryan was within his rights, and the sellers' dilemma was of their own making; moreover, since a successful cornerer may theoretically set an infinite price, any finite one is theoretically a bargain. Just as the destruction of a company and its stockholders is the logical end of a successful bear raid, so a corner is the logical end of a successful bull counterattack. The losers' only right was to plead for mercy, because Exchange rules at that time, although they discouraged both dénouements, did not forbid either. Previous corners on the Exchange, like the famous one of 1901 in the stock of the Northern Pacific Railroad, had sometimes caused vast social harm but had nevertheless always ended with the short sellers' paying their conqueror's price, rather than with any sort of official intervention; no Geneva Convention existed to mitigate the cruelty of the financial war.

In this case, however, the conquered instantly showed themselves to be in no mood to plead for mercy. Early that afternoon, the Business Conduct Committee, now buttressed by the Law Committee, had Ryan on the carpet again, as if *he* were the one in trouble. This time, the Exchange men seized the offensive, by suggesting that they were considering striking Stutz from the trading list, on one pretext or another. Ryan, knowing that such a move would be a grave blow, because it would deprive Stutz stock of a ready market and thus drive its value down, boldly replied that if such action were taken his settlement price would be not $750 per share but $1,000. Following this exchange of threats, the meeting broke up, and the two Stock Exchange committees went to report its outcome to their ultimate authority, the Board of Governors. During the half hour between the end of the meeting and the end of the day's trading on the Exchange floor, there was a further extraordinary development. Some of the Exchange members who were trapped short sellers, and knew full well that Ryan had them cornered, nevertheless dug themselves deeper into the corner by borrowing still more stock from him and then selling it short. This apparently suicidal move came to appear less illogical shortly after the close, when the Board of Governors announced that it had decided by unanimous vote to suspend forthwith all dealings in Stutz for an indefinite period. Upon being reminded by a reporter that no precedent or rule of the Exchange appeared to sanction this action, a Stock Exchange spokesman replied airily, "The Exchange can do anything."

THUS deprived of a ready market for his stock, and with his huge borrowings hanging over his head, Ryan was indeed in trouble. But he still had his corner. The stock he had lent had to be produced on demand, and the short sellers were required to find it, somehow or other, whenever he might call for it. Furthermore, the Stutz Motor Car Company, of which he was now virtually the sole owner, was still profitably turning out Bearcats and other cars that knew no master on the road. For a few days, Ryan kept his own counsel, marshalling legal advice and planning tactics, while the Stutz affair became the chief—indeed, almost the only—topic in Wall Street. The talk centered on the identity of the short sellers—a matter about which the public knew nothing. Some could not resist suggesting, without evidence, that Ryan's own father was among those seeking his ruin; others said that the villain was Schwab, but at least this calumny was disposed of a few days later, when the younger Ryan was uneventfully reëlected to the board of Bethlehem Steel, Schwab's company. (Schwab said later that there *had* been a spell of bad feeling between him and Allan Ryan, stemming from a casually slighting remark about the Stutz company, falsely attributed to Schwab, that had been made at a dinner party. But, far from selling Stutz short, Schwab had lent Ryan a round million dollars with which to defend it.) Another story was that the whole thing was the result of a trifling fifty-thousand-dollar bet—a bit of blood sport among the financial titans. And Stock Exchange spokesmen, apparently confident that Ryan would not dare violate the Wall Street code of secrecy on private contracts by naming the borrowers of stock, circulated what may have been the wildest story of all. Most of the short sellers, the Exchange men said, with straight faces, were just investors of modest means in outland towns like Kankakee and Peoria. The idea that the country's Aunt Janes, most of whom had discovered the existence of the stock market only in the two years since the end of the war, were, like old boardroom regulars, engaging in such a sophisticated maneuver as selling short was so dumbfounding to all that no one appears to have made any comment on it.

On April 5th, the Exchange announced, through its Law Committee, that it considered Ryan's contracts void. "The Exchange will not treat failure to deliver Stutz Motor stock, due to inability of the contracting party to obtain same, as a failure to comply with his contract," the Law Committee declared, repudiating in a single sentence the principle on which all Exchange operations were based, and it topped off this astounding ukase with the suggestion that if Ryan was unsatisfied he could resort to "action at law." (To emphasize the futility of this recourse, an Exchange member called the attention of the press to the fact that in the course of its hundred-and-twenty-eight-year history the Exchange had had only one of its rulings overthrown by the courts.) Accepting the challenge, though not in the manner proposed to him, Ryan the following day sent to the Board of Governors an ultimatum of his own, which, for toploftiness, rivalled that of his antagonists. Blithely, or perhaps tactfully, ignoring the Exchange's action of the day before, he simply assumed the validity of his contracts and laid down his terms for their settlement—among

**Radley.** Classic pullover for campus or country wear . . . Alan Paine's authentic crew-neck Shetland with exclusive saddle shoulder. *In brilliant new colours especially created by Alan Paine.* About $16.

Alan Paine
MADE IN ENGLAND

For store names, write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

**If it weren't for a volcano, Leilani would taste and cost the same as any ordinary rum.**

Leilani Hawaiian Rum
Leilani Hawaiian Rum

LEILANI HAWAIIAN RUM • 80 PROOF
CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., HONOLULU, HAWAII

On the Hawaiian island of Maui, there's a dormant volcano called Haleakala.

And the land that surrounds it is rich in volcanic ash. Which is why we have the juiciest sugar cane in the world. And why Leilani has such a light, distinctive flavor.

However, Leilani does cost a little more. That's because we make it in a small distillery. And we make it slowly. Carefully. In small batches. On a remote island. So we can't make much of it.

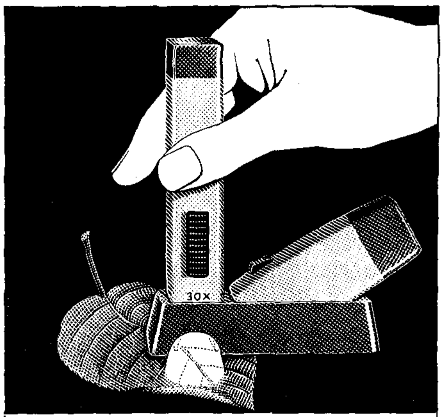
But we think you'll find the taste so pleasant, you won't mind paying that little bit extra.

After all, Leilani is made in paradise.

Lord & Taylor

**Giant** in fashion now: bag of huge mock crocodile grained leather clipped to a shoulder strap, with gilt "collar button" closing. Black or brown, by Jana, 27.00

All Lord & Taylor stores



**LUMISCOPE**

**ILLUMINATED 30x MICROSCOPE SYSTEM**

Your first look through **LUMISCOPE** will evoke a gasp of surprise and disbelief! Here, in a brilliantly illuminated field you will discover the mini-structure of inanimate and living things. You needn't restrict yourself to static observations. Have you ever watched life within a drop of water? Or the subtle color changes as electricity courses through a resistance wire? These and other fascinating sights can be visible to you with **LUMISCOPE**. The System consists of the Microscope, light attachment (may be used separately as a flashlight), stand and batteries– in fitted case.

Send me: ☐ Standard **LUMISCOPE** $12.95.
☐ Measuring **L'SCOPE** (3mm reticle) $19.95.
I enclose this amount (plus $1 for post. & ins.) Calif. residents add 5%. Refund in ONE YEAR if not *delighted.*

NAME
ADDRESS
ZIP
NY0823
584 Washington St. San Francisco, 94111 **haverhill's**

others, that the Exchange negotiate a price with him on behalf of all the short sellers who were its members, to save him the trouble of negotiating with them individually, and that Stutz stock be promptly relisted. The Exchange did not reply.

With the impasse at a point where the alternatives seemed to be ruin for Ryan or grave loss of face for the Exchange, lawyers began to appear on the scene. Dos Passos Brothers, the leading experts on Stock Exchange law (and the firm of the novelist John Dos Passos' father), rendered, on abstruse grounds, the opinion that Ryan's contracts were probably unenforceable. A protective committee was appointed to represent the short sellers—it delicately avoided saying who its clients were—and for advisory legal counsel it obtained the Olympian jurist Charles Evans Hughes, who four years earlier had just missed being elected President of the United States. Ryan himself engaged the humbler counsel of the firm of Stanchfield & Levy. "We contend that the outstanding contracts to deliver stock . . . are invalid," said Charles A. Morse, chairman of the protective committee, on April 9th. "We are going to fight it out on these lines if it takes all summer." "I do not consider that the fight has yet started," Ryan riposted three days later, garbling his military quotation a bit more than Morse had garbled his, but preserving its spirit. By this time, the fight had become a public entertainment in financial circles; crowds clustered around the news tickers in brokerage offices watching for the latest statement by Ryan or his enemies, and greeted it with applause or boos, according to taste. And, indeed, there was high drama in the Stutz affair. Although probably no more of a reformer or a hero than the next stockbroker, Ryan had trapped himself in a reformist and heroic role—that of singlehanded challenger of the integrity of the nation's most powerful financial institution.

On April 13th, he began an all-out offensive. Shortly after noon, he called on the secretary of the Stock Exchange and tendered his resignation, submitting with it a long statement of explanation, in which he said, "So long as your body is responsible only to itself, and so long as you can make your own rules and regulations for their immediate execution . . . so long as you permit men who have a personal financial interest at stake to take part in your deliberations, your judgments, and your decisions . . . I cannot with self-respect longer continue as a member." But, besides being an act of conscience, his resignation was a tactical move, since it freed him from the discipline of Exchange rules and, in his view, from the observance of Wall Street customs as well. That evening, he gave a reporter from the *World* the names of ten Stock Exchange governors who—he implied, without actually saying it—owed him Stutz stock and were therefore caught short. Among the names he listed were those of Jacquelin, Lindley, Dominick, and various other hard-core Stock Exchange oligarchs, and even some members of the committees that had sat in judgment upon Ryan. The following day, when the list was printed, most of the men named, as soon as they had recovered from their shock at this flouting of the code, denied categorically that they or their firms were short of Stutz, except perhaps on behalf of some of their customers—a qualification that made the denials almost laughable, since the circumstance that they had sold short for customers rather than for themselves in no way lessened their responsibility for their contracts. Besides losing that point, the Establishment suffered two other setbacks that day. People who were outraged by the implications of Ryan's revelations began talking about a legislative investigation to consider the possibility of government regulation—state, or even federal—of the Stock Exchange, and this was, as one observer put it mildly, "a development that many earnest friends of the Stock Exchange are extremely anxious to avoid." Meanwhile, the same issue of the *World* in which the list of names appeared also carried a cryptic line or two about Thomas Fortune Ryan, whose name had theretofore been mysteriously missing from newspaper discussions of the Stutz case. Although the elder Ryan remained officially as noiseless as ever, the *World* declared, without giving the source of its information, that he "admired the indomitable fighting spirit of his son and would back him in his controversy to the limit of his resources." If this was true, then the Stock Exchange and its suddenly wobbly pillars had further reason to tremble.

The Exchange did show signs of nervousness, in that two days later it issued an elaborate justification of its conduct. In suspending dealings in Stutz, the Exchange explained, it had acted to protect the public from losses that might have resulted from the wild gyrations in the price brought about by the corner. "There is not a word of truth in the statement that the action . . . was dictated by a desire to benefit the short interests," it asserted. In the matter of Ryan's contracts for borrowed stock, the Exchange backed down from its previous position that they need not be honored, and took the tack that it had nothing to do with the question—that the settlement of the contracts was "entirely a matter for negotiation between the parties." The statement concluded on a note of warm self-congratulation: "The members of the Board of Governors of the Exchange are firmly convinced that in all actions taken in respect to Stutz Motor stock they have been guided solely by a sense of their duty to the best interests of the Exchange and of the public."

It remained for Ryan to spring the trap by calling in the stock he had lent. Should it not be forthcoming, as it obviously would not be, he would be entitled, under Exchange rules, to "buy it in"—that is, to buy it from himself on behalf of those who owed it to him, at whatever price he might care to set, and charge the cost to the unfortunate borrowers. Such, under the terms of the market game, are the consequences of selling short and getting cornered—unless, of course, the cornerer's contracts are invalid, and on this point the protective committee seemingly capitulated on April 20th by announcing that it was ready to accept impartial mediation on a negotiated settlement price. By this time, the protective committee had admitted that it represented fifty-six Stock Exchange firms that were caught short fifty-five hundred shares of Stutz. A mediation committee acceptable to both sides was formed, most of its members being concerned representatives of the banks from which Ryan had borrowed millions of dollars to mount his operation, but it soon bogged down in resignations and pussyfooting, occasioned by its desire to avoid publicity. Ryan had postponed his buying pending the outcome of the mediation efforts, but as the days dragged by without results he grew increasingly restive, and at last he announced a final deadline. He intended to buy in all the stock owed him on the morning of April 24th, at ten o'clock precisely. "Patiently I have waited many days," he pointed out. In what market did he plan to make this interesting transaction with himself?

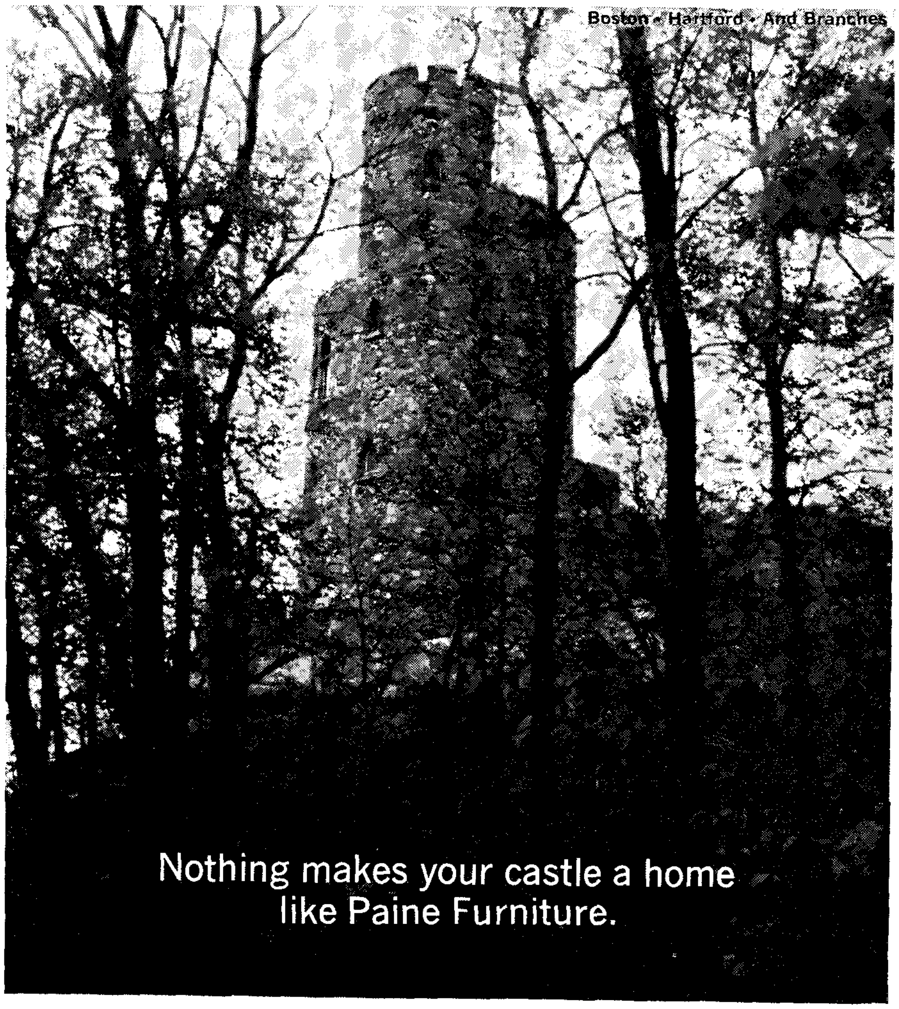
Auction of very rare Meissen and other art property
at Chateau-sur-Mer Newport, R.I.

An on-premises executor's auction of very rare Meissen and other porcelain and pottery; English, American and Continental silver; fine furniture, paintings, prints, works of art and decorative objects will take place Sept. 16, 17 and 18 under the auspices of Parke-Bernet Galleries.

The property of over 1,000 lots is from the estates of the late Edith M. K. Wetmore and Maude A. K. Wetmore. It will be on exhibition Sept. 13, 14 and 15 at the residence. Selected pieces will be exhibited at Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York Sept. 8 through 11.

Profusely illustrated catalogue $5; by mail $7. Address Dept. 823. For further information, write or telephone Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc., 980 Madison Ave., New York 10021. (212) 879-8300.

Parke-Bernet GALLERIES • INC


Boston • Hartford • And Branches
Nothing makes your castle a home like Paine Furniture.

**CONVERTIBLE BERMUDA BAG**

...island fashioned with our own pure wool Bermuda Blue tartan...a soft, luxurious and exclusive blending of reef blue, tree green, hibiscus red...8" square...fragrant cedar handle...ingenious strap instantly converts shoulder bag to hand bag.

Other available tartans—Anderson, Dress Stewart, Dress Gordon, Royal Stewart, Royal Canadian Air Force. Specify desired tartan. $8.00 postpaid. Write to H. A. & E. Smith, Ltd., Hamilton, Bermuda.

Smith's
in
BERMUDA

Uncrowded

*...yet you are only 100 miles from the city*

A leisurely round of golf on our uncrowded 27-hole course is just part of the fun at Buck Hill. High in the picturesque Poconos, The Inn is only a pleasant drive from New York or Philadelphia. Horseback riding, tennis, lawn bowling and other activities in season.

Reservation Offices: New York: 30 Rockefeller Plaza W. (212) 245-5620, In Philadelphia: (215) 922-2180.
*Special Golf Package Plans*

BUCK HILL
INN & GOLF CLUB
BUCK HILL FALLS • PA.
TELEPHONE (717) 595-7441

Why, on the outdoor Curb Exchange, membership in which was obtained merely by showing up on Broad Street, where trading went on in all weathers. And what would his price be? Ryan wasn't saying. On the twenty-third, the protective committee made frantic efforts to achieve a negotiated settlement, but in vain.

April 24th was a Saturday—a half working day in Wall Street then, as it continued to be until well after the end of the Second World War. On the fateful morning, Broad Street was mobbed with brokers and finance fans waiting to see Ryan administer the coup de grâce to the shorts, whose close identification with the ruling clique of the Stock Exchange made the prospective action extremely appetizing. The clerks who sat, as usual, in the office windows above the street waiting to receive orders by hand signal from the brokers below, all but fell from their perches in their excitement. Meanwhile, in the privacy of a law office nearby, the protective committee was at last considering capitulation. A broker named Colonel John W. Prentiss, who had assumed informal leadership of the group by virtue of a well-known reputation for reasonableness, was telling the assembled short sellers that the time was long past for fulminations against Ryan, and urging that they come to terms with him in the few minutes remaining before ten o'clock if they valued their financial hides. After a few bad moments, his counsel prevailed. A motion was passed giving the committee full authority to act for all fifty-six short sellers; then, at someone's suggestion, slips of paper were passed around on which each member wrote the settlement figure he thought appropriate. The resulting figures were averaged, and Prentiss, the chairman, announced that the committee was now ready with its offer. A delegation then proceeded to the office of Allan A. Ryan & Co., at 111 Broadway, arriving there at nine-forty. "Do you want to see anyone?" the receptionist there inquired innocently. The members of the delegation said yes, and, on being ushered into Ryan's presence, stated that they, on behalf of all the shorts, offered $550 a share for all the shares due him. Ryan unhesitatingly accepted, and forthwith cancelled his order to buy in the stock. At two minutes before ten, Colonel Prentiss stepped out of Ryan's office and told reporters, "The Stutz matter is settled. The settlement price is $550 per share."

Everyone seemed happy for the moment except the finance fans on Broad Street, who had been deprived of their show. All agreed that Ryan had scored a great victory over both the short sellers and the Stock Exchange, even though he had come down from his earlier prices of $750 and $1,000 per share; after all, his profit on the fifty-five hundred shares was conservatively estimated at more than a million and a half dollars, and he was still virtually the sole owner of Stutz. He said a few gracious words about Colonel Prentiss's "unremitting tact and judgment and consistent courtesy under trying circumstances," and then left for Hot Springs, Virginia. The short sellers, who, among them, had lost whatever sum Ryan had gained, nonetheless avoided further recriminations. Their representative, Morse, said simply, "The Stutz controversy is ended. . . . We have concluded the matter."

EVERYONE wasn't happy, and the controversy wasn't ended. Ryan's debts to banks, most of which were due in the autumn or earlier, amounted to many times his profit on the corner; his obvious recourse was to raise the money by selling off some of his Stutz stock, but without a Stock Exchange listing that stock was far from readily marketable, and if economic conditions should turn sour it might not be marketable at all. Soon after the settlement, he exulted to his old mentor Schwab that on paper he was now worth a hundred million dollars—a fortune comparable to his father's. Perhaps Ryan hoped that Schwab, like the taskmaster in the parable of the talents, would say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." If so, he was disappointed, because Schwab skeptically replied that that might be true if Ryan valued Stutz at a thousand dollars a share, but exactly how was he going to realize that much, or anything like it? Ryan apparently had no ready answer.

And the Stock Exchange, far from being willing to suffer its humiliation in silence, was not through with Ryan. All through May, there were rumors that it was "investigating" him and his affairs, and on one occasion Ryan showed that his own rancor had not abated by saying to Clarence Barron that he would never resume his membership, even if his intransigence cost him millions, and adding—heretically but prophetically—that in his view the Exchange ought to be under the guardianship of Washington. For one thing, the Exchange was dragging its

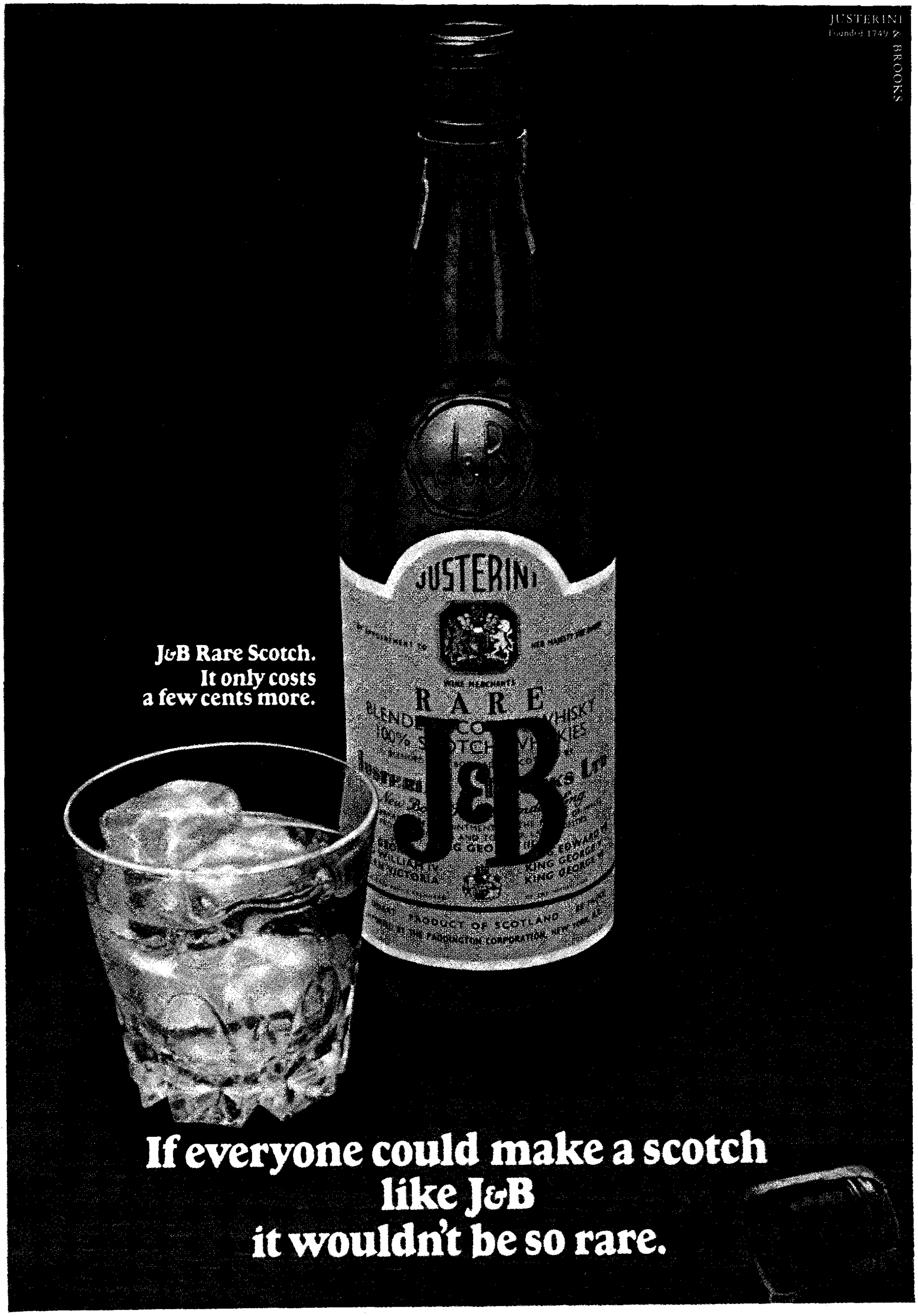
Weejuns
Bass

Solo or in concert . . . play it smooth, play it fashionable with these new men's Weejuns. Featured: Burled Maple with original brass ornament. Also noteworthy: French Moccasin tasseled with brass; perforated strap with brass buckle; pinked and perforated with strap. All in hand-antiqued leathers. $23 to $26 at fine stores. Other men's Weejuns from $19.

Make beautiful music in your Bass Weejuns.®

Weejuns is a registered trademark for moccasin casuals with hand-sewn vamps made only by G.H. Bass & Co., Wilton, Maine 04294.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, N.Y.

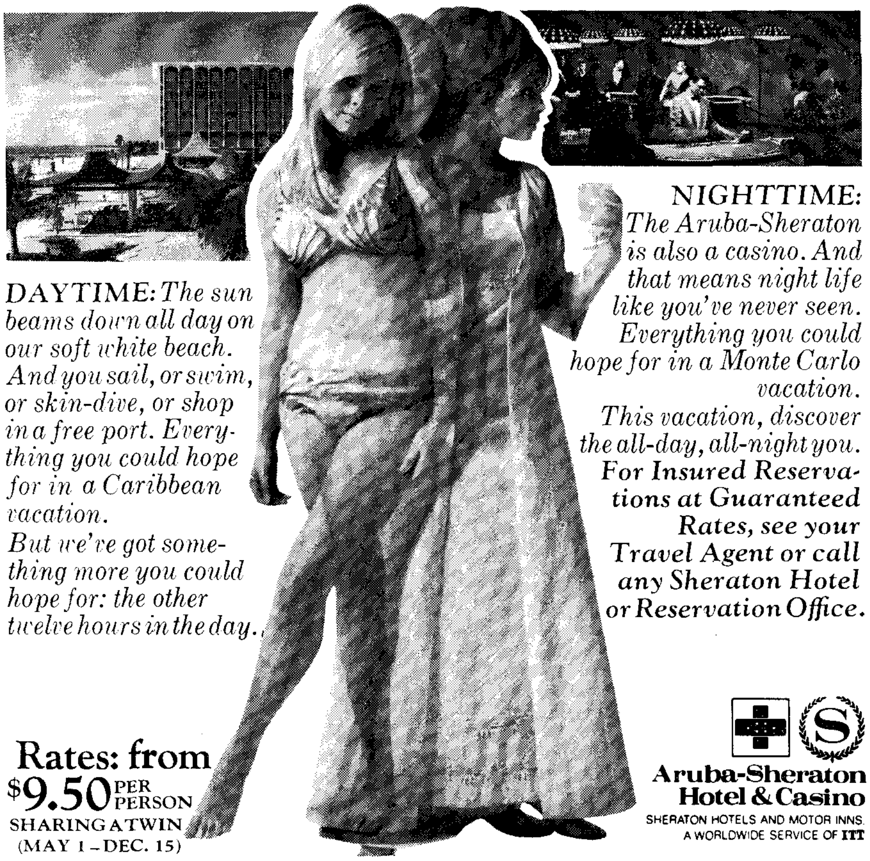


JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 &
BROOKS
J&B Rare Scotch.
It only costs
a few cents more.
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
If everyone could make a scotch
like J&B
it wouldn't be so rare.

feet in the matter of selling his membership, which would bring him some hundred thousand dollars, and then, early in June, it suddenly let it be known that Ryan's resignation back in April had not been accepted after all. The reason for this belated revelation became clear within a few days, when the Board of Governors adopted a resolution charging Ryan with "conduct . . . inconsistent with just and equitable principles of trade;" specifically, the committee said, he had created "an arbitrary and fictitious price" for Stutz and had then "exacted from the parties liable . . . excessive and unreasonable amounts." The case was to be tried at a closed hearing, at which Ryan was invited to appear to defend himself. The Exchange, it seemed, had declined Ryan's resignation so that it could throw him out.

In reacting to this development, Ryan disdained to point out the Exchange's odd about-face on the question of the settlement price, which earlier it had explicitly called none of its business but which it now undertook to pronounce excessive and unreasonable. Instead, in a message to the Board of Governors, he merely characterized the entire charge as "ridiculous on the face," and concentrated his fire on the form of the planned trial and on the motives of those who were to judge him. "Your invitation to appear in a star chamber and join you in placing a laurel wreath upon the past and present conduct of your committees and to furnish myself as a sacrificial lamb is respectfully declined," he said, in a flurry of metaphors. "No man appreciates more than I that the Stock Exchange is the keystone of the commercial structure of this country. No man has greater respect for its ideals and traditions. . . . But no man deplores more than I that this great institution . . . should have so fallen that these powers are employed for the evil designs of private ends and personal vengeance. It is a sad spectacle indeed." The trial went off as scheduled, in the absence of the accused—who, after telling the press, "It is immaterial to me, and really I do not give a damn," reportedly went to the race track. After five hours of deliberation, the Board of Governors found Ryan guilty as charged and voted unanimously for his expulsion, and the next morning, after the Stock Exchange gallery had been cleared of visitors, the verdict was intoned from the rostrum. On the floor, it was received in silence.

But there were other matters about which Ryan could not afford to be in-



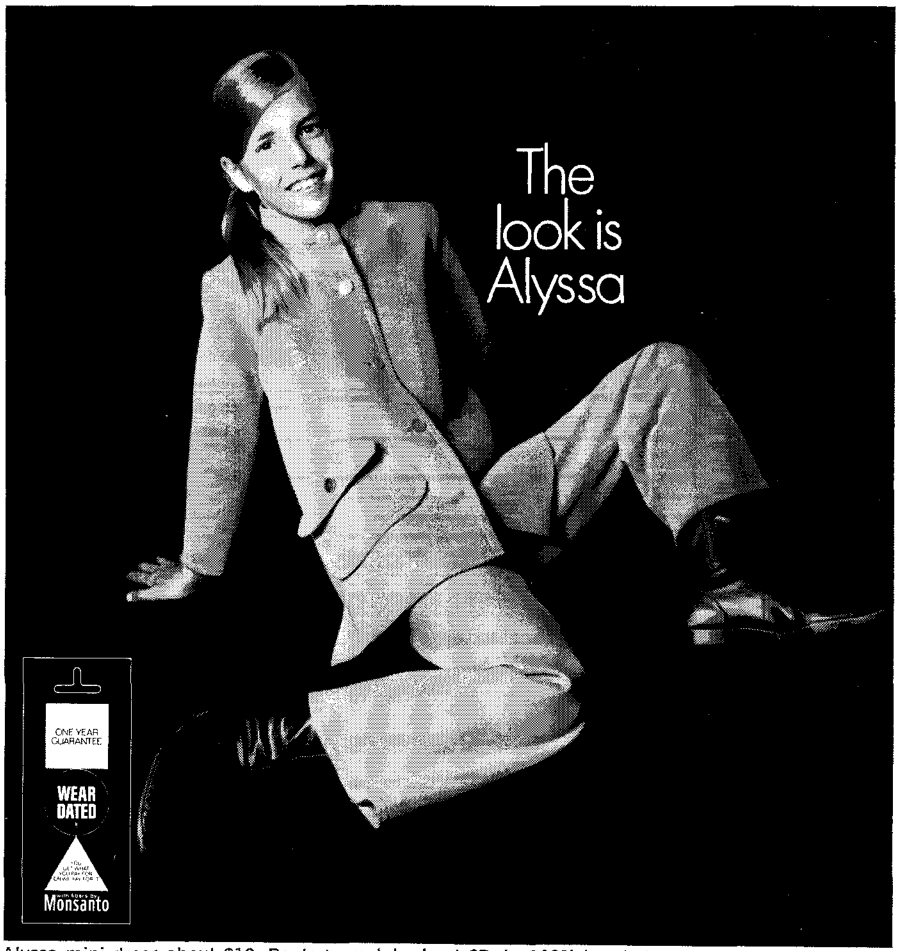
Aruba: Dutch Treat.

DAYTIME: *The sun beams down all day on our soft white beach. And you sail, or swim, or skin-dive, or shop in a free port. Everything you could hope for in a Caribbean vacation.*
*But we've got something more you could hope for: the other twelve hours in the day.*

NIGHTTIME: *The Aruba-Sheraton is also a casino. And that means night life like you've never seen. Everything you could hope for in a Monte Carlo vacation.*
*This vacation, discover the all-day, all-night you.*
*For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, see your Travel Agent or call any Sheraton Hotel or Reservation Office.*

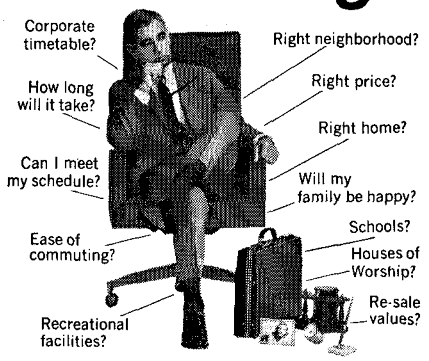
Rates: from $9.50 PER PERSON SHARING A TWIN (MAY 1–DEC. 15)

**Aruba-Sheraton Hotel & Casino**
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



Alyssa mini dress about $10. Pants to match about $7. In 100% bonded acrylic Acrilan®. Red only, sizes 7-14. Ensemble guaranteed for one year's normal wear, refund or replacement upon return of hang tag and sales slip to Monsanto. Lord & Taylor, N. Y. C. and branches./Photo: Joel Brodsky

EXECUTIVES...
Relocating?


Corporate timetable?
How long will it take?
Can I meet my schedule?
Ease of commuting?
Recreational facilities?
Right neighborhood?
Right price?
Right home?
Will my family be happy?
Schools?
Houses of Worship?
Re-sale values?

Executive Homesearch can solve your househunting problems...WITHOUT CHARGE ...quickly...easily...efficiently

Through eight branch offices and a nationwide network of Realtors, we offer the fastest individualized personal attention to the problems of the homebuyer. We screen specific neighborhoods and match your requirements; fit community facilities to your needs. Relocating becomes a pleasure, not a problem... backed by Previews' 34 years of dedication, experience, and integrity. Executive Homesearch charges NO FEE for its services. Literature on request. Write or call (212) PL 8-2630, S. DEMPSEY.

Previews Executive Homesearch™

49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Boston • Wash., D. C. • Palm Beach • Chicago
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco

give...so more will live
HEART FUND

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing, boating and tennis. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

different. All summer, the banks pressed him for the return of their loans, and meanwhile the stocks of the companies other than Stutz in which he had invested heavily—Stromberg Carburetor, Continental Candy, Chicago Pneumatic Tool, and Hayden Chemical—suffered such mysteriously precipitous losses as to suggest that his enemies, the bears, were clawing at him again. In one case, when one of his stocks suddenly collapsed on the very day a new issue of it was being made, the claw marks were all but unmistakable. At the same time, his troubles were compounded by a coincidental collapse of the national economy. Consumers suddenly went on strike against inflated prices, organizing "overall clubs" and "old-clothes days." Money became so tight that some leading banks had trouble maintaining solvency; world trade all but returned to its wartime condition of standstill; and—what was crucial for Ryan—stock prices in general began such a sustained drop that by the end of the year one-third of the April value of all Stock Exchange issues was wiped out. The gods of finance were intervening on the side of Ryan's enemies.

IN August, Ryan brought a million-dollar defamation suit against the president and Board of Governors of the Stock Exchange, naming again the Stutz short sellers who were members of that body. The Exchange immediately replied that many of the accused members had not been present at the "trial"—thereby conceding implicitly, and perhaps inadvertently, that they *had* been personally interested in Stutz. Ryan's suit was probably not so much an attempt to avenge his honor as a serious move to raise money. But, far from being able to obtain the million in damages quickly, Ryan found that he still couldn't collect even the relatively trifling sum due him for his Exchange seat; the Exchange had sold it in July, for ninety-eight thousand dollars, and in November it was still withholding the money from him on a technicality. Meanwhile, the bankers were closing in on him, and Wall Street gossip began to speak of him as an imminent victim of bankruptcy. George J. Whelan, the cigar-store man, told Clarence Barron in November, "Allan Ryan is all cleaned out." Another Barron informant, a retired Boston broker, said positively that Ryan owed fourteen million dollars he couldn't pay, and added, "Ryan has known for thirty days that they had him. He is now eating out of their hands."

In such circumstances, it was obvious that if Ryan wouldn't turn to his father—and he wouldn't—his creditors would. Sometime in November, representatives of the banks to which Ryan owed money, including the Chase and the Guaranty Trust Company, made an indirect approach to the old man through his friend and associate Whelan. They received no encouragement. "You loaned Allan A. Ryan money without any regard to his father when you knew Allan was not on speaking terms with his father," Whelan subsequently told the bankers. "I don't see how you have any claim upon Thomas F. Ryan." The matter was complicated by the fact that the elder Ryan was the largest stockholder in the Guaranty Trust and, as Whelan put it, the bank's boss in a showdown. Therefore, in a negative way, by not opposing the Guaranty Trust's huge advances to his son early in the year, the elder Ryan had had a hand in them. There is no evidence that he now showed the slightest disposition to commit his own funds to the rescue of his son, or, the *World* notwithstanding, that he had done so previously.

Allan Ryan's enemies at the Stock Exchange knew that they had him at last; they could sit back and leave it to the banks to be the executioners. Late in November, the banks announced that they had formed a committee to "take charge of" Ryan's affairs; even though the bankers were careful to say that they believed he was still several million dollars in the black and that they confidently expected to get all their money back, this plainly meant that in fact they anticipated his failure. For twenty months, Ryan, his credit ruined, a bankrupt in everything but name, carried on a hopeless, game last stand. Only Schwab seemed to be still with him, putting in a good word for his protégé where he could. Ryan tried unsuccessfully to ally himself with John Skelton Williams, Federal Comptroller of the Currency and a veteran critic of New York banks—particularly of their loan policies. (The banks expressed hurt surprise at this, protesting that they supposed Ryan *liked* them after all they had done for him. "I could never conceive that a man could be so mean," the president of the Chase later complained, implying that that bank felt that its loan department was running a sort of social service rather than a business—even in those days, before it adopted its now famous advertising slogan.) Ryan retained as his lawyer Samuel Untermyer, who as counsel to the congressional investigating group called the Pujo Committee in 1912 had become the national symbol of opposition to the "money trusts." To win political friends or to bolster confidence in his credit, or both, Ryan somehow scraped together a forty-thousand-dollar contribution to the Democratic National Committee. But all in vain. On July 21, 1922, he filed a bankruptcy petition listing debts of $32,435,477 and available assets of only $643,533. Even though later calculations showed his debts to be smaller, this made him—for what satisfaction it might bring him—one of the biggest bankrupts in the nation's history.

Like a bombed-out house, a bankruptcy statement suddenly reveals, piteously and shockingly, to the indifferent or curious public gaze all the details of shattered private lives. Ryan's listed debts included $157.75 to Best & Co. for children's clothing; $3,260.25 to Black, Starr & Frost for jewelry; $60.36 to the Buckley School for tuition; $768.68 to Charles & Co. for groceries; $134.08 to E. P. Dutton & Co. for books and stationery; $13.75 to the Montauk Club of Brooklyn for dues; and $207.80 to the Plaza Hotel for theatre tickets. They also included $66,000 due to T. Coleman du Pont, of the Delaware clan; some $300,000 due to Schwab, the balance of the million from his mentor apparently having been paid off; slightly more than a million due to Harry Payne Whitney, son of his father's old partner; about $3,500,000 due to the Chase National Bank; and $8,660,000 due to the Guaranty Trust Company. It was now easily seen what the banks had been concerned about.

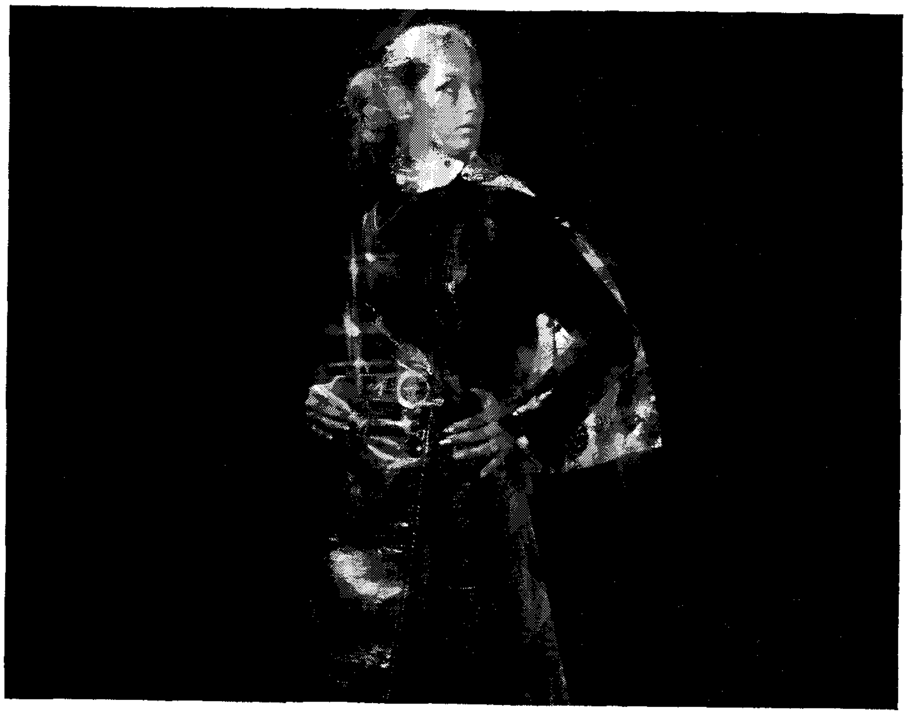
Actually, Ryan's situation was somewhat less hopeless than the bankruptcy papers implied, in that they assigned no value to the vast quantities of Stutz stock that Ryan owned and had pledged as collateral for his loans. These were to be sold at public auction, and Ryan's remaining hope of escaping bankruptcy was that they might bring a good price. Allen Wardwell, a lawyer for the Guaranty Trust, said a few days before the sale that the Stutz stock, combined with his other holdings, would make Ryan solvent if the Stutz sold for $50 a share; he later revised the figure to above 60, but in any case there would

It weeds while you sleep

You have to be firm with weeds like dandelions, ground ivy and chickweed. The longer you put off getting tough, the worse they get. The smart answer is Turf Builder Plus 2* right now. Does a double job. Gets rid of weeds while it feeds the grass. You'll have a better looking lawn all this fall—and next year, too.

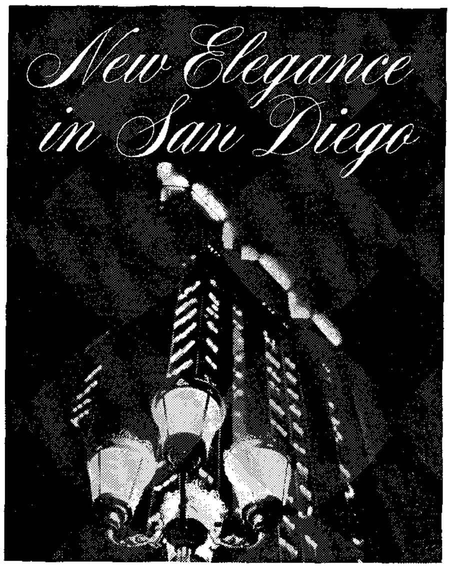
*from Scotts, the lawn people

RAIN CHEETAHS
NAMAN



For girls who refuse to wear a uniform in the rain.

SHINE. TURN HEADS. IN OUR WAY-OUT WET-LOOK POLYURETHANE-ON-COTTON TRENCHCOAT. DOUBLEBREASTED, SLEEK AND TEMPTING, LIKE SOMETHING SPLASHED WITH CHAMPAGNE. IN GLOSSY BLACK, GLOSSY BROWN, GLOSSY WHITE. 8-16, ABOUT $65. AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK, RICH'S, ATLANTA, J. W. ROBINSON, LOS ANGELES OR WRITE RAINCHEETAHS, DIV. OF NAMAN RAINWEAR, 500 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y. 10018

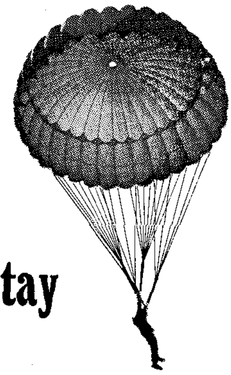


New Elegance in San Diego

The Westgate Executive Hotel was built to serve the discriminating traveler who is accustomed to the fine appointments of truly grand hotels. One hundred and two magnificent guest rooms and suites are exquisitely furnished in period decor. The French cuisine in Le Continental Dining Room and the romantic roof-top Terrace Room both reflect the charm of this luxury hotel that adds new sparkle to one of America's favorite cities.

WESTGATE EXECUTIVE HOTEL
1055 FIRST AVENUE (714) 232-6141
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92101

*For Reservations, Phone:* Boston 267-1145 • Chicago 372-5628 • Dallas 742-3731 • Honolulu 923-3158 • Los Angeles 461-3541 • New York 355-0721 • Phoenix 277-1424 • Portland 224-9213 • San Francisco 392-7277 • Seattle 624-7537 • *Or Phone Your Travel Agent*



Every time Eric is looking for a place to stay he drops in at

The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

KING CHRISTIAN HOTEL
ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS

A luxury hotel
on Christiansted Harbor
Private Balconies • Swimming Pool
Danish Colonial Charm

For Reservations or Information contact:
Daniel D. Miller, Inc.
420 Lex. Ave., N.Y., N.Y. • (212) LE 2-7700

*Dine in the intimate surroundings of*
The GROTTO Restaurant
*Where soft blue lights and sparkling water add to the atmosphere of a fine Italian restaurant.*
PARTY FACILITIES
224 W. 46 ST. — CI 5-1848
*"In the heart of the theatre district"*

be no question of Ryan's solvency if only the price were 100, which was about what it had been early in 1920, before the whole melee began. Unfortunately, this was all dreaming. During 1921, Stutz had sold on the Curb at between 50 and 100, but Ryan's bankruptcy and other reverses had knocked it galley-west, and in mid-July it stood at 5. Only an insane Croesus would bid 100 or 60 or 50 for it. The auction took place on August 2nd, in the Exchange Salesrooms, on Vesey Street, and the Stutz stock was bought by a Guaranty Trust vice-president for $20 a share. Next day, it was announced that the bidder had been acting for Schwab, who thereby became boss of Stutz. The banks thus recovered part of their loans, Ryan's bankruptcy was certified, the short sellers had their revenge, and the Stock Exchange ruled supreme. Its next determined challenger, a decade later, was to be not one man but the national government, backed by an overwhelming majority of the people.

Schwab proved to be a less effective magnate in automobiles than in steel. Stutz cars went on breaking records in speed tests, but the firm's books showed a deficit nearly every year, and in 1932, its flaming-youth market decimated by the Depression, it was reduced to making grocery-delivery vans. In 1938, a year before Schwab's death and two years before Ryan's, it quietly went broke.

At the time of the stock auction, Schwab was asked whether Ryan would get back on his feet, and he replied, "I certainly hope he does—I think he will." In spite of several attempts, he never did. Ryan's hope, if he had one, for a new stake in the Wall Street game lay in his father, who, after all, besides being one of the last of the old financial freebooters, was, to judge from his benefactions, one of the most generous-hearted. But Thomas Fortune Ryan's will, when it was read following his death, in November, 1928, left his fortune to his other survivors, including Allan Ryan's sons, and mentioned Allan himself only twice. Once was to give him third option, after two other survivors, to buy any object in the testator's art collection. The other was to say, "I give and bequeath my white pearl shirt studs to my son Allan A. Ryan."

—JOHN BROOKS

•

Mr. Pompidou, a forgetful husband, says he "thinks" he first saw her on the Boulevard Michigan.—*The Times.*

He's not forgetful, he's lost.

Crepe du jour $8.

Ship'n Shore®

HYDRA HYDRA HYDRA HYD
BY JAMES GRAZIER

what is non-conventional war? what's happened to art and music? what may be causing student riots? what's causing city violence? where has our gold gone? is our history being distorted? every american should read HYDRA, a novel by james grazier, $3.95 at your bookseller or whitmore publishing co. philadelphia, penna. 19130

BY JAMES GRAZIER
HYDRA HYDRA HYDRA HYD

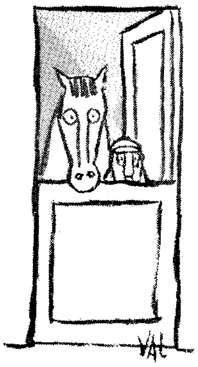
MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

Some Fine Day
You'll Come
To
Waterville
In Maine

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT

# THE RACE TRACK

## *Another for Arts and Letters*



LAST Saturday, for the second time in eight days, Arts and Letters put up the most commanding sort of performance seen at Saratoga Springs this season. In the Jim Dandy Stakes, his first start after a long holiday, he made his opponents look pretty ordinary as he passed the post well in hand and ten lengths ahead. Last weekend, he galloped home by more than six lengths to an effortless victory in the hundredth running of the Travers. The race was easy to follow, even on TV, for only five three-year-olds ran. From the break, Gleaming Light and Hydrologist set off in front as though they were going six furlongs instead of a mile and a quarter. Arts and Letters, who, as always, looked the pick of the lot in the paddock, settled down in fourth place, lengths behind, with his rider, Baeza, appearing content to sit still until he was ready to make his challenge. It came as they approached the far turn, and it was accelerated when Dike moved up, three furlongs from home. From that moment on, there was never any question who would win. Sweeping round the leaders as they swung into the stretch, Arts and Letters was in the clear in a few strides. Baeza, who had used his whip only once, and then very lightly, stopped even hand riding well before the end. Dike saved second money by less than a length from Distray, who ran over the tired pacemakers. It was as fast a Travers as has ever been run; the time of 2:01⅗ was also the time for Jaipur, Buckpasser, and Damascus when they won the race. Elliott Burch, who trains Arts and Letters and is a perfectionist, like his father, Preston, thought the colt wasn't as sharp as he usually is. It seems he has been feeling the heat. ("Well," said Colonel Martingale. "Who hasn't?")

If you haven't kept tabs, Arts and Letters, who carries the colors of Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable, has won six of his twelve starts, all of them stakes, and $417,674 this year. His next start will probably be the Woodward at Belmont a month from now, and then comes the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct in October. Travers Day is the big one of the meeting at the Spa. This year, attendance was 28,017 and the handle $2,031,401.

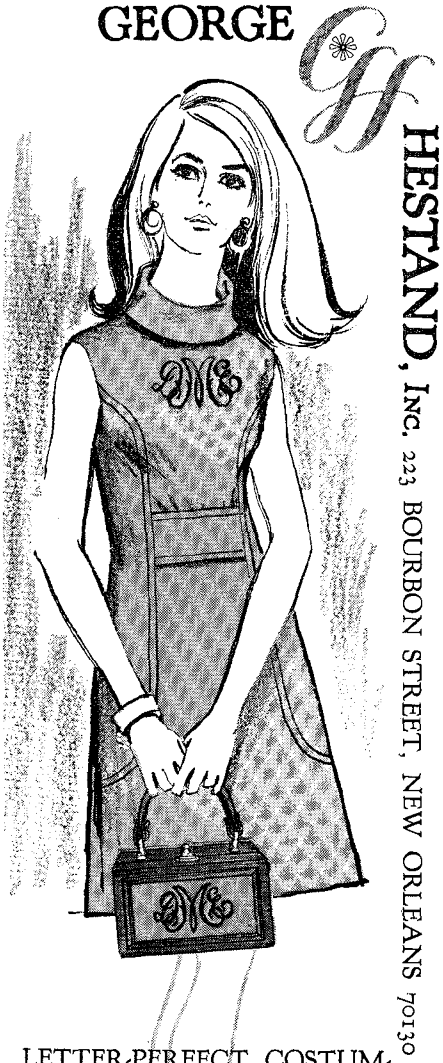
SALES of bloodstock continued last week. Eleven two-year-olds, ten yearlings, and nineteen broodmares from Mrs. J. R. H. Thouron's stud and stable brought $931,700. It took two sessions to dispose of the seventy-nine yearlings and twenty-three broodmares from Louis Wolfson's Harbor View Farm. The lot realized $989,700. The top price was $205,000, for a filly by Raise a Native out of Sailor Princess, and the buyer was Happy Valley Farm, which is owned by Wolfson's three sons. They also bought a number of yearlings at fancy prices, among them a colt by Raise a Native for $80,000 and a filly by Francis S. for $48,000. Keeps the more promising ones in the family.

THE four weeks of racing at Saratoga Springs will end on Saturday with the Hopeful Stakes, for two-year-olds, and eight other spins of the wheel to get even on the meeting. My fancy for the Hopeful is Pontifex.

VERBATIM had no luck at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell last weekend, finishing third in the William Penn Handicap to Tropic King II, whom he beat so easily in the Whitney at Saratoga. . . . At Atlantic City, the Philadelphia Handicap, on the turf course (it's a prep for the United Nations Handicap next month), was run in two sections, Balustrade winning the first and Ruffled Feathers the second. . . . At Arlington Park in Chicago, Night Invader, a three-year-old who was 9–1 in the betting, won the Washington Park Handicap in a driving finish from Out the Window and Rising Market. Fast Hilarious, ridden by Shoemaker, was sixth. When Shoemaker's mount rolled over him at Hollywood Park three months ago, fracturing his pelvis, I wondered if he'd ever ride again. On the second day of his comeback, he had two winners. There will be more.

A REWARD for perseverance: For eighteen years, Ralph Wilson has been trying to win an American stakes race with a horse from his Oxford Stable. His colt Walker's did it for him at Saratoga in the Sanford—by ten lengths.

—AUDAX MINOR

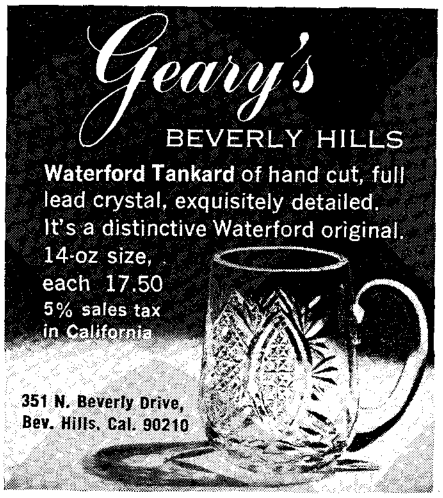


GEORGE HESTAND, INC. 223 BOURBON STREET, NEW ORLEANS 70130

LETTER-PERFECT COSTUMING is some artful seaming and our perfectionist monogram, on a "go-anywhere" dress like this one, with its own matching handbag. Nancy Greer does the double-knit dacron® & wool dress in Red, Gold, Grey & Brown for sizes 8-16 $40

Our exclusive box-bag, monogrammed and covered to match, is antique-walnut finished with padded lining $30

HAND-SIMULATED FRENCH EMBROIDERED MONOGRAMMING EXECUTED IN OUR OWN WORKROOMS



Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS

Waterford Tankard of hand cut, full lead crystal, exquisitely detailed. It's a distinctive Waterford original.
14-oz size,
each 17.50
5% sales tax in California

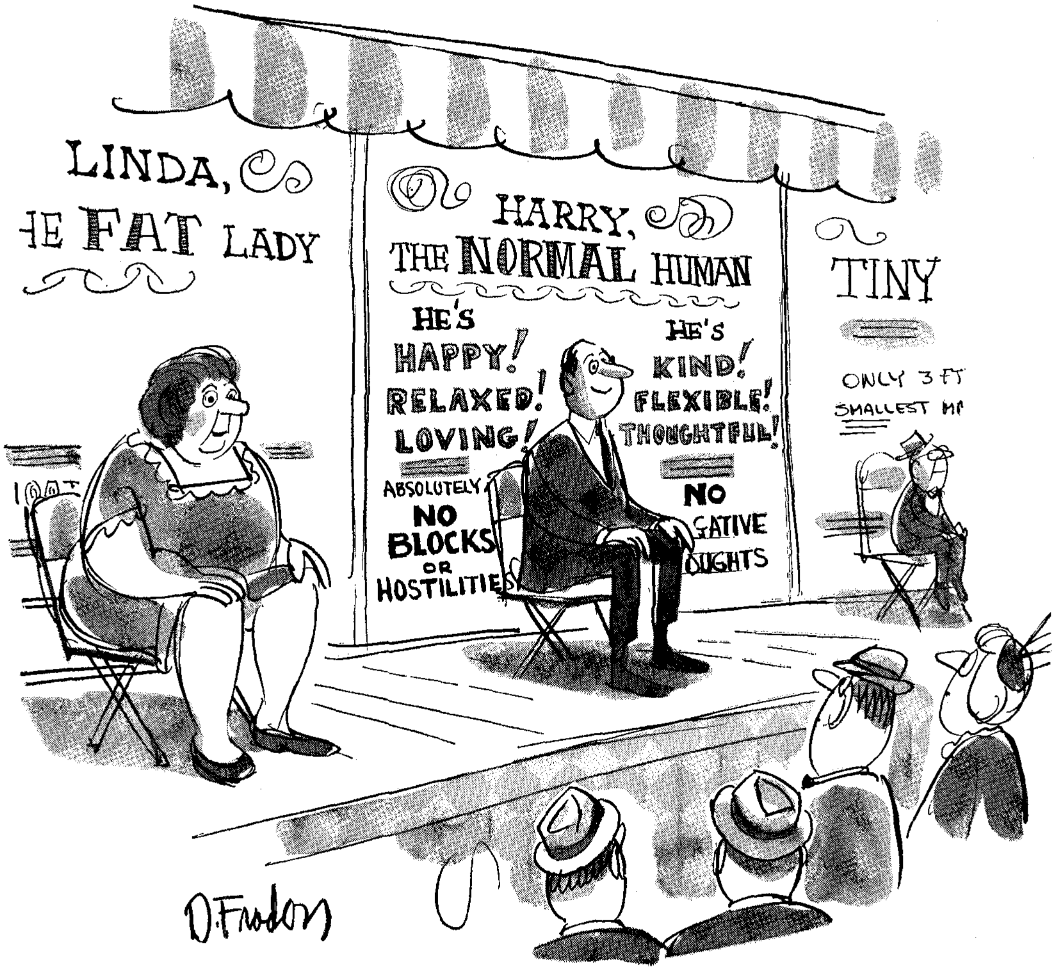
351 N. Beverly Drive,
Bev. Hills, Cal. 90210

# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 16

"WE haven't harmed the country one bit," Senator Dirksen said a couple of days ago, summarizing the performance to date of the Ninety-first Congress, whose members are now enjoying a three-week "vacation" that an aide to one of the fourteen senators who voted against it privately characterized—quite unfairly, in the view of many—as "a rest-and-recreation period for ten-toed sloths." Dirksen was right in the sense that no action thus far completed by the House and Senate has been demonstrably injurious to the common welfare, and if it is to be objected that this is because Congress has done next to nothing (at least in terms of making bills into acts), it can also be said that its inactivity has been as much a consequence of executive indecision and delay as of legislative lassitude. In its first six months, the Administration asked little of Congress and conveyed no sense of urgency about anything except extension of the tax surcharge, which has been accomplished (though on terms by no means to the liking of the White House), and which remains the only legislation of any importance in more than half a year. However, any view of the political process that leads to an appraisal of a session of Congress in terms of the number of laws passed, extended, or repealed is vastly oversimplified, and if one applies other measures to the record, it is by no means unimpressive. Led by members of its Foreign Relations Committee, the Senate has created a new and bracing atmosphere in which, if the atmosphere endures, it should be possible to bring to an end the autonomy of the military establishment and to apply the doctrine of checks and balances to the determination of foreign policy. The President and the Secretary of Defense have the authority to proceed with the deployment of the Safeguard ABM, which the President had said was "absolutely essential" to the country's defense, but half the Senate opposed the grant, and in the circumstances this amounted, as Senator Brooke, of Massachusetts, said, to "a vote of no confidence on an issue of national security." For the future, it may turn out to be less notable that the Senate critics of the Pentagon lost their most publicized battle than that they prevailed on a vote to make weapons contracts subject to audit by the General Accounting Office—an agency that reports to Congress and to Congress alone. The session has also seen, for the first time in decades, a serious questioning of an agricultural policy that has scarcely been reviewed for a third of a century, and the overwhelming passage by the House of the most comprehensive reform of tax policy since the institution of the personal income tax, more than half a century ago. True, the Senate killed any hope of agricultural reform in this Congress, and the tax bill passed by the House may undergo considerable change before it becomes law, but it is clear that the will exists in both houses to examine and to challenge foreign and domestic policies that have been with us long enough to have been regarded by large majorities in previous Congresses as immutable, if not sacred, features of our Way of Life. Even if most of the challenges fail and little of substance is changed in the months ahead, the existence of the will is an extraordinary phenomenon, and one whose origins are somewhat mysterious (mysterious because it has surfaced politically at a time when the national mood, according to election returns and opinion polls, is essentially conservative), and the mere fact of its existence makes this the most interesting Congress in years.

It is in some ways unfortunate that the pace of legislation up to now has been so slow, for this means that when Congress does reconvene after Labor Day there may be too little time for those who wish to persist in reëxamining and challenging in order to exploit the initiatives they have taken. Government business has to go on, and if this is to be possible, debate and investigation will have to be curtailed. None of the major appropriation bills for the fiscal year that began seven weeks ago has been passed (stopgap authorization to provide temporary solvency was voted just as the last fiscal year expired), and this failure will have to be remedied at an early date. There will be approximately three months in which to do what has been left undone, and this seems hardly time enough for serious consideration of any one of the several large issues of policy that will have to be brought to a vote. The Senate is determined to go on debating military authorizations alone for two or


LINDA,
HE FAT LADY
HARRY,
THE NORMAL HUMAN
HE'S HAPPY! RELAXED! LOVING!
HE'S KIND! FLEXIBLE! THOUGHTFUL!
ABSOLUTELY NO BLOCKS OR HOSTILITIES
NO GATIVE UGHTS
TINY
ONLY 3 FT SMALLEST M
D.Fradon

three weeks before it turns to such matters as tax reform and the various proposals for changes in the national electoral system. It will also be obliged to debate and vote on the bills already passed by the House on water pollution, federal aid to hospital construction and to education, and the wording of warnings on cigarette packages about the hazards of smoking. Meanwhile, the House will have to decide whether it wants to continue the Voting Rights Act that was passed in 1965 and is due to expire this year or substitute for it an Administration proposal that is widely regarded, despite White House and Justice Department denials, as a payoff to the Southern politicians who supported the President last year. This matter was said to be receiving the scrutiny of the House Rules Committee when the present holiday began, and it may continue under such scrutiny—often a legislative euphemism for deliberate neglect or strangulation—throughout most of the session. It seems possible now that when it does emerge, the House will be quick to junk the Administration bill and renew the existing law, but if the past is any guide, the Southerners in the Senate will take as much advantage of the rules as they can for extended debate and struggle. The calendar is crowded with measures of considerable weight and substance, and some of them are bound to be disposed of with more haste than reflection.

In all likelihood, the need to deal briskly with matters that, for one reason or another, simply have to be dealt with before the year is out will make it impossible for either house to do much before 1970 about what are almost surely the most important items thus far placed on the domestic agenda—the Administration's proposal to abandon the present system of welfare payments to those who have no other means of support and to replace it with a federally guaranteed annual income, described by the President a week ago as a "family-assistance" plan, and the program announced at the same time for disbursing fixed percentages of federal revenues to state and local governments. There may be some hearings on the first of these programs this year, but it is most unlikely that there will be formal debate or voting before next spring, at the earliest. Informal debate, however, has been under way from the moment the President went off the air, and more of it has centered on the politics than on the economics of the changes proposed. To the broad principles the President has now espoused

The Mark Cross Utitily Case. $25.

That's not a typo. It's what a small young man we know calls it, and it caught our fancy. Besides, since this is no ordinary utility case (note our exclusive Registered Signature design) we could hardly give it an ordinary name. Our case stashes a man-sized collection of grooming and shaving things in two zippered waterproof compartments. Comes in blue with tan calf trim, or brown with brown trim. 11 x 6½".

MARK CROSS
New York · San Francisco · Beverly Hills · Bal Harbour, Fla.
*To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C. or phone (212) 899-8900. Ask for Registered Utitily or Utility Case, as the case may be. We'll understand. (Add 75¢ postage beyond delivery area.)*

MARK CROSS ENGLAND

THE SNEAKY SHOE

1st name afoot afloat comes ashore. **Sperry Top-Sider.** Cup race or rat race. The sneaky shoe that outcomforts bare feet. The sole that outgrips floor or deck. No skidding! Shown, the sailor's, student's favorite. Moccasin comfort. Barefoot flexibility. Men's $23; women's $22. Among several other styles: real sneaky oxfords — old salt canvas, fast dry nylon, new racy lace-to-toe nylon; and Leather Campus Casuals. $11.00 to $25.00. Catalog from Sperry Top-Sider, 18 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, Connecticut 06770.

SPERRY TOP-SIDER

there has so far been very little opposition—so little, indeed, as to be politically negligible. It has been years since anyone familiar with the workings of the present welfare system has characterized it as anything but a social and political monstrosity. Apart from the strain it has put on the finances of many cities, its cost in money terms has not been particularly burdensome; if there were anything good to be said for it, a rational approach to its financing could be worked out and the national economy would hardly suffer at all. But its workings have been irrational in almost all other terms, and it has survived only because no one could come up with a replacement that would be politically acceptable. In this context, to speak of what is "politically acceptable" is really to speak of what is inoffensive to the prevailing morality. Economists of all persuasions and adepts in other disciplines have for years agreed that there was an alternative in the form of the approach the President has now recommended. But the politicians—even those who were theoretically in favor of a radical redistribution of wealth—feared this approach, because they were persuaded that the great majority of Americans could not stomach the thought of distributing public funds except for services rendered or as public charity. They were probably right in this reading of public opinion (though there is room for a certain amount of doubt, since the issue was never opened up for public consideration), and it may well be that the myth of "self-reliance" still has too powerful a hold on the American mind and character to allow the welfare system to be replaced with one that has been in effect in many other Western democracies for a good part of this century. In any case, until Richard Nixon spoke up last week, few officeholders had had a kind word to say for anything resembling a guaranteed annual income. For a time, Lyndon Johnson, briefly moved by the pleading of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who will probably be regarded as the architect of the Nixon program, was on the verge of publicly advocating a somewhat different version of the basic scheme, but for a variety of reasons—some related to his martial preoccupations, some having nothing to do with them—he never got around to it.

Now a Republican President of conservative bent—one who owes his eminence in large part to a close personal identification with the mores and values of the American middle class—has urged the Congress to establish a guaranteed annual income. To be sure, he has found another name for it, just as he rechristened the old Sentinel ABM system the Safeguard system, but this is what it is, and although he is reported to have scandalized many members of his Cabinet when he announced his intention, there is very little evidence that he has scandalized many members of Congress or any large segment of public opinion. It may be that there will be a good deal of largely unspoken but nevertheless active opposition in Congress, and that the program will in time be gutted in House and Senate committees, but so far the only significant criticism has come from the left, where disappointment is expressed as to the scale of the suggested benefits and some of the modes of distributing them. But benefits in any program tend in time to go up, and the administrative details are negotiable. The important thing in the minds of most people here is that the idea has Presidential sponsorship and that this is bound to produce widespread bipartisan support. If the program is wrecked in this Congress, it will be passed in another. But the common feeling is that it will be made law by the Ninety-first Congress, because it has been assembled in such a way as to disarm large segments of the potential opposition. It is a very crafty and craftsmanlike piece of political work. Some people consider it odd that a program intended ultimately to reduce the number of Americans receiving public assistance should begin by proposing that the number of those now on the rolls be doubled—that the number of beneficiaries be increased from approximately ten million to approximately twenty million. The extra ten million are, of course, "the working poor," and it is precisely this proposal to include them that puts the whole scheme within the realm of the politically possible. Those Americans who work steadily but are paid little more than those who are jobless and draw welfare are among the most aggrieved of citizens and the most resentful of those receiving public assistance. They are mostly white, and they would regard a plan that excluded them as one that would mostly benefit Negroes. Even now, they feel that the whole aim of most federal antipoverty programs is for the betterment of the American Negro, and, in the main, they are right. The President's proposal, as understood here, will on the one hand serve the ends of economic justice and on the other go far toward removing

How to start benefiting from investment management with as little as $5,000

If you have saved or acquired $5,000 to $50,000, you naturally want to make your capital grow. But you may actually be *losing* ground due to inflation and taxes.

To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have placed their accounts under The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan, a unique program originally developed by a Boston family to manage its own common stock investments.

As in any investment program, losses do and will occur. However, the plan thus far has proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for *individual* portfolios starting with from $5,000 to $50,000 in cash or securities.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan and its complete 10-year "performance record," simply write Dept. H-44.

*THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES*
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • *Incorporated 1936*

Felicitous grace and style—and subjects as diverse as Shakespeare—Tolstoy—Dylan Thomas—and Edward Lear

**Howard Moss's *WRITING AGAINST TIME***

by the Poetry Editor of *The New Yorker*
$5.00
Also available in Apollo paperback $1.95

MORROW

*When visiting*
San Francisco
*discover*
CORY
ART GALLERIES
377 GEARY STREET • 360 JEFFERSON STREET

RICHARD MEI'S
KING DRAGON
"The House of Quality Food for the Epicurean"
Open Daily for LUNCHEON, COCKTAILS, DINNER and SUPPER
1273 3rd AVE. (at 73rd St.) • YU 8-3433—8-3496

the issue of race. Congressmen from districts where only the white vote counts could easily oppose legislation that might more or less accurately be described as favoring blacks, but there are very few congressmen who represent districts in which there are no whites who could not use something in the way of public assistance. Moreover, by pairing a fairly expensive scheme for the redistribution of income with a proposal to contribute a share of federal revenues to the treasuries of state and local governments, the Administration has moved shrewdly to neutralize another source of potential opposition: the vigorous lobbies maintained by the states and their political subdivisions, a numerical majority of which could be counted on to oppose any plan that called for greater local exertions on behalf of the poor and at the same time turned over—as the Nixon plan would—administrative responsibility to a federal agency, the Social Security Administration. Some governors and mayors have been critical of both Nixon proposals, but the complaints of almost all have reflected not a dissatisfaction with the principles but, as in the case of the criticism from the left, a professed belief (professed, one imagines, largely for reasons of strategy) that the sums to be disbursed both to the poor and to the states are inadequate—as, in fact, they plainly are. Still, it is hard to imagine a governor or a mayor organizing political opposition to a program that will enlarge the resources he will ultimately dispose of.

A MONTH or so ago, the Administration seemed all thumbs in its relations with Congress and with the public. It seemed less skillful in dealing with Senator Dirksen and other Republican leaders in Congress than the preceding Democratic Administration had been, and its internal conflicts were being resolved not in its own councils but in public and widely publicized combat. But able hands have been at work in the assembling and presentation of the domestic programs now being advocated, and for the first time the White House gives evidence that it is actively and intelligently seeking to solve not only the country's social problems but its own political problems, the largest of which is the creation of a broader base of public support than it had when it was voted into office. In its revenue-sharing and manpower programs, it has found a way of appealing to its original constituency without alienating anyone outside it, and in its "family-assistance" program

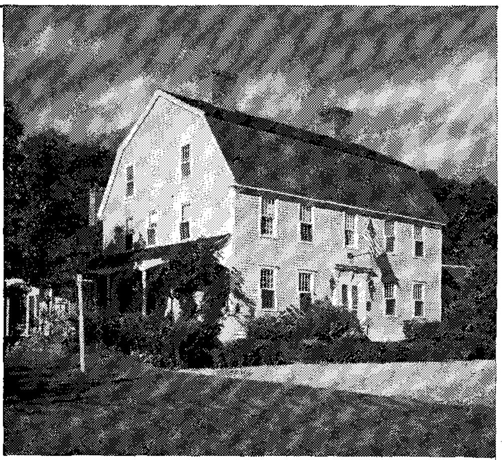
Go with Jerold, baby!
You'll have it made!

The Fastback by Jerold

Like sleek, flowing lines? A racy look? Jump into the Fastback Coat by Jerold, part of his "Outer Banks" collection. Cavalry twill of Fortrel† and cotton. ZePel® treated. Honey, avocado, mallard blue, oyster, or bronze. Sizes 6-20. About $28.00. The Jerold Look that drives men mad, at the Higbee Co., Cleveland; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; The Emporium, San Francisco; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. Or write Jerold, 512 7th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018

DUPONT ZEPEL RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

†TM Celanese
®TM Du Pont


FOR SALE
Circa 1690
Magnificently restored 12-room Connecticut Colonial in Guilford. Wide board floors . . . beamed ceilings . . . original paneling . . . oversized fireplaces. Porches, terrace, swimming pool, 2 ponds. A wooded 22-acre setting. Offered at $175,000. Ask for pictures and details on Property No. YN-45411.

PREVIEWS Inc.
The International Real Estate Marketing Service
49 East 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022
PLaza 8-2630
Boston • Washington, D.C. • Palm Beach • Chicago • Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Paris

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NH, Trenton, N. J.
CYBIS
© Cybis Inc.
See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Art Center, St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 4–Sept. 14.

**You're out of this world but 8 minutes from Nassau.**

Out of this world location. Our 23-acre tropical estate on one of the 5 great beaches in the world. Everything else is just as perfect. Accommodations, food and service. Water sports, pool, tennis, nightly dancing and entertainment. All 8 minutes from Nassau by our complimentary bus service. (If you can tear yourself away!)

OUR PLANTATION PLAN • **5 DAYS, 4 NIGHTS**
**INCLUDES UNLIMITED FREE GOLF**

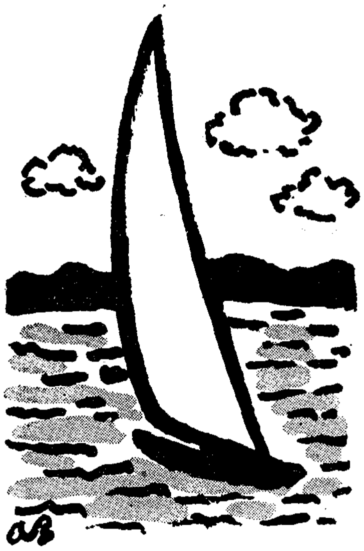
**$88** per person, dbl. occup. (U.S. currency)

$120 single. Extra nights $22 p.p. dbl. occup., $30 single. Modified American Plan (breakfasts and dinners). Complimentary extras, too! May 1 thru Nov. 30.

**NASSAU • BAHAMAS**

**Emerald Beach Plantation**
AND HOTEL
Jim Bearce, Vice President & General Manager
**A Member of the Distinguished Hotels of the World**

*See your travel agent or* **Robert F. Warner, Inc.,** 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020 • (212) JU 6-4500 • Boston • Chicago • Washington • Toronto • Miami



**The New Yorker Subscription Order Form**

name ____________________

address ____________________

____________________
(Please include zip code.)

Please enter my subscription to
The New Yorker,
payment for which is enclosed.

One Year (52 issues) ☐ $10
Two Years (104 issues) ☐ $17

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions:
Canada, Latin America, and Spain—
$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

it is reaching beyond the minority coalition of interests that originally supported it, and is providing itself with at least a chance of winning favor among those who up to now have opposed it. The reforms being advocated will not—even if they are instituted—in themselves assure a larger constituency, for the overriding issue is still the war in Vietnam, and if large-scale American participation continues much longer, it may become impossible to hold any kind of coalition together. But the effort now under way is a politically sophisticated and socially responsible one. Whether what is being proposed could be as socially effective in operation as it is responsible in intent is, of course, a different and much larger question, and one that few seem ready to face at the moment. After all, the welfare programs we are now so thoroughly agreed in condemning were undertaken in a spirit of high social responsibility and compassion. They were conceived as mighty blows against poverty, and if there were voices warning that their real effect would be to institutionalize poverty, they were not very loud, nor were their words very memorable. If a better way of handling the problems than through a guaranteed income has since arisen, no one has come forward with it. But the fact that the reform has the endorsement of so many thoughtful and well-intentioned persons does not mean that it is bound to work as intended. Poverty is certainly one of the major ills of this society, and its eradication—if that could ever be accomplished—would no doubt help to cure certain other ills. But there are maladies that have different causes altogether and that are unlikely to yield to any purely economic treatment. The spreading alienation of the young, for example, reaches its most alarming proportions among those who have no need for public assistance and in many cases scorn the concept itself. Part of the contempt they feel for their society may be based on their observation of the way it has tolerated poverty when it had no need to do so, but this is plainly far from being the whole story—though no one, of course, knows what the whole story is. Just as almost everyone now welcomes the President's approach to poverty, there seems to be almost universal approval of his determination to "so strengthen state and local government that by the end of the coming decade the political landscape will be visibly altered." In all parties and factions, there seems to be agreement that over the past years the federal government has bitten off far more than it can chew. The government is not and never has been a very effective instrument for maintaining domestic tranquillity or improving the quality of life. It does not by any means follow, though, that the state and local governments are more deserving of responsibility or better able to assume it. Indeed, the failure of state and local governments to provide the services their people needed was what led to the concentration of power here. Circumstances may have changed greatly since that trend toward centralized power began, and it may be that the quality of the smaller units of government has so improved that a return to the arrangements that prevailed a half century ago has become advisable. But it may also be that circumstances have changed very little, and that the "visibly altered" political landscape will be no more attractive than the current one. However that may be, there are few who do not share the President's hopes.

SINCE the election last November, it has been commonly felt that if the present calendar year ended without either a settlement of the war in Vietnam or a unilateral withdrawal of most of our forces, the Administration would be in as much trouble as the Johnson Administration was in its closing months. The calculation of time was arbitrary, and perhaps erroneous in its very conception. Any man who ends a war at any time and by almost any means is by definition a peacemaker, and it is conceivable that the longer the killing goes on, the greater the public gratitude to whoever finally ends it. In any event, there seems little prospect of a negotiated settlement in 1969. There is no word of encouragement from Paris or from any other capital whose influence might be helpful in bringing about an agreement. During the two months of the "lull" in South Vietnam, it was hoped that, whether or not Hanoi and the Vietcong were deliberately de-escalating, the President could use the lowered intensity of combat as a justification for rapid and substantial withdrawals. Now that opportunity seems to have passed. Evidently, the level of violence is about as heavy as it was in the spring. There are reports from our field commanders that the movement of North Vietnamese troops to the South has not been resumed, and these reports are generally believed, on the ground of their novelty; since the tendency of field commanders, it is reasoned, has been to exaggerate the extent of infiltration, they must be telling the truth—bitter, perhaps, to some of them—when they give notice of a decline. But this scarcely matters. Our forces are once more under siege, and what this is widely taken to mean is that their adversaries see a gain for themselves in continuing to engage us. Some people here have always believed that this is the whole story of the war—that it is, and always has been, in the interests of Hanoi and its southern allies to prolong the humiliation of American power and to make it as costly for us to get out of the war as it has been to persevere in it. This is simply another way of saying that they want to defeat us, to impose a military solution of their own. If this is a sound analysis—and it is widely believed to be—then the President will sooner or later have to face up to it and make his determination, which will be whether or not to acknowledge failure. To acknowledge it and act on the acknowledgment would be perhaps the most difficult thing any American President has ever had to do. It would be somewhat easier for him than it would have been for his predecessor, because he could justly maintain that the failure was not entirely his, or even primarily his. If he should decide the other way, it would be at least a tacit acknowledgment of a failure of another sort—a failure to bring the peace he promised. Whether or not he has ever brought himself to the point of examining the problem in these terms is something that no one here knows or claims to know.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

## ON LAKE PEND OREILLE

All day the wind has made love
to the lake and tonight the water
takes up its bruises and moves
away to a safer distance.

I am listening for the small
sounds of another departure.

Summer is leaving
as if she could afford the trip.
She stands by the road
in her ragged coat and fumbles
for her keys in the darkness.

At her pathetic signal
the aristocracy of leaves
will begin to let go.

—RICHARD SHELTON

**Lyle & Scott**
**HAWICK SCOTLAND**

Crew-neck Shetland pullover, about
$12. Matching pure wool plaid
mini skirt, $20.
At better
stores.

Or write to **Aston Imports Limited**
448 Fifth Avenue, New York 10018

Nancy Hale
*recalls the graceful, bygone days
of her painting parents in a
"book that will live for a long
time, appreciated by all
who wonder about the mystery
of the feeling of one
generation for another."*
—JOHN WALKER, formerly
Director, National
Gallery of Art

**The Life in the Studio**

Illustrated, $5.95. Most of the
contents of this book appeared
originally in *The New Yorker.*
**Little, Brown**

**#1 National Non-fiction Bestseller**
**"For every job there is a man somewhere
who can't do it. Sooner or
later they'll find each other."**
**THE PETER PRINCIPLE**
**Why Things Always Go Wrong**
**Dr. Laurence J. Peter and Raymond Hull**
**$4.95** **MORROW**

**J. P. Morgan** loved our spoonbread and we can give you 41 other reasons why a convention at Hotel Roanoke will make you feel like a million **dollars.**

**LET'S TRADE** our color brochure for your name and address. In the meantime, here are a few Hotel Roanoke vital statistics:

Located just minutes from scenic Blue Ridge Parkway and historic Shenandoah Valley.

425 luxurious rooms and suites; 16 conference, meeting, banquet and ballrooms.

15,000 square feet of exhibit space; complete audio-visual equipment.

Memorable foods; licensed for mixed beverages.

Year-'round Olympic-size swimming pool.

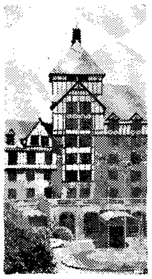
10 acres of lawn, almost that many acres of thick carpet, walnut panels, snowy linens, crystal chandeliers, gurgling fountain, nearby golf, and Many Other Nice Things.

**The Hotel Roanoke**

Roanoke, Virginia 24006
Phone (703) 343-6992
A Norfolk & Western Railway Property Since 1882

Fred W. Walker
General Manager

Mrs. Janet Jenkins
Director of Sales

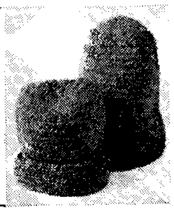


◆◆

**CHANDLER'S 49E49STNYC**

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE... SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER... ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

**Fisherman's Caps.**
Imported from Mykonos.
Hand-dyed rough wool.
Red, blue, natural. One size fits all. $6.50 ppd.
Only at: **Greek Island**
**215 E.49 St.,N.Y.10017**



**F A N N Y ' S**
**WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT**
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY, by Sarah Gainham (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Sarah Gainham is one of the few real storytellers around. She attracts the reader's attention with her first page, and then gives full value for every bit of attention she gets. By the time we reach the little dull stretches that are inevitable in a book of this length, we are so interested in what is going on that we continue to read steadfastly, determined to miss nothing. The present novel, which begins in 1946, is set in Austria. The first chapters take us into the daily life of a British interrogation unit stationed in Styria, near the Austrian border, but most of the time we are in Vienna, or in a wonderful country house, remote and solidly romantic, owned by Julia Homburg, leading light of the Viennese theatre since long before the war. Playing opposite Miss Homburg under Sarah Gainham's direction are a very young British officer named Robert Inglis, who enters the story as an interrogator-interpreter at that Styrian unit, and a middle-aged but eternally dynamic Viennese, Georg Kerenyi. Kerenyi, a lifelong friend of Miss Homburg's, is being repatriated from a Russian prison camp when we first meet him. He is nearly dead, and some of his companions are dead, which is not surprising, for they have all been travelling for weeks in a sealed railway wagon—sixty-two men in a space intended for about a third that number. It is a dramatic opening to a dramatic and very satisfactory novel.

### GENERAL

ON UNDERSTANDING POVERTY, edited by Daniel P. Moynihan, and ON FIGHTING POVERTY, edited by James L. Sundquist (Basic Books). These two volumes are the products of an experts' year-long seminar sponsored by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. They teach us that we are only beginning to find out how little we know about poverty. In the first volume, we learn that all our concepts of poverty are merely theories, and that none commands the assent of every sociologist. The contributors do not all agree that there is a "culture of poverty;" of those who do believe that such a culture exists, some maintain that it is just a practical adaptation to being poor, while others believe that the poor transmit such peculiar values to their children that they grow up as permanent aliens in their own country. The second volume discusses the planning, politics, and execution of the federal government's war on poverty. Here, too, the contributors think their own thoughts: one found community action a great success in rural Mississippi, while another found it useless in Trenton. Apart from expectable disparities among different kinds of poor people, different places, and different observers, it seems that there is not, at the moment, an agreed-on method of evaluating the results of a particular anti-poverty program. If the reader cannot decide when doctors disagree, he is nonetheless likely to find at least some of the contributions provocative or illuminating, or both.

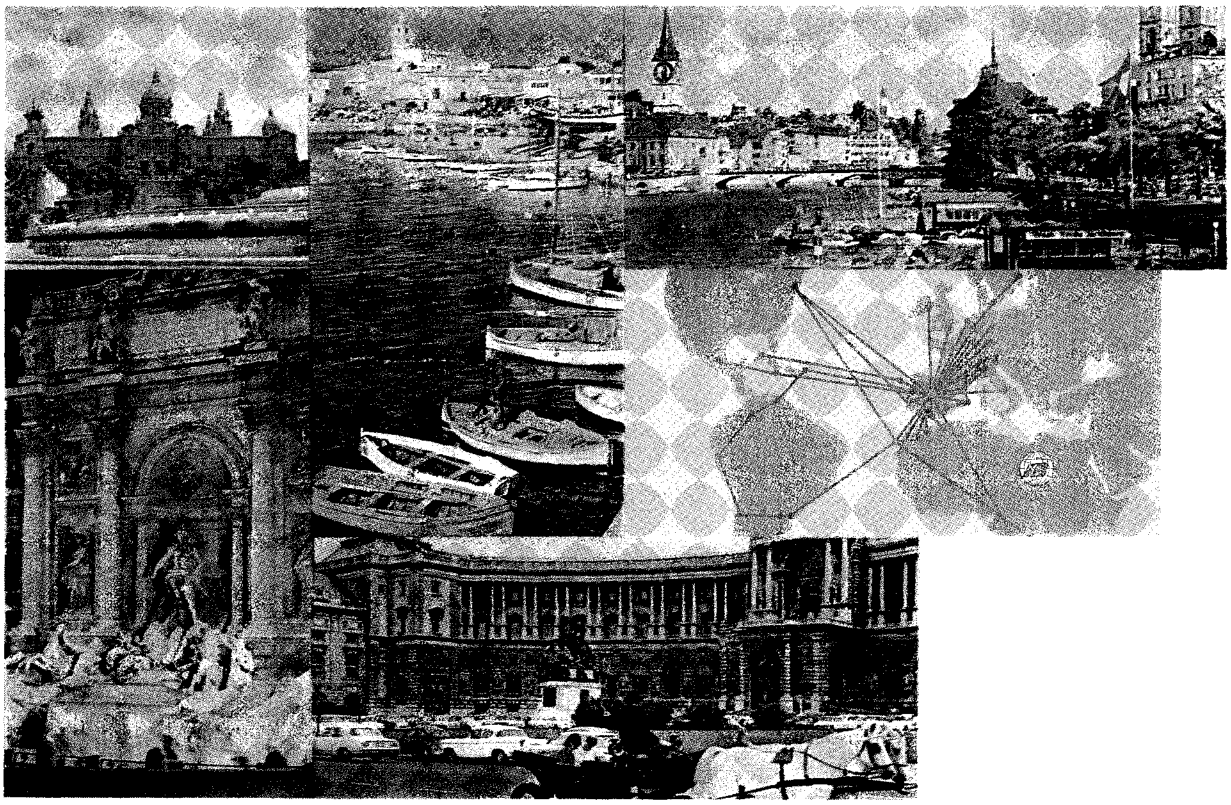
IN PURSUIT OF THE MOUS, THE SNAILE, AND THE CLAMM, by Mary Durant (Meredith). This curious and enchanting book is an etymological bestiary. Miss Durant tells us that the English names of all our animals are borrowings from a dozen languages (Sanskrit, Greek, Welsh, French, Algonquian), and that in their native tongue they were all as graphically descriptive as "woodpecker" or "bedbug." Thus, "oyster" derives from the Greek *ostrakon*, meaning "hard shell;" "hawk" derives from a Teutonic root, *hab*, meaning "seize;" "snake" derives from the Anglo-Saxon *snican*, meaning "creep;" "chipmunk" derives from the Ojibway *achitamon*, meaning "head first;" and "mustang" derives from the Spanish *mesteño*, meaning to be stray, to "have no owner." The entries run from "aardvark" to "woodchuck" ("zebra" is apparently a mystery), and each entry is enlivened by pertinent and often enlightening passages from eminent natural historians (Marco Polo, Thoreau, Alexander Wilson, Buffon, Gavin Maxwell, Peter Kalm, Herodotus). Attractive drawings by Victoria Chess.

NOTE: Morrow has published "Writing Against Time: Critical Essays and Reviews," by Howard Moss. A number of the pieces appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

# Think world:

61 cities,
24 countries,
4 continents.

Tours to the world's most fabulous cities on one of the world's most modern jet fleets at bargain prices. Call Iberia or see your travel agent. (For beautiful 160-page guide book to Spain, send $1.00 to Iberia Airlines, P.O. Box 501, New York, N.Y. 10011.)

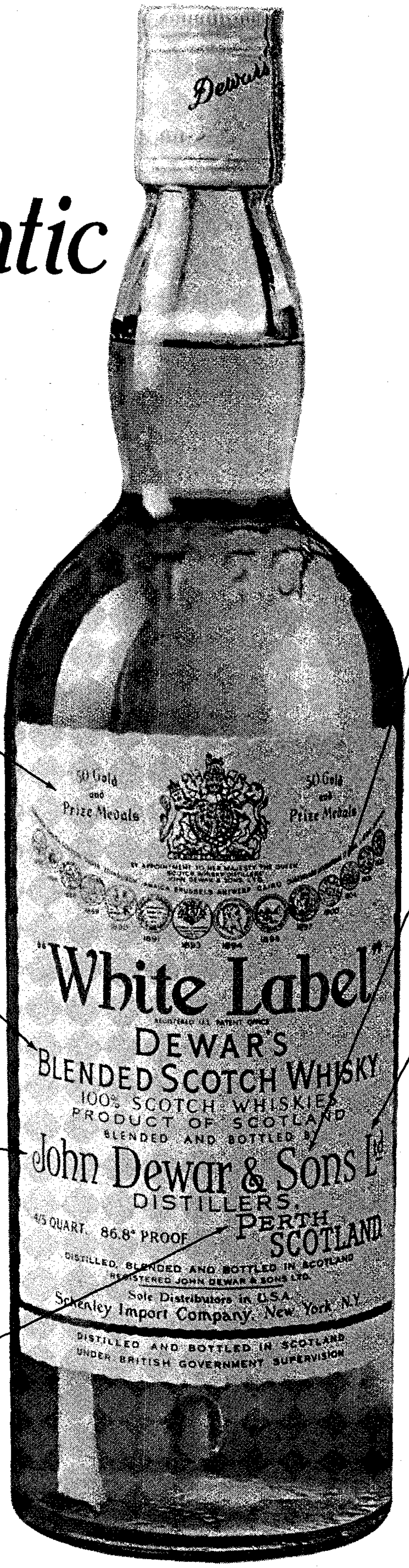


# Think Iberia.

**IBERIA** International
Airlines of Spain.

Where only the plane gets more attention than you.

# *Authentic*


Dewar's
50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS,
PERTH SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART. 86.8° PROOF
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Company, New York, N.Y.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Won at International Expositions held throughout the world for over 40 years.

Instead of shocking the single whiskies by dumping them all together at once, we let them rest quietly. Only then do we bring them together. Result? Greater uniformity and more dependable consistency to the blends. That's why Dewar's never varies.

In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, Perth, Scotland

The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the Banks of the River Tay. Nothing much has changed. The castle is still there. And every year from January to December, when the air is chill and pure and the water is cold, the people of Perth make Dewar's "White Label."

Another gold medal won at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904.

Son Tommy Dewar took a booth at the 1885 Brewer's Show in London, to find new markets for his father's blend. He used a bagpipe to entertain. (The first commercial use of music?)

Sir Thomas Dewar became famous for his terse comments, among them, "Do right and fear no man, don't write and fear no woman."

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label." Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

***Dewar's never varies***

**The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland**

About ${}^{\$}7\frac{25}{\text{FIFTH}}$ (PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.)